



THE INDEPENDENT

ON SATURDAY

Saturday 1 November 1997 (IR65p) 70p No 3,443

INSIDE TODAY

YOUR 5 SECTION PAPER



ISM/Our magazine
TIME OFF/ Sport, travel & leisure
YOUR MONEY/Personal finance, property & cars
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OTHER NEWS

BBC breaks into world of round-the-globe news

The BBC is to launch a global 24-hour news service which will break the Sky monopoly in round-the-clock news. It is to launch in Britain next weekend, on Remembrance Sunday. That is, in one way, appropriate: for global newsgathering is still a field in which Britain is a world leader. The BBC is now only one of two television "superpowers", and is preparing for a head-to-head struggle with the highly successful American cable station, CNN. Page 15

MP and the rottweiler

The maverick Tory MP Alan Clark offered a BBC TV cameraman money to drop a legal claim against him after he was bitten by the MP's rottweiler, a court heard yesterday. It was also alleged that Mr Clark put pressure on BBC bosses to force the cameraman to back down. Page 7

Gay war reparations claim

Gay rights activists are demanding reparations for the murder of tens of thousands of homosexuals by the Nazis in the holocaust. The German government is under pressure to acknowledge these atrocities and put up a memorial statue to dead gays at the Brandenburg Gate. Page 12

Girls in first official bout

Two girl boxers were making one of history's footnotes last night by taking part in the first officially approved bout for women before a sell-out crowd in Wales. The fight between two 16-year-olds was allowed to take place after a change in the Queensberry rules. Page 15

Smacking video dropped

A businessman who developed a video promoting smacking children with a leather strap abandoned his plans, saying: "I was way off the mark." Page 18

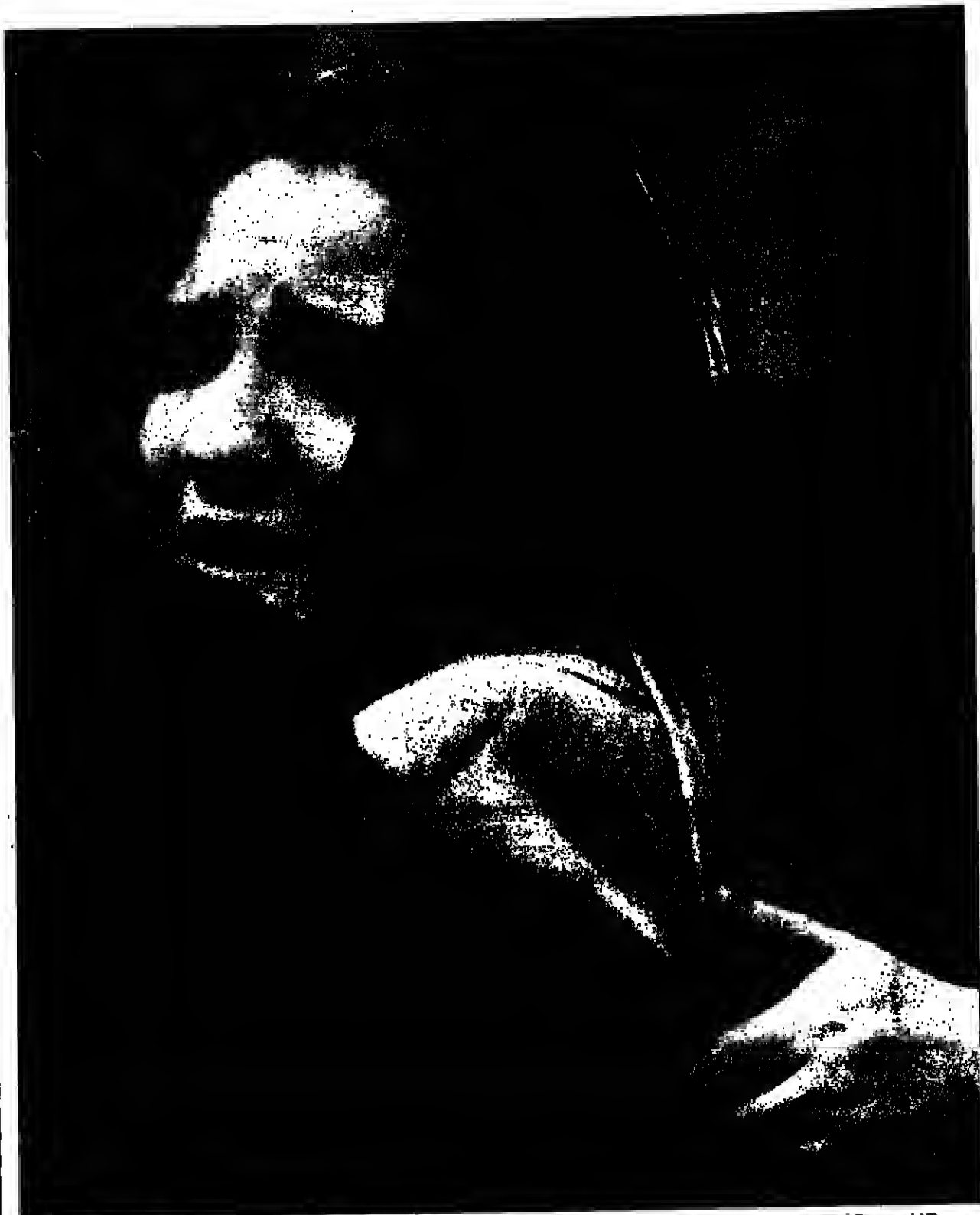
Tube fares to rise

Consumer watchdogs accused London Transport of "unacceptable and unreasonable behaviour" after it announced fare increases which will lead to the cost of some tickets rising by 8 per cent. Page 18

Iraq stands firm

Iraq will not back down on its decision to bar Americans from taking part in UN arms monitoring. At the same time Washington refuses to rule out military action. Page 16

Broken-voiced young nanny begins her sentence as lawyers fight back



Look of anguish: Louise Woodward is devastated after being found guilty of murder. Photograph: Ted Fitzgerald/Reuters

Sunil and Deborah Eappen went back to court yesterday as Louise Woodward was sentenced for killing their child. They spoke sentimentally about their loss, citing even Winnie the Pooh. But they said nothing about mercy for Louise, whose life as a free woman is vanishing.

Louise Woodward, the British teenager convicted of second-degree murder of baby Matthew Eappen, started a life sentence in a maximum security prison in Massachusetts last night as her defence team prepared motions to the court to have her guilty verdict thrown out or reduced.

In court proceedings yesterday morning that were almost a match for the grisly theatricals of the delivery of her guilty verdict late the night before, Judge Hilmer Zobel passed what the mandatory sentence for second-degree murder in the state - life in prison with the possibility of parole only after 15 years.

The court will reconvene on Tuesday to hear motions from the defence that will attempt in three different ways to mitigate their client's misery. They will ask Judge Zobel to throw out the verdict, to ask for a new trial or to reduce the charge to involuntary manslaughter with a much lighter sentence. These are routine procedures in the state, however, with - on the face of it - little chance of success.

Barely able to stand, Louise, dressed in a pale shirt and brown skirt, rose briefly to reassert, in a broken voice, that she was innocent of murdering Matthew, the nine-month-old baby for whom she had been caring as a nanny when he lagged into an ultimately fatal coma on 4 February.

Moments before, the parents of Matthew, Deborah and Sunil Eappen, just a few feet to Louise's left, also spoke in highly emotional - and, probably to a

British audience at least, cloyingly sentimental - terms about the unfathomable loss and grief that they had suffered. Such statements are also routine in the United States.

"I'd just like to maintain my innocence," Louise began. "And that I never hurt Matty, I would never hurt Matty and I don't know what happened to him." She went on, saying, "I'm not responsible for his death," before emotion choked off all further words and she slumped back to her chair.

Just 12 hours earlier, Louise had broken down into bone-chilling, hysterical sobbing after the forewoman of the jury, at 9.45pm Boston time, read out the verdict: "Guilty". Then again yesterday, as Woodward's parents, Gary and Susan, who ap-

BY DAVID USBORNE

peared catatonic in their shock, were allowed a few moments with their daughter before she was taken from the courthouse into custody.

Still yesterday, the shock of the verdict reverberated around Boston, around all of the US and, above all around Britain. Through the 19-year-old's crying penetrated the dreadful realisation that it was a verdict she had herself contributed to. On Monday she had opted to take an all-or-nothing gamble by asking the jury to consider acquittal or guilty of murder only and no lesser verdicts of, for instance, manslaughter.

Her face swollen by crying, Mrs Eappen spoke first in what is termed the "victim impact statement". Her address was an emotional memoir about the child she and her husband had lost, their joy in having him in life and their distress in his death. It

would not have been amiss on Oprah Winfrey's television show.

"Matthew was a beautiful baby with black silky hair and rich chocolate eyes. He was a real butterball, he was so content," she began. In serial references to Brendan, her elder son who was two when Matthew died, she said: "I physically remember having two babies, one on each leg of my lap, and Brendan would say: 'Let's do two boys, mom'. And, alluding to the larger stature of Matthew, she added: "They were so beautifully different, like Tigger and Winnie the Pooh".

Unable to hold back his tears, Sunil Eappen then rose and said: "I feel that the jury's decision is just and the state's mandatory punishment is deserved, and despite my hatred for the actions of Louise and my current disdain for her, I really truly hope that she can face up to what she has done, gain forgiveness and I truly hope that she may someday find the peace of God in her life again."

The hopes of Woodward and of her family, so unexpectedly dashed, now lie with the defence lawyers. They have until Monday to submit their three motions to Judge Zobel. While he will hear one hour of arguments from each side on the merits of the motion on Tuesday, it could be days or weeks thereafter until he makes a final decision.

Members of the defence team refused to speculate about the arguments they will marshal. However, among them will certainly be an appeal to Judge Zobel simply to throw out the verdict on the grounds that the evidence of the prosecution to prove their case was insufficient. They may also claim unfair treatment of Woodward because of adverse pre-trial publicity.

While experts in Boston thought such an outcome highly unlikely - although some precedents do exist - the chances of the judge reducing the verdict, to involuntary manslaughter, is more conceivable. In that instance, the sentence would be at his discretion and could be as low as only a few years in prison.

She's guilty

“A tragedy for this little girl but... I believe her to be guilty”

Senior pathologist, page 5

No she isn't

“The conviction was a miscarriage of justice.”

Leader, page 22

The court drama

“A small, defenceless, terrified child, crying for all her life. Because suddenly her life has been taken away”

David Usborne, page 3

Nanny agony

A contract made in hell, which brings out the worst in people? Polly Toynbee on middle-class women and their hunt for good nannies.”

Page 23

Bulgaria in Crisis

BBC launches Appeal

LEFT TO FREEZE

Yordan, 1½, already malnourished could die from cold and hunger this winter unless aid reaches him now. With temperatures plummeting to -15°C Yordan's scant clothing and no shoes offer him little protection from the bitter cold and there is no money to heat his orphanage. There are 37,000 places in Bulgaria's orphanages.

No Money To Feed The Children No Money To Heat The Orphanages

Bulgaria is a country in the midst of a serious economic crisis. Unless urgent help is sent, thousands of children will suffer terribly this winter.

There is little money to heat the orphanages. Orphanage Directors are having to beg for food from local villages and rarely know where the next meal is coming from. In some areas children, like Yordan, are going hungry and the cold could prove fatal for many children this winter. Without aid this could be catastrophic for Bulgaria's orphanage children.

The European Children's Trust, sister charity of The Romanian Orphanage Trust, is ready to distribute emergency food packs, clothes and fuel to the orphanages in most need.

Your gift today will save lives and bring hope.

Please send whatever you can to help children survive the winter or call 01273 299399 NOW

I enclose £ to save Bulgarian orphanage children. Cheques to The European Children's Trust. Or debit my Access/Visa/CAF card

Card no. Expiry date

Signature Date

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Ms

Address

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Telephone no.

Return to: Tanya Barron, (011), Bulgaria Emergency Appeal, The European Children's Trust, FREEPOST

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3/NANNY TRIA

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Sunil and Deborah Eappen sitting in court to hear their nanny, Louise Woodward, sentenced to life imprisonment Photograph: Stephen Senne/Reuters

The Eappens tell of their 'beautiful baby'

Matthew Eappen's parents, Deborah and Sunil Eappen, made a witness impact statement before sentence was passed on Louise Woodward. Mrs Eappen said: "On May 24 1996, we gave birth to a healthy baby boy. We named him Matthew - gift from God. Matthew was a beautiful baby with black silky hair and rich chocolate eyes. He was a real butterball. He was so content. He made his needs known and when they were met he was happy again. A real smiling baby, he was the object of great affection from his two-year-old brother Brendan, who proudly announced: 'Brendan makes baby Matthew feel better'..."

"I loved Matty's weight in my arms, his head on my shoulder, his hot breath tickling my neck and his gentle hand pressing my chin and I loved to snuggle and get cosy with my two boys."

"In December '96, I wrote a letter to Matthew on a card that showed a lot of kids on a sunny day in the Boston Gardens during the Dublin parade. And I wrote: 'You are really a joy, never fussy and always sweet and easy to comfort. You can tell that your personality will calm and laid back. You are confident that your needs will be met'. I wrote how loving and protective Brendan was, how Dad adores you and how Matthew laughs a great laugh. 'Your wonderful calm spirit is one that melts my heart. I want you to know Matthew, how special you are to us, even at such a young age'."

"At Christmas, I gave Matthew a book called *Brothers and Sisters* and inscribed it with: 'You have added so much joy to our family. Dad and I love your smile and giggles. You are so amusing to each other. We can feel your love as brothers is strong already. We are so lucky and so proud of you. You are our sunshine, Matthew'. We loved this little bundle of joy, our chubbier-munchkin and we thought that life looked good, that things had fallen into place after getting settled in our new jobs."

"Only one week before February 4, Sunny and I were talking and thanking God. We are so blessed. And we dreamed of Matthew's future and of Matty running together, playing ball and roughhousing..."

"And to worry little Brendan we would joke: 'You'd better be nice to your brother, he's going to be a lot bigger than you'. They were so beautifully different, like Tiger and Winnie the Pooh. We felt happy and secure. We loved our family. I wouldn't change a thing." On February 4 1997, all our hopes and dreams were torn apart. Our Matty had been hurt. We soon learned our baby

Matthew was dying. We couldn't believe it. "It was all inconceivable. It was beyond our comprehension that our Matty was dying because someone we trusted had hurt him. We couldn't give up hope. We wished for a miracle. We would love Matty any way, he didn't need to be perfect."

"Could he survive, with maybe half a brain? But repeated tests and CAT scans showed that there was nothing to save. The whole brain was destroyed. There would be no life for Matthew."

"On February 9, we made the most painful decision of our lives. We had to let Matty go. Matty died in our arms, surrounded by family, including his loving two-and-a-half-year old brother, Brendan. Despite the tubes and IVs and surgical dressing covering his head, he looked to me like a little prince."

"Since that day, our lives have completely altered. Our hearts are heavy every day with the most excruciating pain. How can we be accepting any of this? How can we go on? Can we be happy again?"

"I get flashbacks of learning this has happened to my little defenceless baby Matthew. I am sickened to think he was crying for help but was instead beaten by the hands that were supposed to be caring for him. She didn't look scary to me. She didn't seem like a child abuser or a monster or murderer. We had no idea she would harm our kid."

"I am scared now when I hear an ambulance. I have nightmares, I am afraid to answer the phone or door. We are out safe. The unspeakable has happened and now anything could happen. My assumptions about life are now my goals; that my children will be safe, my marriage intact and my life one day happy again. I can't end without speaking for Brendan. He was so upset by someone he cared for."

"He had so many questions: 'How can baby Matthew die? What is death? Where is heaven? He would look up to the stars to say good night to Matty. I love you. How was it up in heaven today?'..."

"He asked the question: 'Why did Louise hurt Matty? Why did Louise hit Matty's head with something hard?' And he cried and I had no answers. And his questions will haunt me forever. 'How? What exactly happened? How long did Matty suffer. Why?'"

"Every day we are faced with the challenge how to go on living without Matthew. I am so grateful to those who have helped and supported us."

"I am so sorry now for all the pain that everyone involved must suffer. I am hopeful that some day we will find the key."

How Louise lost the image battle

The trial of Louise Woodward, played out on television screens across two nations, was ultimately one about image. Jojo Moyes looks at how a 'cool, composed child-killer' was pitted against a perfect American couple - and how both sides suffered under scrutiny.

teenager with the Alice band had woo praise for her unperturbed demeanour in court. A vegetarian, who lived off vending machine snacks in prison in order not to eat meat, she was an intelligent but not streetwise teenager, a fact borne out by her slightly star-struck attendance of the local musical *Rent*.

Her low-key, slightly unfashionable wardrobe and lack of make-up emphasised her naivety. This was a girl who could talk gigglingly of "tummy time", of how she would crawl around on her hands and knees in an unembarrassed effort to teach her charge to crawl.

Yet the Louise many Americans saw was quite different. She was, according to the prosecution, a "little actress", a cool, composed, nightmare nanny determined to do whatever she had to do to get off her charge. The nervous half-smiles during her early testimony, a sign to most Britons of extreme youth under heavy pressure, became a sign of her callousness.

As one American man, e-mailing a Louise Woodward Internet site, said yesterday: "To a significant proportion of

Americans her English 'reserve' seems to be a mark of cold-hearted villainy. Americans'... popular criterion of emotional health, ie weeping in public, heart-on-sleeve maudlin sentimentality, is generally seen in the UK as repulsive."

In contrast, Deborah and Sunil Eappen's emotional state fully met that "popular criterion". In court they made a huge impact with their controlled testimony, tempered by weeping as they recalled the last moments of their son's life.

As witnesses, they were a legal team's dream. Deborah and Sunil Eappeo - known to everyone as "Sunny" - had married in 1990 after meeting at medical school in Chicago. The attractive professional couple, in their early thirties, lived in the leafy suburb of Newton, just outside Boston, and set up a "careful balancing act" between childcare and careers.

Yet even the Eappens' image began to suffer as the trial drew to a close. Since the tragedy Deborah Eappen has received hundreds of letters of condolence. But she has also increasingly been the target of hate mail accusing her of

putting ambition ahead of her children's welfare.

One commentator said she had been "transformed by personal tragedy into a public symbol of maternal neglect and yuppie greed". And in a TV interview it was noted that the Eappens were relaxed and smiling - the same things Louise had been condemned for during her lengthy court appearances.

Perversely, Louise's image has undergone a transformation in recent days. Yesterday, it was largely the prosecution left still speaking out against her; even the jury, who had lined up in the OJ case for lucrative post-trial deals, did not want to speak to waiting press.

Callers to the *Boston Globe* yesterday overwhelmingly opposed the conviction. A *Boston Herald* columnist, Margery Egan, commented: "It is hard to reconcile that image of rage with the very human young British woman who testified about cuddling Matthew Eappen and giving him lots of tummy-time."

It is hard not to draw comparisons with the case of Lindy Chamberlain, the Australian woman convicted of murdering her baby, another woman who

You could smell the guilty verdict as though it were death itself

The hour was late and faces all around were riven with exhaustion, born of anticipation and dread. The jury had a verdict but could it possibly be guilty? David Osborne was in the courtroom, sitting directly behind the defendant and next to her parents, when the forewoman spoke the single word, 'guilty'.

Did anyone know what the verdict was before the envelope was opened and the jury forewoman was invited to speak? Technically, they cannot have done. But surely, they did. The atmosphere from the moment the court was called in session at 9.33pm was so grim you could smell it as if it was death itself.

It was the bailiffs, in their white shirts and black trousers standing in a line, backs to the court chamber and facing the public gallery, who gave us the almost telepathic warning. Like the chorus in a Greek tragedy, they wore faces as impassive as they were expressive. They knew, I could feel it. They knew it was going to be wrong, unjust, cruel in the extreme. Trials are slow affairs - this one took almost a month - but the moment of revelation came

with startling speed. It was only minutes before the envelope was passed from the jury to the judge and the Clerk of the Court invited the forewoman to state how the defendant had been found. Guilty. Guilty of what? Guilty of murder in the second degree.

The shock permeated your every cell, right into the bone marrow. A silent shock, no one was at liberty in this most grave of moments to utter anything. All of us at once took a giant breath - a great intake of oxygen to fuel our disbelief. The judge is thanking the jury, sympathising with the pain it must have gone through, but it is hard to pay attention. And Louise Woodward is standing and calm.

It is only as Judge Hiller Zobel, a normally chipper figure full of dry wit who now looks simply ashen and hollowed of all humour, is finishing his piece that the bawling begins. Great gasps of anguish.

What we are hearing, of course, is the child that Louise Woodward had hitherto managed to hide. A small, defenceless, terrified child crying for all her life. Because her life has suddenly been taken away just at the moment she thought she was going to be given it back. And this was not meant to be happening.

She cries in great convulsions. I feel a brief shot of satisfaction that this is beginning just before the jurors get to leave. They should hear this.

They have done this to her and they should not leave thinking she is composed. Because it is the bawling of an innocent person, wronged. A guilty person would sag, not scream out. "I didn't do it. I didn't do anything... I didn't hurt Matty. I didn't do anything", she cried. And Louise looked straight at them as she implored: "How can they do this to me... I'm only 19".

She does not look at her mother and father, Susan and Gary Woodward, who are next to me and behind the barrier that cuts the chamber in two. I catch Susan mouthing "unbelievable" to Gary but otherwise they are quiet, glazed. In fact, Susan looks catatonic. When the judge leaves for a few minutes and the officers call "All rise", Susan and Gary remain seated. A protest against a justice system that has done their child wrong? More probably they could not, physically, stand.

Behind Gary and Susan, other Woodward family members weep. The rest of us - the media who had been waiting likewise through deliberations that lasted 27 hours, remain frozen. I am glancing towards the Woodwards because it is my job to record their reaction. But I feel dirty doing so.

How ridiculous all our planning of the past few days seems now - how we were going to break away from the courthouse as soon as possible to tail the Woodwards. We had thought that their happiness,

their relief, their departure for home or for a holiday with their daughter, was going to be our story of the night. Now, trying to ambush them for reaction seemed absurdly inappropriate. They would be left alone.

In a few minutes, Louise had been calmed. Andrew Good, perhaps the most sympathetic of her defence lawyers, held her, ran his hands through her hair. "Sssh", he said repeatedly. Barry Scheck, his colleague, hung slightly to one side. He could not move, he said later.

Then the judge was back, still looking pale. It was he who three days earlier had agreed to allow this girl to take the gamble that now looked so appallingly mistaken, to ask the jury to consider only the options of Murder One and Two, and acquittal.

When the judge asks for objections to his proposal that sentencing be delayed until the morning, there are none. And so he orders the bailiffs remove Louise from the courtroom. The women among them gather gradually around the defence table and calmly she is led to a door at the back of the court and her parents go with them. They are allowed a few moments with their daughter in a room elsewhere in the building. It is only a few more minutes, however, before she is taken to the ground floor and the sheriff's van waiting outside.

She is not going home, but to incarceration. Incarceration, she must feel, for eternity.

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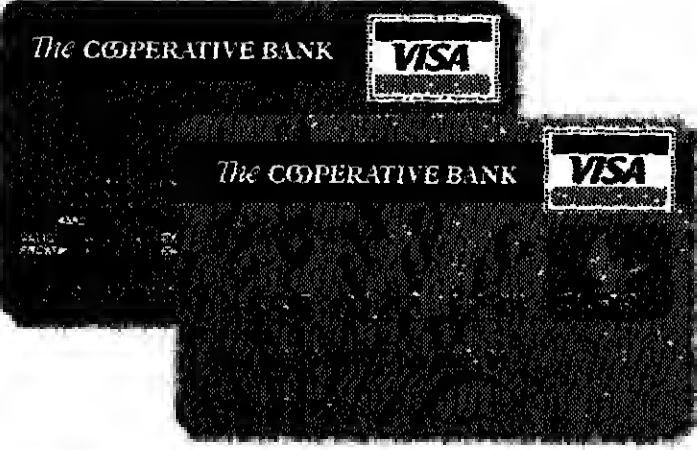
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Russia's old hand at the helm

RUSSIA'S LAZARUS Prime Minister, Viktor Chernomyrdin, started out as the man Boris Yeltsin did not want as head of government, and has ended up in control of the destiny of the President - or put more cruelly, of the pace and manner of his political demise.

President Clinton, who spent much of last week being told by his advisers that Mr Yeltsin was likely to be out of office by the time he arrived in Moscow for today's summit, now finds that his opposite number in Moscow has pulled off the most extraordinary of his many survival acts to date. A deal between the Communist-dominated parliament and Chernomyrdin is intended to shore up the President until the Kremlin elections planned for the year 2000.

But it is Chernomyrdin who is pulling the President's strings, and to him that the US will appeal to save Russia's battered reforms, just five months after a panicked Yeltsin sacked him, only to re-appoint him last week after the sudden rouble devaluation brought on an even greater panic. Chernomyrdin's eclipse of Yeltsin is the latest step in a tortuous and ambiguous relationship between the two men which began in 1992, when the former head of Gazprom, the natural gas industry, was imposed on Yeltsin in his first defeat by the Congress of People's Deputies, the legislative hangover from the Communist era, and an early power base for the enemies of reform.

He replaced Yegor Gaidar, the young monetarist beloved of the West, as Prime Minister. Yeltsin was unable to hide the pain of the moment, standing with bowed head at the podium after he had given in, and announcing through his spokesman that he and Gaidar had been "one heart and one soul". If the lurid account of the President's ousted bodyguard, Alexander Korzakov, is to be believed, Yeltsin's drink problem began - or rather resurfaced - at this time.

Chernomyrdin arrived in office as the incarnation of all that the Yeltsin team stood against. He wanted to go slow where the reformers sought to move fast, favoured the role of the state where they elevated the market, and called for the loosening of monetary policy while they saw resulting inflation as the greatest threat to prosperity.

The West has become far more jaundiced about the chances of reforms making rapid headway in Russia than it was then. As a Moscow correspondent when Chernomyrdin arrived in office, I still remember our dismay at the first public glimpse of the new premier: still dazed after his leap from deciding the fate of oil subsidies one minute to heading the government the next. Chancellor Kohl, arriving that day to deliver one of his periodic pep-talks and encourage German investment, was only told as he was flying over the Baltic States that he was to be met by Chernomyrdin, not Gaidar.

Instead of the podgy young reformer with eager, eccentric English, and a fascination for the free market, there stood on the tarmac a sombre figure in a navy-blue raincoat - the traditional outdoors uniform of the *nomenklatura*. The new PM looked like a cross between Mikhail Gorbachev and Helmut Kohl. But his style was pure *Homo sovieticus*, and there was something strangely familiar about his habit of delivering promising starts to sentences, only for their reformism to evaporate in the second. "I am for the market, but not for the bazaar" was his first soundbite. His first act was to try and re-impose price controls, a move defeated by Yeltsin's reformist economic adviser Boris Fyodorov.



ANNE MCELVOY
I still remember our dismay at the first public glimpse of the new premier - a sombre figure in a navy-blue raincoat

Chernomyrdin was - and still is - a representative of the pragmatic if limited mentality of the "red managers" who really kept the Soviet Union running in its terminal phase. A recent interview with the *Financial Times* exhibits his continuing pride in this era: "I transformed the government industry into a company and I myself... was the first to do this in the [Soviet] Union. I understood even then that we had reached a dead end." Hauling Gazprom out of the claws of the dying Soviet state created one of the world's largest companies. Chernomyrdin clearly believes that he is skilled at market economics. But running a monopoly in an essential commodity, whose gargantuan size guarantees it a major international standing, hardly counts as experience of the cut and thrust of capitalism.

Indeed, his attachment to his former contacts (radical reformers nickname him the minister for Gazprom) linked him to several of the business and banking oligarchs who are a more powerful force in Russia than the politicians. Their empires flourished under his premiership. For a man who believed in the market, not the bazaar, he presided over the greatest national cut-price asset sale of the century - with profits flooding into western bank accounts, not back into the impoverished Russian tax system.

It is hardly surprising then, that many pro-free market Western analysts are concluding that the revival of Chernomyrdin is a disaster, since he was responsible for many of the problems to start with. But they are unable to suggest a politically valid alternative. Chernomyrdin is no fool. He is keenly aware that he can only prevent a worse decline in Russia - and bolster his own chance of replacing Yeltsin in the Kremlin in two years' time - if he manages to collect some tax revenue from the country's powerful companies, and clamp down on their habit of salting away profits in banks outside the country. In other words, he needs to pick a fight with the very people who are supporting him now.

Watching Boris Berzovsky, the most prominent of the business tsars, telling *Newsnight* that Chernomyrdin would be good for the country - and proceeding to mix up the words "country" and "company" several times - did not inspire confidence.

But my hunch is that Chernomyrdin has learned more in the last six years than his detractors give him credit for. He has appointed as deputy prime minister Boris Fyodorov, the same man who defeated him over price controls in 1993. He also knows that Russian business has little interest in a fully-fledged Communist revival, let alone a Communist in the Kremlin. The red managers who rose to political, as well as economic, prominence under Mikhail



The new image of Russia: Viktor Chernomyrdin may not be the best thing for the country, but he is certainly not the worst

Gorbachev's perestroika are scathing about ideological diatribes, like the present Communist leader, Gennady Zyuganov, who have substituted nationalist chauvinism for Marxist-Leninism. Zyuganov tried to scupper the peace deal that brought an end to the pointless, degrading and expensive war in Chechnya, after Chernomyrdin had helped broker an armistice.

"They destroyed everything; they destroyed the best people; they destroyed the peasants," Chernomyrdin has said of the Communists, a rather cynical outcry for

someone whose entire career before 1991 was bound up with the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. But it does mean that, like Boris Yeltsin, his priority is to keep Zyuganov and his ally, the unhinged Vladimir Zhirinovskiy, out of power by outwitting them in his *de facto* running of the country. If he is not the best thing that could happen to Russia, he is far from the worst.

Neither, unlike his extremist challengers, is he economically illiterate. He knows that he must find some way to pay back-wages owed to workers (and a cause taken up by

the Communists), while avoiding a slide into hyper-inflation and a slump in growth. It is the most difficult quandary any politician in Russia can have, however game his insistence that this mess is, as he insists "absolutely manageable".

Boris Nemtsov, the young reformer who left the Kremlin in despair last week, summarises the gamble thus: "Chernomyrdin has some chance of winning presidential elections, if the economic and social situations improves drastically. But then, who believes that? Only Chernomyrdin."

RIGHT OF REPLY

ANDREW PAKES

The President of the National Union of Students responds to Ken Livingstone's accusation that they are backtracking on racism

READING KEN Livingstone's article in the *Indy* last Wednesday I was struck by one overwhelming thought: how sad it is that an individual who obviously has such a positive record in anti-racism work can get things (on occasion) so wrong.

I wholeheartedly agree with Ken's assertion that political correctness is a reactionary American import used by the right as a rallying call for all those opposed to the advances made in recent years by women, black and Asian communities, people with disabilities and lesbians, gays and bisexuals.

However, our Ken, does "his" cause no good when he attacks the National Union of Students for its role in combating the threat of Islamic extremists on campus. Has Ken constructed a league table of those who face prejudice and discrimination and prioritised which offenders most deserve our contempt and attention?

NUS has never claimed the small but dangerous groups of Islamic extremists are the main cause of racism, but they are a distinct and real threat to the welfare and safety of many students. As a gay male, I myself, have been subjected to some of their bile and hatred.

Racism is a series of diverse and often complex prejudices between and within different groups in "multi-cultural" Britain. This year's NUS Conference took an overwhelming vote to establish a Black Students Officer, while in July, Neville Lawrence addressed our annual Student Convention.

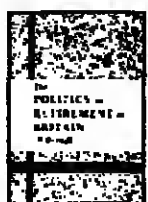
The student movement remains committed to fighting racism in all its forms, and I am not alone in finding Ken's belief - that challenging Islamic extremism on campus is not really fighting racism - quite bizarre.

The changing face of old age

MANY CHANGES will be necessary if the Government is to fulfil its pledge to the electorate to reform welfare so that it works with, rather than against, the grain of human nature. But pensions are the big issue. Reform attempts to lay down the basis on which future income begins to be determined only after 40 years or so. Such a reform is not for those who seek only short-term fixes. There are, for example, still 700,000 pensioners today drawing entitlement from the 1925 Pensions Act.

Pension provision has a profound impact on work incentives, as well as on the propensity to save. In taking an overall view this book has important lessons for today's debate, provided that the reader is willing to push through the ideological framework which John Macnicol seeks to impose on the story he seeks to tell.

His book kicks off with an introduction which hardly links to the rest



TUESDAY BOOK

THE POLITICS OF RETIREMENT IN BRITAIN, 1878-1948

BY JOHN MACNICOL, CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS, £45

of the volume, the structure of which the author tries to fit into the neat little boxes of class and gender. Fortunately, the story to be told is so good that it keeps breaking out from the limited confines the author is intent to place upon it.

Here is one example of the slant in much of Macnicol's text. On too many occasions, we learn that the wicked Tories would only countenance welfare reform provided it was financed on a basis of national insurance. The working class, in other words, would pay for its own reforms. There is no hint that there could be other, more substantial,

reasons for such an approach. Paying directly for benefits may affect the behaviour of the recipient, for example.

A further difficulty with this approach comes when the author moves away from the interwar years, dominated by the Tories, and on to the programme of postwar reconstruction. Clement Attlee accepted the insurance principle not because he was a crypto-Tory - nothing could be farther from the truth. He did so because he believed that a welfare system which people believed they owned was one which might not only survive longer, but would play its own part in building a new socialist commonwealth.

It is true that Lord Beveridge drove the insurance principle into a financial cul-de-sac by insisting on flat-rate contributions for flat-rate benefits. But both Beveridge and Attlee mitigated the regressive nature of this national insurance poll tax by aiming to put the taxpayer's contribution at two-thirds of the welfare bill. An analysis of this Exchequer contribution, adding a progressive element to a system which allowed practically every worker to be a full member of the insurance scheme, does not feature in this volume.

Where the book is good is in the section dealing with the reform of the Poor Law, and the advent of old age pensions. And it is extraordinarily good in the chapter dealing with the interwar studies of poverty.

Better than any other study I have read, Macnicol shows how the reform of the Poor Law at the turn of the century was not simply about easing the



Poverty still affects too many old people

lot of the aged poor, whose only offence was that they no longer had the strength to drag themselves to work should any employer want them. Help for the aged opened up the opportunity for a tougher regime for those of working age, and this too was a goal for most reformers who advocated the introduction of state pensions.

Macnicol excels, adding much to public knowledge, and hopefully to the political debate, in his analysis of what was read from the interwar poverty studies. He shows how the aged poor were very largely written out of these studies by those who wrote up the surveys, despite what the raw data indicated.

I had long been aware of how Rowntree's arbitrary "poverty line" had underestimated the costs of women and children, as compared to the adult male. I had not appreciated

how a similar exercise operated against the elderly. Nor did I understand how a whole stream of survey findings were, in effect, doctored so as to emphasise the poverty of the working family.

This part of the book will pay handsomely dividends once Parliament begins to debate the Government's proposals for long-term pension reform. No government has been able to contemplate reforms benefiting pensioners in 40 years time without making, thankfully, major concessions to today's pensioners. John Macnicol's book will provide much help to those wishing to keep the Government on course.

The reviewer is MP for Birkenhead and was until recently minister with responsibility for welfare reform. FRANK FIELD

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TO THE LONDONERS

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BY ANNA AKHMATOVA, TRANSLATED BY RICHARD MCKANE

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with a clear, dispassionate hand,
and for us, the partakers of this menacing feast,
it is better to read *Hamlet*, *Julius Caesar* or *King Lear*
by the molten lead river.

Better for us today to accompany the little dove Juliet
to the grave with torches and singing,
better to look through the window at Macbeth
and tremble with the hired murderer,
but not this, not this, not this,
this even we aren't capable of reading.

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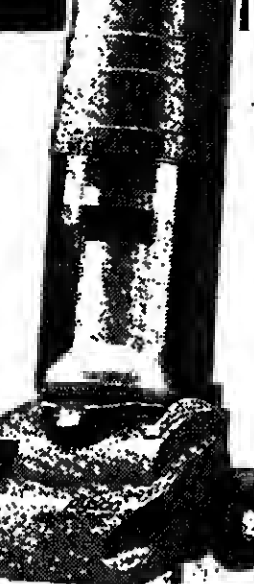
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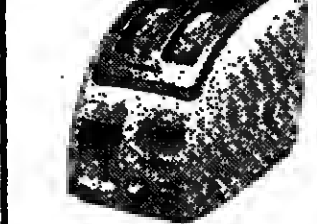
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Labour says no to extra cold weather payments

Ministers have refused to adjust cold-weather payments to pensioners to allow for the wind-chill factor, saying those on low incomes already have extra help to heat their homes. But Anthony Bevin says they have laid themselves open to accusations of hypocrisy.

A government decision to reject additional cash for some of the poorest pensioners to help them get through the winter with adequate heating was roundly criticised by MPs of all parties yesterday.

Following a review of policy, to see if the wind-chill factor should be taken into account when making the £8.50 cold-weather payments - currently geared to seven days at 0C - the social security minister John Denham said yesterday that there would have been a real danger that many people in less windy areas would have lost out.

He said that with a fixed limit to government spending, additional benefits for some would have meant loss for others.

But Audrey Wise, the Labour MP who led a campaign against the Tory government for wind-chill to be taken into account, told BBC Radio 4's *World at One* programme yesterday that the reference to budget restraint was meaningless. "Nobody knows what the expenditure actually will be this winter, or any winter," she said. "These payments are by nature emergency payments."

For the Conservatives, Ian Duncan Smith said that Harriet Harman, the Secretary of State for Social Security, was guilty of breathtaking hypocrisy - an identical charge to the one delivered by Margaret Ewing, of the Scottish Nationalist Party.

"In Opposition," Mr Duncan Smith said, "Harriet Harman repeatedly tried to score political points over the plight of the elderly during the winter. She raised fears and expectations. In government, [she] has changed her tune."

David Rendel, the Liberal Democrat spokesman, pointed out that a dozen MPs who were now government ministers had been among 150 Labour MPs who had signed Ms Wise's Commons motion calling for wind-chill action last November.

"It is a false economy to scrimp and save over keeping Britain's pensioners warm during the winter," he said. "The refusal to boost cold weather payments will force elderly people into hospitals, placing an additional drain on already-scarce health service funds."

Mr Denham said that since May, the Government had taken a number of measures to help people on low incomes to heat their homes this winter. It had cut value-added tax on domestic fuel and power bills, it had abolished the gas levy, and falling fuel prices would amount, on average, to the equivalent of three cold-weather payments for old people.

"No one will be worse off this winter," he said, "and most... will be better off, better able to heat their homes this winter because of the measures we have taken."

Tories face more bloodletting over policy on Europe

The Conservative leadership put itself on a collision course with the party's Euro-rebels yesterday, when Michael Howard, shadow foreign secretary, condemned the Amsterdam treaty out of hand. Anthony Bevin, Political editor, reports on the first big test of Tory divisions.

The latest European treaty, signed by Tony Blair at Amsterdam 5000 after he became Prime Minister, marks "an unacceptable step towards an integrated federal superstate," Mr Howard warned yesterday.

"Amsterdam is a bad treaty - it is bad for Britain and bad for Europe," he said.

But with the treaty's Commons second reading scheduled for 12 November, Kenneth Clarke, the former chancellor of the exchequer and one of the leaders of the Tories' pro-European party grouping, has already made it clear that the leadership would be foolish to go to the wall over Amsterdam.

Mr Clarke said: "The Amsterdam treaty is a fair old mouse of a treaty."

"Like most European treaties, it has some good bits and some less good, but overall it's a balanced document. It simply does not involve some fundamental transfer of power to Brussels."

So far William Hague, the leader of the Conservative Party, has given his Euro-rebels a free hand only to oppose the leadership line on the single currency.

If a three-line whip is put on the Amsterdam treaty vote in the Commons, Mr Clarke and others could be expected to vote against the Conservatives' newly hardened Euro-sceptic line - providing a measure of respect-

ive strengths. Mr Hague said in a *Daily Telegraph* article on the single currency yesterday: "A small minority of Conservatives are unhappy with the party's agreed policy. It is a perfectly honourable position and they will have a free vote if the issue ever comes before Parliament."

"But I will not allow anyone to hold our party to ransom."

Ian Taylor, the only rebel so far to have resigned from the Opposition front bench, told BBC Radio 5 Live: "I would say we are about 30 out of 165. That's not a small minority."

Any backbench Tory revolt on Amsterdam could provide the first test of numbers - excluding the hidden force of pro-Europeans within the shadow cabinet and the front-bench team in general.

The *Independent* understands that there are at least 36 hard-core rebels, although but Conservative Mainstream, the umbrella organisation under which the rebels will fight, said yesterday that it would not be publishing any list of MPs who signed up.

But Paddy Ashdown, the Liberal Democrat leader, said on the BBC radio Today programme that this week's events could lead to a full-scale Tory split - with MPs defecting in significant numbers.

He said it would be like the move by Labour MPs, in 1981, to leave and create a distinct and separate Social Democratic Party.

"The issue of Europe would lead to a reshaping of the British political landscape and the parallels to what happened in the Labour Party in the 1980s is compelling," Mr Ashdown said.

"Then, what started as a faction developed into an actual split of the party, eventually resulting in the formation of the SDP."

"The Tory party, in long term, needs to go through that catharsis and then come back to



On the defensive: Alan Clark MP arriving yesterday at Folkestone magistrates' court where he and his wife, Jane, faced charges of owning a dangerous dog, which is alleged to have attacked a photographer. Photograph: Bill Graham

Clark's dog gets its day in court

Conservative MP Alan Clark offered a BBC TV photographer money to drop a court case against him after he had allegedly been bitten by the MP's rottweiler dog, a court was told yesterday. But although Mr Clark also asked BBC bosses to put pressure on him, Peter Powell refused to back down, it was said.

Mr Clark and his wife Jane appeared at Folkestone magistrates' court, in Kent, charged with owning a dangerous dog. Mr Powell said the rottweiler tried to bite his face and throat, but ended up tearing skin off his arm as he protected himself. Prosecutors told the court they were seeking an order for the dog to be properly

controlled, not destroyed. The incident is alleged to have taken place at Mr Clark's home, Saltwood Castle in Kent, as a television crew arrived to interview him after he had secured his nomination as the candidate for Kensington and Chelsea, in west London - a seat he subsequently won at the general election.

In court, Mr Clark denied ever offering to give Mr Powell money to drop the case. He accepted that one of his two rottweilers may have been "out of control" for about three minutes but insisted it was not the dog stated in the charge that had bitten Mr Powell.

The case continues.



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Italy's new crop stifled in the shadow of a paradise lost

After years in the doldrums, the Italian cinema has something to shout about - a new wave of film comedies from Tuscany. They are doing good business at the box-office, winning the odd festival prize and drafting new talent into a struggling industry. But are they any good? Andrew Gumbel went to find out.

Two years ago, Leonardo Pieraccioni was just another forgettable "new talent" in an Italian cinema industry that had long since lost its way. His first film, *I Laureati*, came and went virtually unnoticed by public or critics. His second, *Il Ciclone*, seemed set for a similar fate.

But then something strange happened. The few urban cinemas where the film was screened started seeing their audiences come back for a second or even a third time. Instead of closing after a few weeks, the film hung on in there. A few polite notices in the newspapers suddenly turned into a torrent of public praise for a comedy of manners that, it was said, was as frothy as it was refreshing. Within a few months, Pieraccioni's slight romantic tale about a group of beautiful flamenco dancers stranded in the Tuscan countryside had turned into an offbeat hit - taking the sort of box-office money (£25m) usually reserved for Hollywood blockbusters.

This month, Pieraccioni's latest offering, *Fuochi d'Artificio*, was given a release to match its commercial promise: showings in every multiplex and big screen in the country, T-shirts, CD-Rom tie-ins, Internet sites - in short, the works. By happy coincidence, it has appeared at the same time as another keeily awaited Tuscan film, *Ovosodo*, Paolo Virzi's comic portrait of working-class life in Livorno, which was a hit at the recent Venice Festival. Add to these a forthcoming new film by Roberto Benigni, the eccentric Tuscan comic best known abroad for his work with the American director Jim Jarmusch, and you have the makings of a Tuscan cinematic renaissance. Or at least that is how the Italian papers are heralding it.

The reality is a little more complicated. At least part of the media's enthusiasm comes from the fact that the Italian cinema has been languishing for longer than anyone cares to remember. The country that produced *Bicycle Thieves*, *The Leopard* and *La Dolce Vita* in the first two decades after the Second World War ran out of cinematic inspiration sometime in the early 1970s and has been struggling ever since to recover it.

The roll-call of recent Italian cinema sounds like an eerie echo of an earlier age - names such as Gassman, Tognazzi and De Sica that unfortunately (for audiences) belong to the spoiled

children of famous fathers and underline the extent to which the industry has turned into a self-serving nepotistic clique.

New talent tends to be squeezed out, either because all the production resources have already gone to the pet projects of the privileged few, or because there is no space for them in cinemas filled to bursting with American blockbusters. Distribution in Italy is the virtual monopoly of one company, Cecchi Gori, which believes in saturation-bombing its audiences with titles likely to pull in the crowds. Quirky new work from Italian directors barely gets a look-in.

The Tuscan films (and, to a lesser extent, a stream of new titles from Naples) thus give at least two reasons to be cheerful. First, because they are the product of genuinely new talent and second, because they prove, with their strong regional flavour, that there is life beyond the stagnant world of Rome and its once-fabled studios at Cinecittà.

But what, beyond the hype, are the films really like? *Ovosodo* is almost certainly the best of the recent bunch, a coming-of-age story told with a verve and visual flair reminiscent of Truffaut. The milestones of the plot (odd family, offbeat friends, the frantic adolescent search for love, the hard reality of adulthood) might be a bit weary, but the setting (the unfashionable side of unfashionable Livorno) certainly is not.

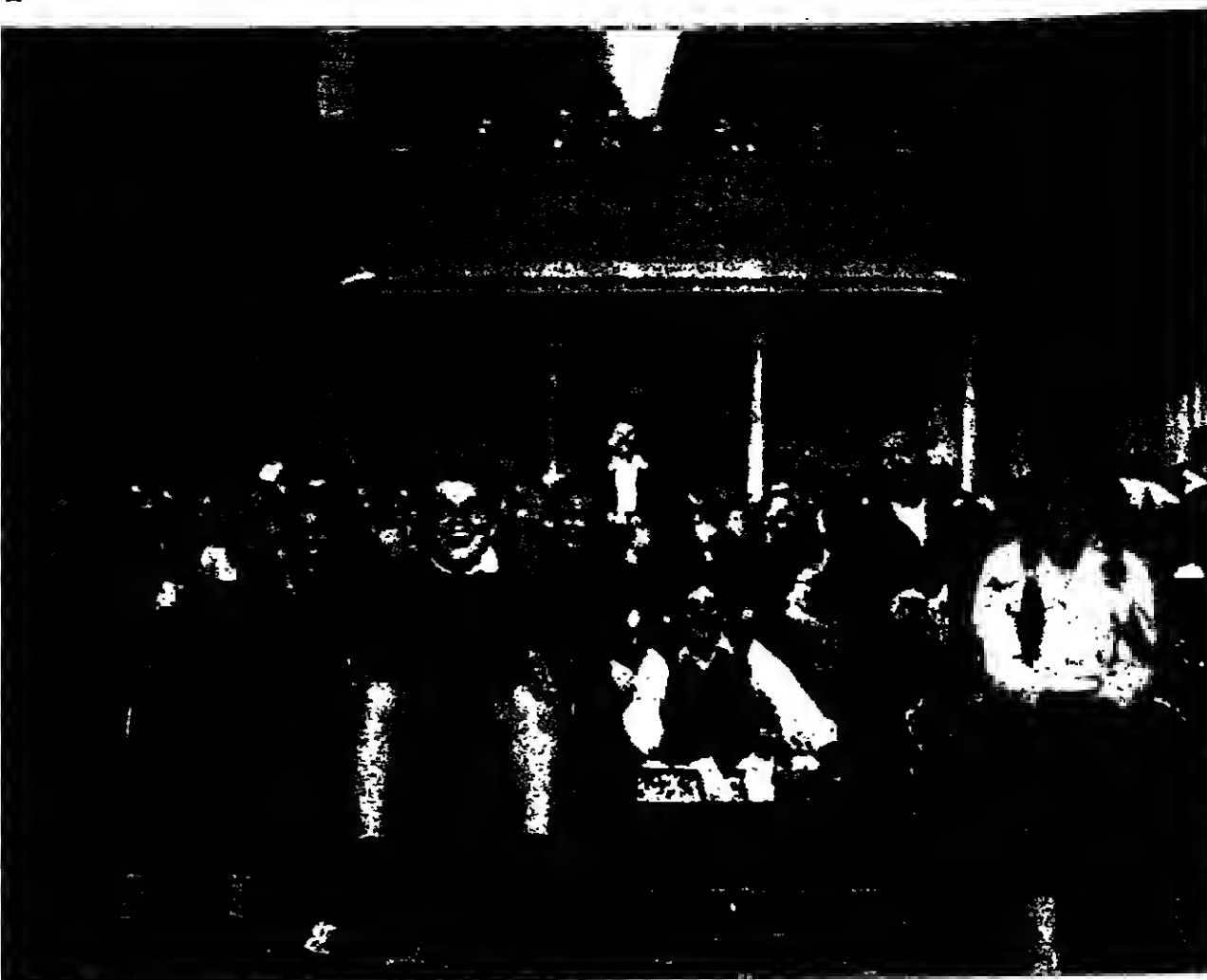
Benigni is an undeniably comic phenomenon, as anyone who has seen *Down By Law* or *Night On Earth* (both by Jarmusch) would readily acknowledge, but his strengths as a performer far outweigh his indifferent talent for directing.

As for Pieraccioni, he seems to have become a victim of his own success. *Il Ciclone* was charming and unpretentious, but *Fuochi d'Artificio* - reprising the theme of a *simpatico* thirty-something trying to navigate his way through a crowd of ravishing women - is, by common consent, heavy-handed and relentlessly mediocre.

The fact that such a film should be promoted so heavily points less to a cinematic revival than to a continuation of the long-standing crisis: the crisis of an industry that occasionally takes commercial gambles, but never artistic ones.

It is surely significant that the few genuinely profound, interesting Italian films of the 1990s (such as Gianni D'Amelio's *Il Ladro dei Bambini*, which won second prize at Cannes in 1992) have been so poorly marketed that they have barely been seen abroad at all. Italy's one genuinely independent auteur, Nanni Moretti (who made another Cannes success, *Dear Diary*), only survives by producing and distributing his work himself.

This state of affairs is unlikely to change with the present Tuscan revival. Pieraccioni and Virzi might be a breath of fresh air, but Rosellini and De Sica they are not - nor are they ever likely to be in the prevailing atmosphere of stifling conformity.



Critics have hailed a new crop of comic films as the hope of a return to the post-war tradition of Italian cinema, whose works include (right) *La Dolce Vita* (1960) and (above) *Bicycle Thieves* (1948) - a tradition celebrated (left) in *Cinema Paradiso* (1989). But stifling conformity in the film industry means the new generation have little chance of producing a new Fellini or de Sica. Photographs: Kobal Collection



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Boom time for European films

Cinema admissions are booming all over Europe, in the best year for decades. And locally made films are gaining some of the benefits.

In Germany, the Federal Film Board (FFB) said it expected a total of 140 million cinema visits by Germans by the end of the year - more than in any year in the 1990s. Box offices sold 102.8 million tickets in the first nine months of the year, up by about five million, or 5 per cent, from the same period last year. The market share of German films hit a record 17 per cent.

According to the firm Mediavision, ticket sales in France were up 6 per cent for the first three quarters of the year. This has been an especially good year for local films, with their market share rising to 40 per cent.

In Britain, figures from the Cinema Advertising Association (CAA) revealed the highest monthly UK cinema ticket sales since 1971. Total ad-

missions for January-July 1997 stand at 74.8 million - 4 per cent up on the same period in 1996. CAA are projecting the number of admissions for the year 1997 to total 134 million, against 123 million for 1996. This is the highest figure for admissions since 1974. Admissions for September 1997 saw an increase of 49 per cent on the same month in 1996. The market share of local films is difficult to gauge because the "British film" is not easy to define.

In Italy in 1996, the last year for which figures are available, more than 95 million cinema tickets were sold. Of these, 23.5 per cent were for Italian films. The consumption of local films is increasing: as of April this year, attendance of Italian films was up an annual 26.1 per cent, while US films saw a slump of 2.3 per cent over the same period.

-Fiona Bell

*Savings quoted are based on buying gas as well as electricity from British Gas Home Energy and comparing the projected national average British Gas Home Energy electricity direct debit price with the average for all 14 Regional Electricity Companies' direct debit tariffs (as of 1st October 1997). Based on an annual consumption of 3300 kWh.

Threatened auditor saved taxpayer £4m

A university admissions fraud detection unit whose £175,000 annual government funding is under threat saved £4m in false student award claims last year.

The verification unit at the Universities and Colleges Admissions Service is held up as a shining example of successful fraud-busting, in an Audit Commission report.

However, a Department for Education and Employment spokeswoman said yesterday that the department was still considering whether to maintain the annual grant.

The unit, employing three staff, uses a computer system to analyse thousands of university application forms. Last year it slashed the fraud detected in student awards to £0.9m, from £4.9m the previous year.

First Lady makes plea for Ulster peace

America's First Lady, Hillary Clinton, arrived in Belfast yesterday to stress the continuing interest of the United States in the Northern Ireland peace process.

She delivered a peace lecture emphasising the need for compromise in political negotiations and reconciliation in community relations, receiving a warm welcome during her one-day visit.

She declared: "Be assured the United States is your partner in the long haul to peace."

She had earlier said in Dublin: "My husband remains personally committed to this effort and to those who take risks to make peace happen."

The occasion was seen as reaffirmation of the direct United States involvement in the peace process and political developments. The Stormont multi-party talks are being chaired by former US senator George Mitchell, and President Clinton regularly voices his interest in the Northern Ireland question. While lobbying in America was once seen as the almost exclusive prerogative of Irish nationalist politicians, the Clinton administration has now established contacts with almost all points of the political compass.



Hillary Clinton displaying a teapot given to her by the late peace campaigner Joyce McCartan

Photograph: Reuters

to see whether they will be able to end a generation of senseless killing and forge a lasting peace. When the people want peace it is the obligation of political leaders to find the common ground where it can thrive.

"That requires compromise and reconciliation. That involves postponing or even giving up one's cherished ideals in the belief that others will do the same to end the conflict and build a better future."

Sinn Féin welcomed Mrs Clinton's words as "a positive and useful contribution to the peace process".

— David McKittrick

French truckers set to strike

Last-ditch talks aimed at avoiding a strike by French lorry drivers resumed in Paris yesterday as British hauliers braced themselves for repetition of the continental chaos caused by striking drivers last November. Negotiations between drivers and employers had broken down "amid considerable acrimony" according to the Freight Transport Association, but were set to begin again at 4pm British time. However, the Road Haulage Association, representing British firms, said they had been told by French unions that the strike was "90 per cent certain" to go ahead. The drivers are threatening to block ports, borders and 40 motorway points from 10pm ening to block ports, borders and 40 motorway points from 10pm tomorrow for an "indefinite period" if their demands for a 7 per cent pay rise are not met. They are also demanding a guaranteed salary of about £1,000 for 200 hours of work a month.

— Randee Ramesh

A month of sun and frost

Britain had its sunniest October in 38 years, weather experts said yesterday. There were an average 130 hours of sunshine – 30 per cent above the average – while the South-east saw 50 per cent more sun than normal. But temperatures fluctuated sharply, from sunshine in Essex on 1 October to -8C at the end of the month 26C (79F) in Essex on 1 October to -8C at the end of the month in Buckinghamshire and Northumberland. Unusually severe night frosts brought temperatures 14C lower than average for the time of year. Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire and the South Midlands recorded the coldest October night temperatures since 1931. Forecasters expect the weather to remain settled until Tuesday.

Campaigners attack mine

Activists opposed to opencast mining caused tens of thousands of pounds worth of damage to machinery at an opencast site yesterday. Police said 300 campaigners attacked plant equipment near Tibshelf, Derbyshire, after arriving in a convoy of vehicles at 6am. However, no arrests were made. Police believe the protesters travelled from South Yorkshire, although campaigners said they assembled from across Britain. The site, between Alfreton and Chesterfield, is owned by HJ Banks, the second-largest opencast company in Britain. A spokesman for the pressure group No Opencast, which aims to highlight alleged environmental blight, refused to comment on any damage yesterday.

Teachers reject speedy sackings for incompetence

The Government came under fire from teachers' leaders yesterday after extending recommendations made by unions and employers for a fast-track dismissal procedure for incompetent teachers.

The school standards minister, Stephen Byers, approved recommendations that will see staff removed within just four weeks in extreme cases, and otherwise within two terms.

However, the Government is extending the new procedure to heads and deputies, and is stressing that long-term sickness will be no defence against dismissal. "There will be zero tolerance of delays," Mr Byers said.

Local authority employers have told the Government of cases where teachers have remained on the payroll for as long as five years.

Details of the new procedures will be sent to schools and local education authorities within 14 days.

The Government's apparent sense of urgency yesterday drew criticism from teaching unions. Peter Smith, general secretary of the Association of Teachers and Lecturers, insisted the problem of incompetent teachers was "relatively small scale".

"By all means let's deal with it quickly, but to suggest that there is a crisis out there on which the Government needs to act within 14 days is nonsensical," he said.

Nigel de Gruchy, leader of the National Association of Schoolmasters – Union of Women Teachers, has written to Mr Byers expressing a similar concern.

Lucy Ward

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A flow of good ideas.

12/HOLOCAUST

NAZI TOLL

- An estimated 100,000 homosexual men were arrested by Nazis, and about 50,000 jailed of which 5,000 to 15,000 were sent to concentration camps.
- About 9,000 homosexuals believed to have died in camps. Six million Jews and 500,000 gypsies perished.
- The German government refuses to pay compensation to homosexuals, who were considered "criminals" until 1969.

homosexual prisoners in Sachsenhausen they were forced to wear pink triangular patches known as "Rosa Winkel". Photograph: Wiener Library



Gay activists press for German apology

Gay-rights activists have written to the German Chancellor asking for compensation and an official apology for the gay community's sufferings during the Holocaust. Jason Bennett, Crime Correspondent, reports the Nazis' forgotten victims' struggle to gain recognition and reparation.

ler, head of the SS, police stepped up raids on gay meeting places.

Assisted by informers, arrests spiralled. Accusations of homosexuality were also used against suspected political opponents of the Nazis.

Once imprisoned and convicted of homosexuality the inmates, who were known as "175ers" and often had a pink triangular patch, known as a "Rosa Winkel", sewn to their jackets, often endured savage treatment by prison guards.

Some homosexuals were victims of medical experiments, including castration.

Operations to "convert" men to heterosexuality by inserting hormone capsules were carried out, sometimes with fatal results.

In spite of their sufferings, most homosexual concentration-camp prisoners were not acknowledged as victims of Nazi persecution after the war and compensation was refused.

Under the Allied military government of Germany, some gay men were forced to serve out jail sentence regardless of time spent in concentration camps, although that period is deducted from their pension entitlement. Rule 175 remained in effect in West Germany until 1969 and in 1957 the Supreme Court ruled that homosexuals arrested by the Nazis were common criminals and therefore legitimately incarcerated.

Gay-rights groups are now clamouring for the German government to acknowledge the past atrocities, pay compensation and establish a monument to remember the Nazis' homosexual victims at a planned Holocaust memorial, next to the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin. They are angry that most of the plethora of books about the Holocaust have ignored the plight of homosexuals and at the failure of the

It was early morning when Friedrich-Paul von Groszheim was dragged from his bed by the Gestapo. He was arrested in the port of Lübeck with 230 other suspected homosexuals in 1937. "They beat us to a pulp," he recalls. "I couldn't lie down ... my whole back [was] bloody. You were beaten until you finally named names."

He was eventually offered the Nazi "alternative" of castration or concentration camp. He chose castration, a decision which probably saved his life.

Paul Gerhard Vogel, who was also arrested on charges of homosexuality, was not given that option.

Sentenced to seven years in Emsland penal camp, he was made to work up to 15 hours a day, seven days a week.

"For half a year, I was kept bent over," he says. "My hands were tied to my ankles." He was forced to go to the toilet in his pants, and to lick food from the floor. Several of the guards sexually abused and beat the homosexual prisoners.

Mr Vogel was later transferred to Nazi-occupied Norway to work in freezing conditions, clearing snow in the far north. He was given shoes made of wood, paper and wire. To keep warm he had to stuff three layers of newspapers under his



Peter Tatchell: organiser of a day of remembrance in London tomorrow Photograph: David Sandison

clothes. Miraculously, he survived the war.

These two were among about 100,000 gay men arrested in Germany and Austria between 1933 and 1945.

Some 50,000 were jailed, mostly in regular prisons, while up to about 15,000 were sent to concentration camps. It is not known how many of them died but one scholar believes 60 per cent - 9,000 - could have perished. Gay men - few lesbians are believed to have been arrested or persecuted - were a target of Nazi wrath in their attempt to "purify" society and propagate a master-race.

Soon after he took office in 1933 Hitler banned all homosexual and lesbian organisations. Brown-shirted storm troopers raided homosexual institutions and the numerous gay bars and cafés that had flourished in the relative freedom of the 1920s, particularly in Berlin, Hamburg, Munich and Bremen.

In 1934 a special Gestapo division on homosexuals was set up. One of its first acts was to compile "pink lists" of suspected homosexual men; such lists had been kept by police since 1900.

In 1935 Paragraph 175 of the Criminal Code, dealing with homosexuals, was tightened to penalise a broader range of "lewd and lascivious" acts between men; the need to provide overriding proof of homosexual conduct was removed. Spurred on by Heinrich Himmler, head of the SS, police stepped up raids on gay meeting places.

authorities to prosecute any of the Nazi doctors who carried out experiments on gays. A homosexual umbrella organisation is also lobbying officials in Switzerland for inclusion of gays in the new £50m fund to aid victims of the Holocaust.

The OutRage! gay-rights group has written to Chancellor Helmut Kohl of Germany asking for an official apology to the gay community, payment of compensation similar to that awarded to Jewish survivors, and better pensions.

A spokeswoman for the Germany embassy in London said: "The whole discussion has started again and we have been asked for compensation but at present there's no special provision for homosexuals." Tomorrow OutRage! has organised a Queer Remembrance Day ceremony at the Cenotaph in London for homosexuals who died during the Second World War.

Peter Tatchell, of OutRage!, said: "It's time the German government apologised for the Nazi persecution of homosexuals and paid compensation to gay Holocaust survivors. 'The story of the gay Holocaust has been suppressed by most historians and most people are unaware of the atrocities that were carried out.'"

The story of gay Holocaust survivors is being shown in a film, *We Were Marked With a Big A*, for the first time in Britain tomorrow at the Freedom Bar in London at 3pm.

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Israel's defense minister
said today that the
country's military
was not involved in
the attack on the
US embassy in
Tel Aviv. He said
the attack was the
work of a small
group of extremists
and that the military
was not involved
in the attack.

The US State
Department said
today that it was
not clear whether
the attack was
the work of a
small group of
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the work of a
larger group.

13/DESPATCHES



The Uzi sub-machine gun, a lethal symbol of technical efficiency: Israel has delayed the latest shipment after complaints at the numbers on sale in the US civilian market

Symbol of Israeli national identity

Rugged, reliable and cheap to make, the Uzi sub-machine gun was first manufactured in Israel in 1954. It was designed by Uzi Gal, who now lives outside Philadelphia, but, after his family fled the Nazis, was brought up in Kibbutz Yagour in Israel where he sketched his first gun designs.

Imprisoned by the British in his early twenties, Mr Gal became, on release, the chief armourer for the local unit of the Hagannah, the Jewish resistance army. He repaired weapons obtained from around the world, noting their good and bad points.

His ideas eventually turned into the Uzi. With its short barrel, limited recoil and good balance, with the magazine in the handgrip, this is essentially the weapon which is still in such demand in the US today.

Israel Defence Industry claims, however, that it has modified the gun to make it impossible to fire it automatically and given it a 10-bullet magazine. Gun controllers say that the Uzi can easily be made automatic again and 100-round magazines are available.

From the beginning the gun was a symbol. "It was a great moment for the state of Israel," says Mr Gal. "Because never in 2,000 years had there been such a thing: a weapon that the Jewish people had made for themselves, and I designed it from the ground up."

Uzi Gal never received a shekel in royalties for his invention though it has earned hundreds of millions of dollars for Israel Defence Industry. When his daughter fell ill and could only receive the required treatment in the US, he cashed in his pension and moved to Pennsylvania.

The claim of the Galil, the other less famous Israeli assault rifle, to total originality is not so well established. Designed by Israel Galil it is said to derive from the Finnish AK-74, which is in turn a modified version of the Soviet AK-47.

— Patrick Cockburn

Uzi spreads to America's mean streets

Israel has become involved in a bitter dispute with American gun-control advocates over the export of a civilian version of Uzi sub-machine gun to the US. Patrick Cockburn in Jerusalem reports on the row which is pitting American politicians normally sympathetic to Israel against the Israeli defence industry.

It is Israel's most famous brand name, identified with military prowess and technical efficiency. But now the Uzi, first manufactured as the world's most perfect submachine gun in 1954, is becoming a symbol of a different sort, provoking deep divisions between Israel and the US. "Night and day I will expose the fact that you, the Israelis, are selling guns that will kill children and policemen," Senator Diane Feinstein from California told the Israeli ambassador in Washington.

The battle to stop the sale of automatic and semi-automatic arms is important for gun control advocates in the US. It is also a struggle they thought they had won in 1994 when President Clinton signed the ban on assault weapons. But manufacturers were quick to circumvent the new rules. For sale in the US, the automatic firing mechanism of the Uzi was eliminated, but Senator Feinstein says it can be made automatic again "in four minutes, exactly. Our experts did it".

It is not a good moment for Benjamin Netanyahu, the Israeli prime minister, to alienate potential friends in the US. Relations are already frosty because of his failure to fulfil the Oslo accords agreed with the Palestinians. American Jews are alienated by what they see as the refusal of orthodox rabbis in Israel to accept them as fully Jewish, a chief rabbi in Jerusalem describing US Jews as "millions of lost souls".

The initial shipments of assault weapons would be of 5,000 Uzis and 2,600 Galils, another automatic rifle, but not as famous or original as the Uzi, and derived from the Soviet AK-47. Mr Netanyahu this week, after a series of meetings with his advisers, decided to delay the despatch of the Galils for 90 days. President Clinton had already put a temporary stop to the import of the Uzis by O.E. Mossberg & Sons, a well-known Connecticut gun manufacturer.

Some Israelis are astonished that so much goodwill should be risked for so little. "The sale of the Uzi and the Galil will turn

American public opinion against us," wrote Eliahu Ben Elissar, the Israeli ambassador to the US in a letter to Defence and Foreign Ministries in Jerusalem published by the daily *Ha'aretz* in a detailed investigation into the whole affair.

There were divisions between the state-owned Israel Defence Industry (IDI), which manufactures the Uzi and the Galil, and Israeli diplomats. Though 30 other Senators supported Diane Feinstein's campaign, the IDI thought it would blow over. They also remembered the \$300m they had made from selling the Uzi in the US before 1994. Each one cost \$50 to make in the factory in Kiryat Shmona in northern Israel and retailed for \$900.

But the manufacturers of the Uzi understated the depth of feeling in the US. In San Francisco alone, where Senator Feinstein, who is half-Jewish, was once mayor, 5,000 people have been killed in gun-related incidents in the last three years. Nor is she alone. Senator Robert Torricelli from New Jersey, normally a stalwart of the pro-Israel lobby, said: "If there's any country in the world that should understand the problem of dangerous weapons and the damage they can do in a civil society, it is Israel."

In the last two months relations between Israel and the arms controllers has become increasingly evened out. On 11 September, Senator Feinstein wrote a letter to Mr Netanyahu, enclosing a list of American civilians and policemen killed by the Uzi. She said it was ironic that the US sent aid and military equipment to Israel, while "Israeli arms manufacturers are selling assault weapons designed not for defence, but to kill".

Mr Netanyahu replied that the Uzi was sold primarily to law enforcement organisations in the US. But when Senator Feinstein saw Mr Ben Elissar, the Israeli ambassador in Washington, she accused the prime minister of lying. She said: "He writes that the Uzi is sold to law enforcement officials. We checked, and not a single federal or state agency uses the Uzi." She rebutted the ambassador's claim that the gun would be used mainly for hunting and target practice, saying it had neither the range or accuracy for either.

Senator Feinstein concluded by asserting that the sale of the Uzi to the US was against Jewish ethics, saying: "The Uzi is identified with Israel and Israel is Jews." Israel is not cancelling the sale, but Mr Netanyahu's decision this week to delay the shipment of the Uzis and Galils for 90 days is a sign that he recognises superior political firepower.

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14/WOMEN IN THE NEWS

Ladies called to account as bank cuts ties with genteel tradition

It was a milestone for the British women's movement and the end of an era for Edinburgh's legendary ladies, as the ledgers and the powder room closed yesterday on a refined banking tradition.

The Royal Bank of Scotland shut its only ladies' branch, after 33 years of sterling service - its customers toasting a generation of exclusive female finance with wine, nibbles and regrets at its passing.

The cost of installing the latest technology is too great to justify the separate branch, given the relatively low number of customer visits.

In future, customers - who number around 1,000 - will have to take their chances with the unisex banking crowd on the ground floor, though acting branch supervisor Betty Johnston will be there initially as a "meeter-greeter" to watch for her customers and to introduce them to their new tellers.

The branch opened in December 1964, an ideal imported from New Zealand by a male senior manager. With women taking more control of their finances, this was a place where they could talk with female staff in comfortable and leisurely surroundings.

"The bank's image was still very much Captain Mainwaring, where the manager wore a bowler," said RBS spokeswoman Ann Barr. "Our branches were sombre places, with metal bars at the teller and mar-

ble floors. They weren't very user friendly."

With plush carpets and soft colours at the ladies branch, silver service coffee was on offer from a staff member who also looked after the flowers and the well-used powder room.

Those awaiting service sat in upholstered comfort and a courtesy phone remained in place until four years ago. The third and final coffee lady retired then, cutbacks saw an end also to the flowers, while the customer profile was becoming somewhat mature.

Three generations of one family based in Manchester have held accounts; a woman from north of Duodece used to leave her mother at the bank while shopping; and current clients include at least one prominent figure in the London media, who remains discreetly anonymous.

Elizabeth MacGillivray from the Burnton suburb of Edinburgh, a former nursing administrator who is now "past her mid-seventies", has held her account since it opened.

"I found it a very convenient way of keeping my personal account apart from my household account," she said. "In other words, since the law gave women the chance to own some property in their own right, and not just be an appendage of their husbands, it was a very convenient way of saying what's mine is mine."

"There are ladies who are in

business and rush in at lunch time and there are a lot of retired ladies and ladies of leisure. Most appreciate that there was a female staff and they could talk to them more than the staff downstairs."

"We had coffee served by a very nice lady, Mrs Anderson, and we could leave messages for others, or if you had a heavy package you could leave it with Mrs Anderson until you were ready to go home."

The alternatives from Monday do not attract Mrs MacGillivray.

She objects to queuing, her hearing problem means telephone banking is no use, and the automated teller machine only dispenses in multiples of £10 or more which, she says, is no use if all you are buying is a newspaper.

— Douglas Fraser



Bank transfer: A customer making a final transaction at the ladies' branch in Edinburgh yesterday. Since the law gave women the right to own property in their own right ... it was a very convenient way of saying what's mine is mine. Photograph: Colin McEwan

historic fight



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The branch has closed after 33 years

McAleese wins Irish presidency

Despite an unusually low turnout, Fianna Fail's Mary McAleese last night romped home to an easy win by a two-to-one margin in the Irish presidential election, in which former ex-singer Dana Rosemary Scallon polled surprisingly well in third place.

First count results showed Mrs McAleese with 46 per cent of the first preference votes cast in the single transferable vote poll. Fiore Gael's Mary Banotti MEP secured 29 per cent. Mrs Banotti led in four middle-class south Dublin seats with first count votes up to 10 per cent ahead of Mrs McAleese.

Transfers of second-prefer-

ence votes for the lower placed candidates last night pointed to a final outcome of almost 60 per cent for Mrs McAleese and just over 40 per cent for Mrs Banotti.



Mary McAleese: On course for 60 per cent mandate

All sides congratulated Dana, initially a rank outsider, on confounding sceptics, first by obtaining a nomination through local councils without party backing, and then coming third nationally with support reaching over 20 per cent in some areas.

"Without a political machine and without political funding we have won a victory for ordinary people. I'm ab-

solutely delighted," she said. The singer turned US religious broadcaster was impressive in debates with an off-the-cuff wit and clarity of argument that belied her political inexperience. She is now giving serious consideration to a more serious political role.

Dana, with a national average 13 per cent of the vote, almost doubled the backing indicated in recent opinion polls - suggesting many voters were won over by her sharp performance in the final television debate, or were unwilling to declare their intention to support her.

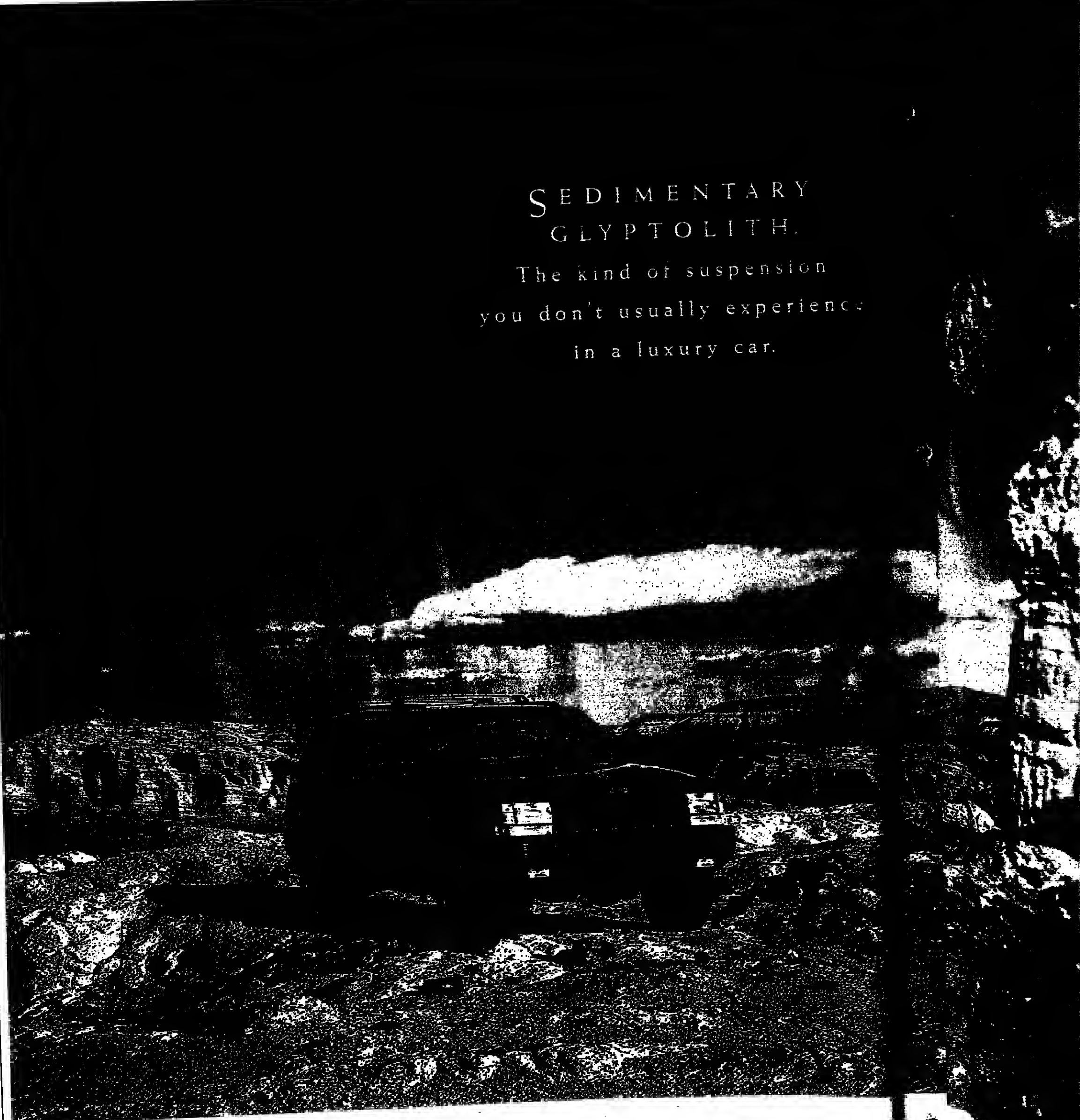
The Left's Adi Roche conceded defeat before lunchtime. Having led at the start of the campaign, she fell back dramatically after the subsequent nomination of Mrs McAleese, and a series of bitter attacks on her by former colleagues in her Chernobyl Children's Project.

She finished in fourth place with barely 7 per cent, a result likely to cause soul-searching in Labour ranks where the campaign was expected to restore morale after the party's decimation in the June general election. Derek Nally, a former garda and founder of the Victim Support charity, drew 5 per cent.

Barely half the eligible electorate cast their votes, compared with a 64 per cent turnout in the last presidential poll in 1990. Though heavy rain was partly to blame, many felt smear tactics deployed in the hustings, and recent scandals over payments to politicians as contributory factors.

Counting begins this morning in the referendum on relaxing cabinet confidentiality, which was also held on Thursday. Many count centres reported large numbers of spoiled votes with complaints about lack of information written on ballot papers.

— Alan Murdoch, Dublin



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15/WOMEN IN THE NEWS

Historic fight between girl boxers is a sell-out



Marie Davies and Marie Leefe: taking advantage of equal opportunity laws which have now been applied to boxing

A change in the Queensbury rules has allowed an officially approved, all-female boxing tournament to take place for the first time. *Petra Kendall reports*

Best friends Marie Davies and Marie Leefe were last night punching their way into the record books by becoming the first women in Britain to take part in an officially approved boxing tournament.

Organisers were swamped with more than 700 requests for the £3 tickets - double the capacity of the small Dairy Sports and Social Club in Whitland, Pembrokeshire, where the bout was staged.

The two 16-year-olds launched women's amateur boxing under the unlikely ring-names of "Cheesey" and "Slaps".

Ms Leefe and Ms Davies were allowed to fight the bout because of a recent change in the Queensbury rules allowing women to box. The change in amateur boxing rules to bring the sport in line with equal opportunity laws means that women can now compete in tournaments.

Both college students, the two young women trained together for more than a year for their three-round match. On a typical training day, the girls take part in various exercises, including 15 minutes of skipping

and a four-mile run. They also have three rounds of sparring per week.

Marie Leefe said: "We came down for training first, then decided that we were going to box."

Marie, who has won 476 rosettes for showjumping, said: "I'm not intimidated by all the attention - it's the critics more than anything, but the match will go ahead despite what they think."

"My friends love it, I think they're more excited about it than we are."

Mike "Digger" Haines, the teenagers' trainer, is confident about their ability. "I don't see anything wrong with the match," he said. "Boxing is no more dangerous than any other sport."

"It's not a blood-and-guts sport, like a lot of critics make out", he added.

Marie Davies' decision to enter the sport was influenced by the infamous boxer Prince Naseem Hamed. His manager-trainer, Davis Brodian Ingle, said: "If the girls want to box, who's to say they shouldn't? It's a democratic country."

"I wouldn't wait to see women box, but it's a matter of choice", he added.

An attempt last month by two 13-year-old Midlands schoolgirls to become the first female tournament-boxers was abandoned when one of the girls pulled out because of adverse publicity and criticism from the British Medical Association.

WOMEN FIGHTERS IN BRITAIN

- The British Ladies Boxing Association was set up four years ago in the back room of a pub in Tooting, south London.
- This year the Amateur Boxing Association swept away 117 years of male tradition by allowing women to fight competitively.
- Women amateurs can now compete on the same bill as men, under the same regulations, for bouts at championship level of three two-minute rounds.
- Most of the association's medical officers voted against the rule changes and said that they would not attend bouts.
- Women can only box as professionals abroad as the British Boxing Board of Control, the professionals' governing body, remains opposed on medical grounds.
- Doctors have expressed fears that blows to the breasts can lead to nodules which are difficult to distinguish from cancer.
- Women, however, have boxed with and without gloves since the sport's modern inception at James Figg's amphitheatre in the early 18th century when a broken-nosed protagonist called Mrs Stokes regularly fought with male dwarves.
- The most famous female boxer was Barbara Buttrick, from Hull, who was lightweight champion of the world. She learnt her trade in the fairground boxing booths of England and France.
- The women's world welterweight champion is a Briton, Jane Couch, 28, from Fleetwood in Lancashire, who has twice successfully defended her title in the United States and is preparing to do so again.

Council rejects the female touch

It was a case of having a woman's touch. Sarah-Jane Brooks had that and much more. Too much more, as far as her prospective employers were concerned.

Ms Brooks, who is also known as Mr William Anthony Brooks, is a hermaphrodite. And she is set to take legal action against her local council for discrimination after they rejected her application to work at a women's centre.

Deciding which sex, Sarah or William, had been a matter of mood - until recently. But, for the past 18 months, Miss Brooks has been living as a woman and decided to apply to work at the Watford Women's Centre, having had previous experience in similar jobs at centres in London and Manchester.

However, the local council disagreed. "When I turned up

they would not let me in because they said I looked too much like a man," said Ms Brooks.

"The point is that I am both a man and a woman, and they have no right to choose which sex to judge me on. I have worked at women's centres before and I was accepted, I don't know why they have turned me down in Watford."

Ms Brooks is confident that the council is wrong. "I know the law very well in this area and I will be taking them to court over this."

But a spokesman for Watford council - who referred to Miss Brooks as a man - said: "The planning group at the Women's Centre considered this request fully. But we feel he cannot be admitted to the centre which is a focal point for the women in this town."

— Randeep Ramesh

Former Lib-Dem candidate to stand again in Beckenham

The Liberal Democrats yesterday named Rosemary Vetterlein as their candidate in the Beckenham by-election caused by the resignation of disgraced former Tory MP Piers Merchant.

Ms Vetterlein, 25, a restaurant assistant manager, fought the Kent seat at the general election, when she took 9,858 votes.

The Tories have picked the former whip, Jacqui Lait, as their candidate. Ms Lait was the

first female Tory whip and lost her Hastings and Rye seat on 1 May.

Mr Merchant, 46, who is married, spoke of his desire to shield his family and friends from "intensive and continued intrusion" when he stepped down as Beckenham MP two weeks ago after newspaper claims about a relationship with 18-year-old Anna Cox.

He subsequently admitted to the affair in newspaper articles.

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17/ALGERIA'S HORROR

THE INDEPENDENT
SATURDAY
1 NOVEMBER 1997

Nightmares of torture haunt exiled witness

For four years, Inspector Abdessalam of the Algiers central police force saw his colleagues executing prisoners and watching suspects in agony as their nails were torn out under torture. Some were suffocated with acid-soaked cloth. Now in exile in Britain, he tells Robert Fisk he was lucky to escape death at the hands of his own police force.

Even in the doorway of the Sheraton hotel in Belgravia, central London, Inspector Abdessalam looks every bit a policeman; tall, suspicious, potentially aggressive, shaking hands with uneasy courtesy. And when he tells his dreadful, bloody story, he does so with detachment, a police officer making his report, just as he did when he was in charge of police equipment at Dar al-Baida, not far from Algiers international airport.

He joined the police in 1981. "I wanted a respected job, I wanted to serve the people," he says - but like all his comrades in the Algerian police, things began to go wrong for Abdessalam in 1988, when street demonstrations for democracy were broken up by the army, when police stations were attacked. He never liked the Islamic Salvation Front, whose certain victory in the 1991 elections prompted the military-backed government to cancel the poll and ban the party. Abdessalam lived in the poor Kouba district of Algiers but had to leave home to sleep in police sta-

that a well-known terrorist called Milliani Mansouri (later killed by security forces) was there with his family. We didn't find them. But we surrounded the area where his two-storey house was. We fired tear gas into the house. We told the occupants over loudspeakers to give themselves up. There was no reply. So we started shooting with RPGs [rocket-propelled grenades].

"It turned out there were three children, two women and a man in there. They were all burned to death."

Abdessalam's nightmares, however, are reserved for his memories of torture - the systematic and brutal interrogation of prisoners in which, he says, he never took part.

"Sometimes the prisoners were forced to drink acid or a cloth was tied to their mouths and acid poured over it. The torturers came from the Judiciary Police. They did their work in the mechanics garage next to the police sûreté office at Daira. I remember their names. One was called Baouad - he died later. They also pulled out men's beards and took out their nails. Sometimes prisoners were forced to stand next to tables with their testicles on the table and their testicles would be beaten. They were forced to sit on bottles. And all the while they would be asked questions. Who were you with? Who are your friends? Where is your ammunition? What are your plans?"

"A small number of the prisoners gave information. Some preferred to be killed. Some died under water torture. On orders, those to be killed would be taken out of the city. There they were released and told to go, and were shot in the back.



Western friends: America, Italy, Germany and France supplied police with equipment

tions when the police were targeted by "Islamic" guerrillas.

"We were terrorised," he says, sipping coffee in the Sheraton's lounge. "Every day our friends were killed. We didn't know what to do. Inside the police stations, we smoked hashish - all the police were doing it to calm their nerves. We took tablets when we went out on night operations. I was a driver then and my comrades shot at anything that moved. We were frightened."

"When we had intelligence information, our officers would send us to a location and say: 'Don't bring us live prisoners - Kill!' All through 1992 this happened. I saw my friends killing in cold blood, in the street, killing alleged Islamists. We did these sorties two or three times a day."

In March 1994, Inspector Abdessalam and his colleagues were sent to the "Islamic" village of Sidi Moussa outside Algiers at five in the morning. "We were a big force, gendarmes and police together. We surrounded the village and shooting started from everywhere - by us and the guerrillas. We surrounded the place and an assault group went inside; these were the people who did the killing. When it was daylight, they brought out the bodies - about 90 of them, including three women, most killed by bullets or rocket-propelled grenades. We lost three policemen and soldiers dead and 15 wounded."

Sidi Moussa was later to be the scene of a mass slaughter of women and children by men who were said by the government to be members of the Islamic Armed Group (GIA). But Abdessalam remembers it as Zarga best. "We went there in 1994 after we had intelligence

The bodies would be taken to the morgue - they were not given to their families. They were buried secretly."

In addition to his job as driver, Abdessalam was ordnance officer for the Algiers city police, receiving equipment from Italy, Germany and the United States. He lists the armaments matter-of-factly, as if unaware of the implications of what he is saying: that these are the countries which supply the Algerian security forces whose cruelty is now notorious.

"We got clothes, uniforms and ammunition from Italy, pump-action shot-guns and Beretta 9mm pistols - they took 15 bullets each - and from the beginning of the violence, the Italians sent us 7mm pistols. From America, we got tear gas, flak jackets and the police 'ninja' uniforms with their masks. We got our police cars from Germany and France. From the end of 1992, we started sending police to France for training."

Inspector Abdessalam decided to leave Algeria two years ago, fearful that his life was in danger from his own side. "I began to suspect that most of the policemen who died were being killed by the authorities because they were not collaborating enough with the government or because they were suspected of having sympathies with the opposition."

"Many of my friends in the police were killed, often at home. Sometimes the people who did the killings were followed by us and went into police barracks - mainly in the Benaknoun area. When we saw them, we'd get on the radio and ask what we should do. And the voice would come back, saying: 'You have to leave the area. Mission over!'"



Terrorised: Inspector Abdessalam was forced to sleep in police stations after a bomb attack by the GIA wrecked the Kouba police family residences in Algiers. Every day, police were killed. Photographs: © Abbas/Magnum



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She whispered, she roared, she wept, she soared ...

From the moment of La Norman's grand entrance in shimmering blue chiffon, her strong, creamy voice and sense of drama proved more than equal to Berlioz's testing song collection 'Les Nuits d'été'.

Adrian Jock marvels at the diva's Barbican concert.

You'd expect a singer's solo spot to be in the middle of an orchestral concert, not at the end. But if Brahms's *G minor Piano Quartet* orchestrated by Schoenberg had come after the interval on Thursday evening, La Norman's fans might have left a lot of empty seats.

It's a long way from the artist's entrance to the Barbican platform, and Norman did not want to be seen struggling the distance. After all, she is a diva, and should simply appear, by as close to supernatural means as the Barbican's carpenters could devise. So screens were specially constructed each side to conceal the goddess until she was safely on the stage. The sight of her scarcely needed enhancing. She had tugged her hair upwards in a dark blue chiffon, so that it climaxed in a sort of exclamation mark. Her dress was simple black crepe, draped with a diaphanous blue over-garment. The style evoked the salons and boudoirs of the early 19th century, the colours suggested the erotic nocturnal melancholy of Berlioz's six settings of Théophile Gautier, *Les Nuits d'été*.

Originally, Berlioz wrote the songs for different types of

voice, though they are nearly always sung by a mezzo-soprano. The straining of one singer can tell, and the effect of a collection, which wasn't conceived in the first place as a cycle, can become monotonous. Although Berlioz kept his orchestration light, the music is grand, and Norman's strong, creamy voice was certainly built for grandeur. What surpassed expectation were the many ways in which she varied it. In the delicate, tripping "Villanelle", she reduced her potentially enormous sound playfully, without any sign of awkwardness. "Le spectre de la rose", rapturous and swaying, called for a more ardent, sustained note, a higher voice, twisting upwards perilously at the end of the first verse, later hushed to a whisper against softly bubbling harp, to the words "Ce léger parfum est mon âme / Et j'arrive du paradis" ("This delicate perfume is my soul and I come from Paradise").

At the end of the song, Norman looked upwards, smiled, opened her arms, then closed her eyes. She may seem acting for intellectually inclined opera producers, but she can certainly do it on the concert platform. Besides, there was enough acting in her voice to make her expansive bodily gestures an optional extra. In "Sur les lagunes", she lamented her dead lover with a sepulchral resonance on the word "toujours", and softly squeezed "femme" and "elle" as if she were kissing them. The refrain of "Absence" - "Reviens, reviens, ma bien aimée" ("Come back, my beloved") - pitched cruelly high and stretched in time by Berlioz - receded in the back of her head like a hopeless appeal. It was a brilliant stroke

of expressive colouring. These details all contributed to a sustained view of each song as a whole. The only thing that left a little to be desired was the way Norman sometimes distorted the sounds of words for the sake of musical smoothness; so "la blanche tombe" in "Au cimetière" scarcely had any consonants, and in "L'île inconnue", the repeated word "aile" sometimes began with an "ah", so much nicer to sing than "ai". Still, it's a very rare singer indeed who never resorts to that sort of self-help.

The Lodon Symphony Orchestra under Michael Tilson Thomas supported Norman wonderfully. Only here did Tilson Thomas follow a score. He conducted Berlioz's *Overture Le Carnaval Romain* and the Brahms/Schoenberg *Quartet* from memory. Schoenberg's arrangement was commissioned by Otto Klemperer and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. It stopped just short of frivolity with touches of triangle and xylophone in the scherzo-like second movement, and even a tambourine and glockenspiel in the final gypsy rondo.

Brahms would have been surprised, too, at the bass clarinet and trombones, the latter sometimes muted. But then Schoenberg's love for Brahms's music didn't blind him to academic reverence. The LSO's playing was certainly sumptuous, though Michael Tilson Thomas coaxed the third movement by indulging what Schoenberg had unduly amplified - that march-like middle section didn't merit such bombast. Bernard Shaw, who called Brahms a sensualist with intellectual pretensions, might have said "I told you so."



Jessye Norman: she may scorn acting for intellectually inclined opera producers, but she can certainly do it in concert

Photograph: Rex Features

MUSIC

Rough with the smooth

On the opening leg of an English and American tour at the Royal Festival Hall, London, Rob Cowen sees Vladimir Ashkenazy and the Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester turn a rocky start to a good finish

We were offered two sides of a single coin by the Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester, one scuffed, the other gleaming bright. Vladimir Ashkenazy opened Dvorak's Cello Concerto briskly, prosaically and with precious little individuality on Thursday. The big horn melody which dominates the first movement was disappointingly deadpan, though the clarinetist's response was notably sensitive and cellist Lynn Harrell's first entry freewheeling, bold and gravelly in tone.

Harrell is a bear of a man with an edifying platform personality. He strode onstage holding his cello above his head, settled quickly and reacted visibly to every

bar of the long opening tutti. Eye-contact with the audience ensured two-way communication and the solo playing was high-hearted and outgoing throughout. Best was the yearning re-statement of the opening theme, halfway through the first movement, and the heart-rending coda, with its defiant final crescendo.

Not everyone was happy. At the end of the first movement, Ashkenazy's incredulous gaze traced two young members of the audience as they ambled self-consciously from the choir seats to the nearest exit. Not exactly encouraging.

Harrell's approach to the Concerto incorporated generous slides and a fair de-

gree of phrasal freedom, but the orchestra was lacklustre. The strings were flimsy and ill-focused, whereas the brass were invariably too loud. The woodwinds sounded better (the lead flautist is something of a star), but the performances as a whole seemed more like a competent rehearsal.

To think that this was only the first lap of a tour that would cover the north and south of England and much of America... "They'll sound far more focused by the end of the tour," a leading record executive assured me. Fortunately, we didn't have to wait that long for an improvement.

Bernhard Haitink had led the Dvorak Concerto, and the excellent Hans Maile (a

fine soloist in his own right) led a swift, fiery account of Shostakovich's Tenth Symphony. Here one sensed greater involvement all round. Ashkenazy had attended the work's Moscow premiere under the formidable Evgeny Mravinsky and, by his own admission, never dreamt that he would eventually conduct it himself.

The opening was lithe and curvaceous, the climaxes well gauged though rather lacking in weight. Fans of Mravinsky's various recordings will have missed those lightning deflections to the ferocious "Stalin" Scherzo, but the Allegretto generated blistering heat - especially in the manic repetitions of the composer's mu-

sical signature (the notational equivalent of his initials). It was a good performance, lacking only in subtlety and 'big guns', but far more idiomatic than the Dvorak Concerto.

The really good news is that Ashkenazy and the Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester have recently recorded Scriabin's intended *magnum opus*, his three-hour *Mysterium*, or "Final Act" - a "completion" by Alexander Nemin that was 25 years in the making. "It's like a massive film score," I was told, a quasi-religious act intended to unite all the arts and a potential New Age-style blockbuster. It is scheduled for release some time next year.

A bone to pick from the dust of metaphysics

THEATRE

La Dispute/Contention, the latest instalment in the bold French Theatre season, was directed by hotshot Stanislas Nordey. David Benedict was less than impressed.

Recent glamorous revivals of Chekhov and Ibsen have caused many to argue that the classics are alive and well in Britain. Yet closer investigation reveals a distinct whiff of xenophobia among theatregoers who stay away in droves from foreign plays. The tiny Gate Theatre responds by going on the offensive, with a policy of presenting truly neglected foreign plays. But for most theatres, the likes of, say, Thomas Bernhard, are box-office suicide.

In terms of French theatre, you can just about get away with Molière, but Racine or Corneille do not exactly guarantee burns on seats. For British audiences, with the exception of Neil Bartlett and Mike Alfreds's hilarious production of *The Game of Love and Chance* a few years ago, the 18th century playwright Molière is also a virtually unknown quantity. But now, like buses, two of his plays have come along at once. The ambitious French Theatre season, the largest ever French cultural event in this country, opened with due fanfare (the national anthem and 'La Marseillaise', since you ask) at the National Theatre with *Les Fausses Confidences* by the Comédie-Française. Four weeks later it was *La Dispute*.

Advance word had it that Stanislas Nordey was France's answer to Stephen Daldry, to which one can only respond, "What was the question?" Daldry is not



The prince and his lover, Hermiane, in Marivaux's striking comedy *La Dispute / Contention*

ed for the boldness of his conceptions and his dramatic design sense. On the evidence of this production, Nordey shows his control of space, but in most other respects, I'm not sure that either of them would welcome the comparison.

At the heart of the evening, Nordey directed and appeared in Marivaux's striking comedy about a prince and his lover, Hermiane, witnessing a dramatic experiment in which two men and two women, raised in ignorance of the opposite sex (or indeed, of anyone else at all), are brought together to discover which sex is more faithful by nature.

Dressed only in old shabby raincoats on an empty stage surrounded by black drapes, the actors had a dance-like physicality almost entirely absent from classical theatre in this country, which was not only apt for the extremes of emotions, but invigorating to watch.

The downside was that it was book-ended by a spot of metaphysics. Let me rephrase that: by two hours of metaphysics. Nordey began and ended with tracks contextualising fidelity in the age of AIDS. The self-consciously repetitive, badly staged opening speech on the nature of dying trembled on the border be-

tween monologue and monotony. The tortuous 40-minute closing section on love, pain and the whole damn thing topped over entirely.

Intellectually, there was a case to be made, but theatrically? Stark address from a stage stripped to the back wall is hardly eye-opening (an urgently needed activity when many around me were nearer to eye-closing). Any dramatic impact the piece had made disappeared under the law of diminishing returns. Even for French speakers, there was more activity on the surly screen than on stage.

THE WEEK ON RADIO ROBERT HANKS

Ned Kelly and his merry men

There are few things in life quite as pleasurable as having a stereotype confirmed, and *Mean Times - Australia* (Radio 4, Tuesday) offers this pleasure in abundance. At times, you find yourself wondering, in fact, whether the whole point of the series isn't to confirm all your worst fears of Australians.

There are six programmes, each exploring some episode in Australia's past through a mixture of interviews and documents. This week's programme, the second, looked at the nation's bushranger heritage.

Bushrangers thrived between the 1850s and the 1880s: Robin Hood according to some, who brought Ireland's long struggle against the British yoke to this New World and never hurt anybody who didn't deserve it.

Much of the programme was set at a bushrangers dinner, an annual event where the descendants of the rogers and the police who hunted them would meet up and chat amicably about the old days, the bushranger side hugging about just how bad the apples were on their family tree (one woman stated firmly that her ancestor was at least as nasty as any of the big names, like Ned Kelly; he just died too young to be properly appreciated).

Others are more sceptical -

notably Edgar Penzic, who has devoted his life to debunking the bushranger myth, and claims that other people regard his books as the "ultimate" on the subject (he modestly refrained from saying that he thought so himself). Penzic's line is, roughly, that the bushrangers were hoodlums who would sell their own grandparents. As far as that goes you could hardly blame them, seeing as how their grandparents were so willing to sell them - we heard the story of one bushranger grassed up to the law by his grandfather for a bounty of £500.

Penzic's doggedly unimpressed commentary on the awfulness of bushrangers ran through the programme, debunking every story, bringing things down to a practical, dry-as-dust level. Lots of women, he said will tell you that their grandmother hid the notorious Ben Hall under their skirts. But by referring to mean female heights to the 19th-century typical Victorian lingerie and Hall's own well-attested peculiarities (including a gammy leg), Penzic demonstrated that this incident could never have taken place.

It was emblematic that when we first met him he was donning one of his clip-on ties.

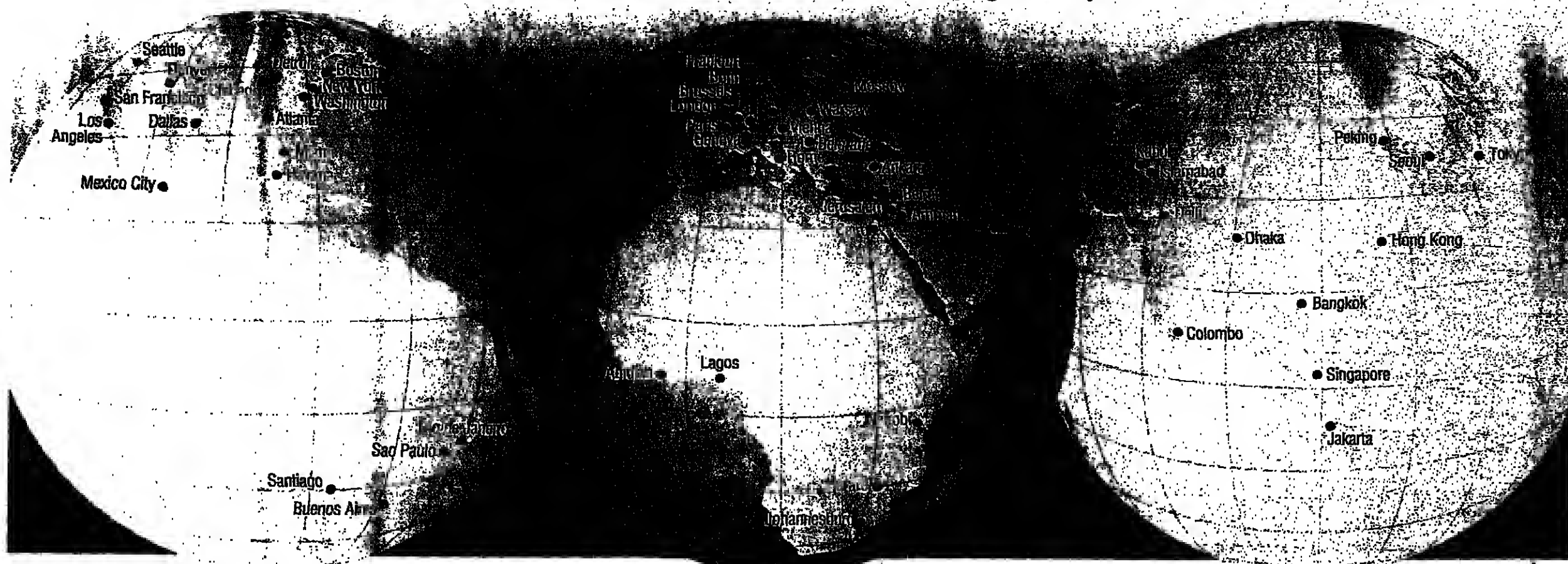
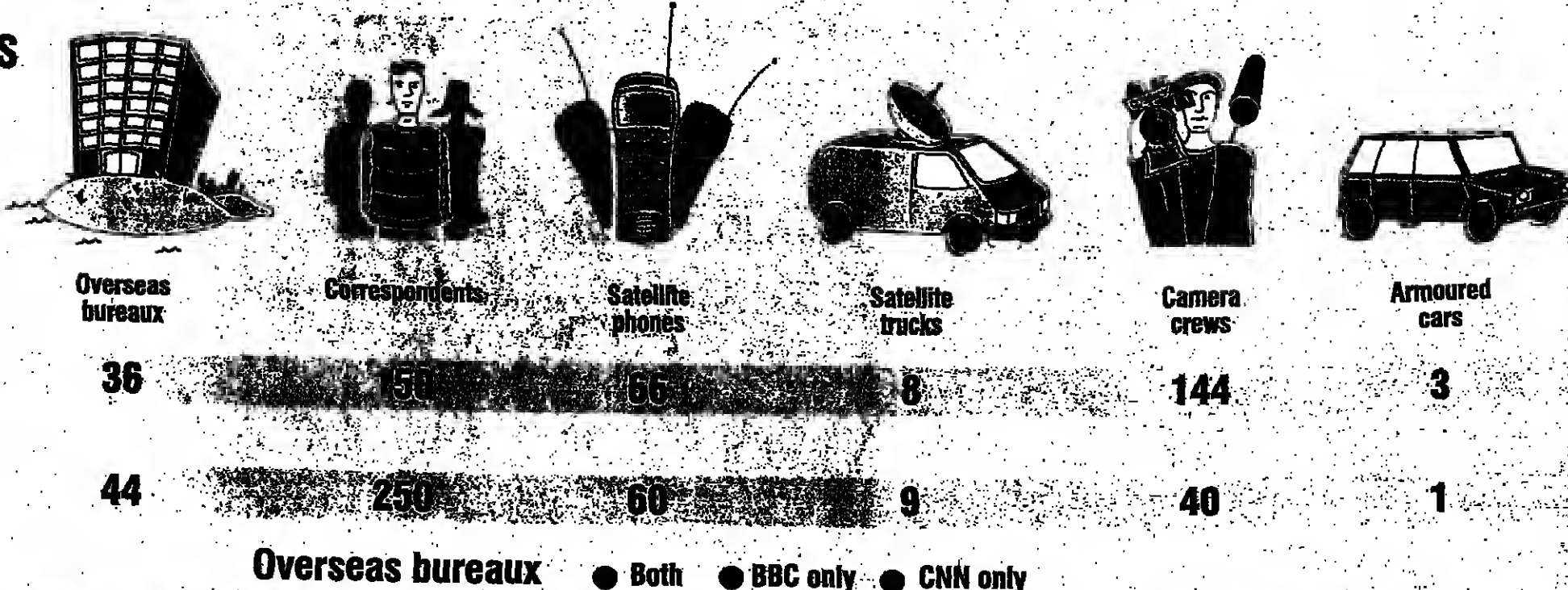
The clip-on, he declared, was the greatest invention since the wheel. Just as he would waste no time on dandyism in dress, so he despised it in history.

As I say, the programme at times seemed to be out to bolster all your prejudices about Australians. Taking this with last week's episode, on the first encounters between Europeans and Aborigines, you could begin to build a picture of Australian history as a bloody, racist, hate-filled mess, and modern Australians the inevitable product.

But I think John Dryden and Ann-Marie Evans are pushing towards something more subtle and serious than this: there lies behind the series a sense that because Australia (European Australia, that is) is such a young place, it has a particularly intimate relationship with its past. British heritage has a pipe and slippers and is happiest alone in front of a fire with a pile of muffins to work through and a *Daily Telegraph* to mull over: Australia's history is the sort of grandparent you can take down the pub to meet your mates. And what it's doing isn't confirming stereotypes; rather, it fleshes them out - shows that far from being empty, they are a pasty reflection of something vital and complex - and in so doing, wrecks them.

The superpowers of global TV newsgathering

CNN
BBC



The BBC goes into battle for supremacy of world airwaves

Next Sunday the BBC will break Sky's monopoly in round-the-clock TV news by launching BBC News 24. As Media Editor Rob Brown explains, Auntie is more than a match for Murdoch's satellite service. She's now on a par with CNN in global newsgathering.

It is rather apt that the BBC's first rolling news channel for a British audience should come on air on the eve of Remembrance Sunday. As Great Britons gloat about their victory in two world wars, we have the satisfaction of knowing that there is at least one sphere in which this sceptre'd isle is still a land of hope and glory - global TV newsgathering.

The BBC is one of only two superpowers in this fast-expanding sphere. The other is CNN, the Atlanta-based cable network launched by the buccannery tycoon Ted Turner. These two operations are shaping up as the Nato and Warsaw Pact of the information age.

Sky News is a nimble oper-

ator, and has quadrupled its UK audience in recent weeks with its live coverage of the Louise Woodward trial, but it simply cannot summon the same resources as either of these giants. It's a bit like China - massive potential, but not quite a real superpower yet.

It could become a more formidable force if it can forge closer links with other parts of the Murdoch media empire, especially Fox News in the US, but even then it is unlikely to launch a unified global service to compete with CNN International and BBC World, the 24-hour news channel which is the TV version of the World Service.

BSkyB's continuing weakness to global newsgathering is recognised by Britain's cable companies. Several of them are threatening to ditch Sky News in favour of the oew BBC service, which has succeeded in poaching a number of producers from Murdoch's operation in recent weeks.

BSkyB News 24 will be able to call upon 250 correspondents across the planet. That's 100 more than CNN, which loves to boast about being the largest and most profitable electronic news and information company in the world.

As a public service broad-

caster that draws the bulk of its income from a compulsory annual licence, the BBC is not profit-driven. But the man spearheading its newsgathering machine is as fiercely competitive as any of his commercial rivals.

Richard Sambrook has reason to smile. To meet the challenge of feeding two rolling news channels (BBC News 24 for the British audience and BBC World for the rest of the world) he is being given an extra £15m to spend over the next few years.

Some of that money will be spent on upgrading the corporation's live capability, which at present lags somewhat behind CNN. But a considerable amount is also being invested in hiring more specialist correspondents, which the BBC regards as its trump card in the global TV news war.

CNN has been seeking to add depth and dimension to its programming by tailoring it to specific regions of the globe. It even hired a Brit - Sambrook's predecessor as head of BBC newsgathering, Chris Cramer - to help it to "de-Americanise" its output. To assist in this task, CNN has just opened a major new bureau in Frankfurt.

But CNN has also just

opened three additional bureaux in the US (based in Boston, Denver and Seattle) and still serves up an essentially American world view. Its network of correspondents certainly do not span the globe as comprehensively as the BBC, the world's premier public service broadcaster.

"The BBC brings you more stories from more places," says Sambrook with pride. "Our expanding team of top specialists can also interpret and analyse events with more authority than any commercial service."

As a former BBC employee, Mr Cramer acknowledges these strengths, but he maintains that CNN is vastly superior in one crucial aspect - rapid mobilisation. "CNN can turn on a 10p and produce programmes at a hair's trigger," he says. "As a public service broadcaster, the BBC is inevitably much more cumbersome and bureaucratic."

BBC News bosses have encountered fierce hostility and resistance from their staff as they have struggled to restructure for the challenge of 24-hour news. Many of its star presenters and senior executives openly rebelled last month at a plan to streamline and centralise its editing structure. And journalists threatened to boycott pilot

programmes until management agreed to revise their roles.

There remains considerable resentment about the way in which oews and current affairs programmes on the traditional mainstream channels, such as *Newsnight*, are having their budgets slashed to pay for the oew round-the-clock service. Some question the wisdom of the BBC's entering the round-the-clock oews game when demand for such services - even when a young British nanny is on trial in Boston - remains small.

BBC mandarins have managed to deal with the internal dissent, but they have had to rely on others to cope with serious teething problems in the oew digital newsroom at Television Centre. At one point, gremlins threatened to delay the launch of the service. Although the problems have not been completely ironed out, the corporation is still apparently on course to go into competition with Sky News next Sunday.

"It's going to be a bit of a bumpy ride at the beginning," says Sambrook. "We don't expect to produce a perfect Rolls-Royce service from day one. But we've got the talent and off screen to cope with the fury of 24 hour oews."

There's a lot more on offer, but do we want it?

BBC News 24 will be the corporation's first new BBC channel since the launch of BBC2 33 years ago. Paul McCann, Media Correspondent, explains what is on offer, how to receive it and why the BBC thinks we will want it.

BBC News 24 will be a TV channel ahead of its time when it launches next Sunday.

It was planned to launch this year by the corporation so that it could broadcast on digital television. But News 24 is here and almost ready, and digital television is still at least a year away. For oews junkies this means they have a choice about whether to invest now in getting cabled up or wait until digital arrives.

The service should be available in all of the country's main conurbations because the six biggest cable operators have decided to carry the service. This is not generosity of spirit on their part.

News 24 is a licence-free funded channel and as such is being offered free to those with cable. Sky's news service

costs the operators to carry so they charge that to their customers. With the BBC they can give their customers something for nothing.

In all, when it launches, BBC News 24 should be available in around 3 million existing cable homes.

Before you decide if you wish to stump up around £13 a month for a cable subscription that includes News 24, you will be able to watch it free every night on BBC1. Once BBC 1 closes down every night it will link up with News 24 throughout the night. The majority of people will see News 24 during the day when they eventually convert to digital terrestrial television.

Currently we watch television on analogue frequencies which will be switched off some time in the first 10 years of the next century. By then most homes should have bought a digital decoder that will cost around £300 for their existing televisions, or a new generation television that can receive digital signals.

News 24 will then be the main component of the BBC's free digital offering.

At some point in the next year the BBC is hopeful that it will secure a transponder on

a satellite so that it can beam News 24 into homes with satellite dishes.

All this effort is for a rolling news service that will update weather, sport and headlines every 15 minutes.

It will be hosted by a selection of former BBC reporters, like Gavin Esler, who have been trying out their in-studio presentation skills during the summer on *Newsnight*.

At present the audience for a rolling oews service is minute. *Sky News* gets an 0.9 per cent share of viewing in homes with satellite dishes and, until the Louise Woodward trial, its biggest audiences were around 70,000 viewers.

The BBC is banking on the fact that when digital television arrives people will no longer wish to have their news served up to them at times which suit the broadcasters.

Tony Hall, the BBC's head of oews, acknowledges that the bulk of viewers and listeners will continue for some time to get their news from the established strands such as the *Nine O'Clock News*.

"But an increasing proportion will consume news when they want it, be it through a 24 hour oews channel or on the Internet," he said.

A WEEK IN THE ARTS

DAVID LISTER

I had thought that the select committee meetings on the Royal Opera House were the most vivid theatre in town: the head-to-head clash between Gerald Kaufman and Mary Allen on Thursday was as dramatic as anything on stage, and Vivien Duffield, the ROH's chief fund-raiser, providing a brief but authoritative, almost Dame Peggy Ashcroft style, cameo.

The ROH was a hybrid, a strange animal, she said. "You say you're a strange animal," began Mr Kaufman solemnly

... "Not me, you understand," said Mrs Duffield with studied innocence to raucous laughter from the audience. A measured performance.

But the best drama came well out of the public eye, at the annual conference of the Theatrical Management Association in Norwich. There, Stephen Daldry in the keynote speech looked back on his career as artistic director of the Royal Court Theatre and provided as dramatic and poignant a soliloquy as any on the Royal Court stage during his reign. "I am an-

gry I achieved so little," he began, an unusual admission for a leader of thespians. But this was just the start of an impassioned *mea culpa*. "I am angry that I didn't commission more plays," he went on, then growing ever more lyrical, "that more seeds weren't sown, that more structures weren't put into place. And, in my own heart, I feel my own work has not been good enough."

Follow that! He did. "The refurbishment took me away from my work," he said as if beseeching the very heavens for

forgiveness. "I took my eye off the ball, and the ball in question is the simple act of putting on a play." The reaction was something theatre directors dream of - but usually for their plays. Kate Organ from West Midlands Arts described it as "moving, dreadful and awesome". The chairman of the session told delegates they could take some time to reflect and compose themselves if they wished. Actually, I think Daldry did rather well at the Court, his championing of Martin McDonagh and his encouragement of much other new writing played a vital part in modern Royal Court history. He can leave the Court confident of his reputation. But surely after his conference speech he should now move

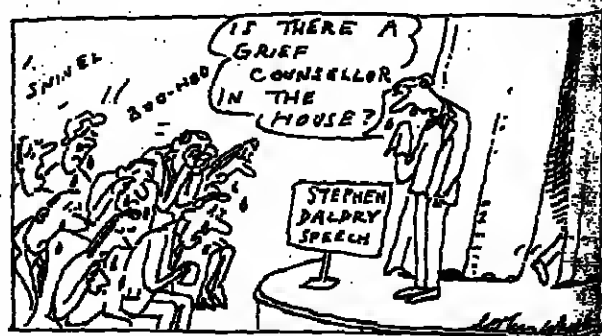
into dramatic performance, or indeed earn a fortune as the most tear-jerking after-dinner speaker in the land.

Many of you seem to be as irritated as I am by high prices in the interval at arts events. Among those answering my request for examples is one eminent victim of catering abuse, the former secretary general of the Arts Council, Sir Roy Shaw. He is perplexed by theatre ice-cream prices. Why, he wonders, does a Losely ice-cream cost £1 at most theatres, £1.20 at the National Theatre and £1.60 at the Duchess Theatre. Another reader, Mr Alf Randles, is unhappy at having paid £1.30 for a coffee at the bar at the Royal Ballet at Hammersmith. He should think himself lucky.

Had he gone for the champagne he would have had to part with £50. That, you might remember, was in the "ballet for the people" season.

David Freeman, Opera Factory's innovative director, is joining forces with promoter Raymond Gubbay for opera in the round at the Royal Albert Hall next February. Their *Madam Butterfly* will involve flooding the hall with 15,000 gallons of water for a Japanese setting, with walk-ways and bridges running over the water to Madam Butterfly's House sitting on stilts.

Freeman explained over the statutory launch lunch, suitably enough in a Japanese restaurant, that the water would be drained at the interval to sym-



bolise Butterfly's unhappy experiences in love. Perhaps such concepts are best experienced, rather than stated. He might, though, discover that oent to children and animals. water is the most unpredictable prop. The National flooded more than the stage when it tried to

recreate a river in Ayckbourn's *Way Upstream*. And those longer, seedier memories know that, in the Seventies, Raymond presented *The Richmond* in a swimming on stage. When it was dra- it, too, revealed the heret- spiritual angst. Kind of.

Financial rollercoaster leaves the world feeling queasy



Ups and downs: This week's bumpy ride on the world's financial markets began several months ago in Thailand, where there were concerns about the banking sector and a hubble economy

Stocks and currencies hit turbulence this week, shaking markets from Peking to Sao Paulo. In London and New York, the impact was limited. But the long-term results could be to shake the faith of developing countries in global capitalism, and undermine stability.

It is 11,000 miles from China to Brazil, a journey half-way around the world from the South China Sea to the South Atlantic. This week, they were suddenly and dramatically connected as markets tumbled, dragging down equities and currencies around the world. A pulse passed around the world, tipping the waters in Victoria Harbour and at Copacabana beach. It was a vivid demonstration of the adage that markets are both global and local: globally connected, but local in their effects.

The last such shockwave was 10 years ago, in a world very different from today. In 1987, there was still a Soviet Union with Mikhail Gorbachev in charge. Germany was divided, and Tiananmen Square was just a square. Since then, a potent mixture of liberalisation, privatisation and market opening has transformed the world economy. This week's events have echoed well beyond the trading floors of Manhattan and the City.

This week's rollercoaster ride began several months ago far from the big money centres, in Thailand, where there were concerns about the banking sector and a hubble economy. It moved swiftly to neighbouring Malaysia, whose Prime Minister, Mahatir Mohamed, attempted unsuccessfully to stem trading against his country's currency by calling the businessman George Soros "an idiot". Currency traders simply carried on betting.

The disease spread to In-

donesia, a country that has seen a marked economic slowdown and where widespread forest fires that cast a haze over the region appeared to symbolise the growing crisis.

Then came Hong Kong. In 1987, it was a vibrant market but very much in the third rank. Now, after a decade of breakneck growth, it is in the premier league. It is also part of a country that is nominally still a Communist state, one of the world's more closed economies, and one of the least experienced in the ways of international capitalism. China was suddenly implicated in the politics of the global equity market place.

The record falls on the stock exchange and the speculative pressure against the Hong Kong dollar provided the territory's new sovereign state with its first major challenge.

China had to tread the careful line between being supportive and being seen as interventionist, despite its promises of autonomy for its new Special Administrative Region (SAR). The Chinese authorities have been careful to stand aside and let the Hong Kong administration make the running. They are well aware of the risks of doing otherwise: the influential American credit rating Standard and Poor's issued a statement yesterday stating that any misgovernance by Peking "could erode the pillars of Hong Kong's credit worthiness".

The message from Peking, echoing reassurance from Hong Kong was that the economy was fundamentally sound. Hong Kong had massive foreign reserves and speculators would get burned if they tried to put pressure on the Hong Kong dollar.

The tornado whirled rapidly on from Hong Kong, hitting Wall Street and the City. Its impact there was limited, leaving both shaken though not fundamentally damaged. But it quick-

ly transmitted itself to every other world market, and in particular to the bourses and currencies of Latin America.

Ten years ago, Latin America was still emerging from painful decades of military rule; it was struggling with the burden of the debt crisis, and most of its economies were still based on the old inward-looking policies of the Seventies. The last few years have seen huge strides, making Latin America one of the world's most exciting investment opportunities. So its governments were at pains to point out that the region's market losses were a result of "Asian flu" and that their economic fundamentals were sound. But market analysts fear the Latin American crisis may now have taken on a life of its own. It is bound to slow growth and possibly weaken currencies

begin with, could impact Latin American countries if it persists. They're going to have to follow policies that slow their economies down. When they come to raise money next year, they're going to have to pay very much higher interest rates. What they'll do is they'll cut back their needs by following more restrictive domestic policies, maybe higher interest rates, more stringent budgets," Mr Lachman said.

Attention is shifting rapidly to the longer-term problems, and to one country. "In the short term, the panic seems to have gone. Now, people are focussing on particular situations. Brazil has been very much on people's minds," Mr Porzecanski said.

Brazil, the region's largest country, suffered the week's worst stock market losses, with the Sao Paulo stock exchange losing much of the 50 per cent gains it had notched up during the year. The key Bovespa index slid almost 10 per cent on Thursday, a fall five times as steep as that on Wall Street.

Brazilian President Enrique Cardoso, whose ambitious privatisation and strong currency programme has drawn investors from around the world, sought to assure investors the economy was sound and the currency, the real, would not be devalued. But there were widespread rumours during the weeks of problems in Brazil's banks and the Central Bank was reported to have spent at least \$100m of its \$6.2bn (£38.7bn) foreign reserves to prop up its currency.

"Brazil is potentially the magnet for currency speculators," said Mr Porzecanski. "Their biggest hope was to maintain confidence through the privatisation and concessions programme but if the markets don't soon recover, question marks will arise as to the ability to sell those companies through next year.

The crisis has already tarnished the region's image as a relatively secure, high-profit emerging market. "I think there will be lasting consequences of this," said Arturo Porzecanski, Chief Economist for the Americas at ING Barings, New York.

The symptoms of the problem were speculative. "There was a lot of leveraged buying [before this week's crisis]," said Desmond Lachman, head of emerging markets research at Salomon Brothers in New York. "A lot of people were... borrowing other people's money and setting themselves up for very high returns. When that stops, you get the reverse process. They're selling not because they think the fundamentals are bad. They're selling because they're forced to sell."

But the results could be all too direct. "That kind of phenomenon, while not real to

benefit. Foreign investment allows companies in those countries to develop far more rapidly than otherwise. In turn, cheap shares in infant companies can grow exponentially in value and the market as a whole can benefit. In Russia, for example, the stock market leapt by around 100 per cent in the first six months of this year.

The potential attractions of emerging markets have meant a lot of funds from the UK and US have gone to these countries. From Britain, according to the HSW financial statistics provider, more than £2.5bn is invested in a range of unit and investment trusts specialising in these high-risk funds.

But risk has its potential downside. Emerging stock markets often operate in unstable environments and are therefore very volatile. This, coupled with illiquidity and difficulty matching buyers to sellers of shares, means investors can get burnt easily: as markets collapse they may find they cannot even dispose easily of their stock as it drops heavily in value. One effect of the financial traumas infecting emerging markets is the rapidity with which they can leap to more developed economies, in this case Hong Kong, mounting into full-blown collapses even in mature markets such as the US. In turn, these feed back to the developing economies,

ties and place the new equity in a weak market."

In Hong Kong, too, there are darker shadows. Yesterday, Joseph Yam, one of the highest paid central bankers in the world, swept into the Hong Kong legislature to claim victory on all fronts. Not only had the speculative attacks been fought off, he declared, but the SAR's foreign reserves had risen as a result. Sir Donald Tsang, the financial secretary, was equally triumphant and earlier told legislators that "the market mechanism of natural adjustment" would cut the cost of doing business, and strengthen competitiveness.

Businessmen have been considerably more circumspect. James Tien, a legislator, who chairs the powerful Hong Kong General Chamber of Commerce, said he doubted the government's complacent version of events because it ignored the damage which the defence of the local currency was causing to the economy.

There is an uneasy calm, with turbulence lurking around every corner. In these circumstances an element of xenophobia has crept into the debate about why Hong Kong is facing financial problems. China's *Liberation Daily* had no doubts: "Striking a blow at Hong Kong's financial system through the foreign exchange and stock markets has become a big conspiracy by foreign exchange dealers," it said.

The *Liberation Daily*, of course, is by no means a representative voice in Hong Kong. But it is the same message as that of Mahatir Mohamed, similar, even, to the new and cautious message of George Soros, once the prophet of global markets, now more concerned about the impact of unbridled capitalism. And these are people with considerable experience of capitalism: for countries that have only emerged into the global market place in the past decade, and which are still unsteady on their feet, this week's rollercoaster ride will have left them feeling distinctly queasy.

SOROS LOSES \$2 BILLION

Soros Fund Management, founded by currency speculator George Soros, suffered its heaviest one-day loss - \$2bn - in the market plunge on Monday, the fund confirmed.

Half the losses were sustained by the Quantum Fund, which is the flagship of a group of seven hedge funds. That means they are investment funds that bet on stocks, bonds, currencies and commodities worldwide with borrowed money. The Quantum Fund had nearly \$10 billion in assets under management before the market drop. "The recent volatility in the world's financial markets is reflected in the volatility of the Quantum Group's performance," Soros Fund spokesman Shawn Partson said yesterday.

The funds were apparently hit not only by the plunge in stock markets around the world on Monday, but also by the decline in the value of the dollar, which was weakened by the selloff on Wall Street.

Although the Quantum Fund

tumbled 8.9 percent on Monday, the Soros funds are on average up 17.7 percent for the year, Partson said.

The Quantum Group of Funds, totaling nearly \$19 billion in assets under management, are high-risk hedge funds. That means they are investment funds that bet on stocks, bonds, currencies and commodities worldwide with borrowed money.

The Soros funds also were pummeled in the 1987 stock market crash. The Quantum Fund, then about \$2 billion in size, tumbled a huge 30 percent. But it was Soros' gains in 1992 that brought him international attention. He bet against the pound in 1992, wagering it would be forced to drop out of a European monetary arrangement. That bet reaped his funds an enormous \$1bn. Soros has also been attacked by Malaysian Prime Minister Mahatir Mohamed as the cause of Southeast Asia's currency turmoil.

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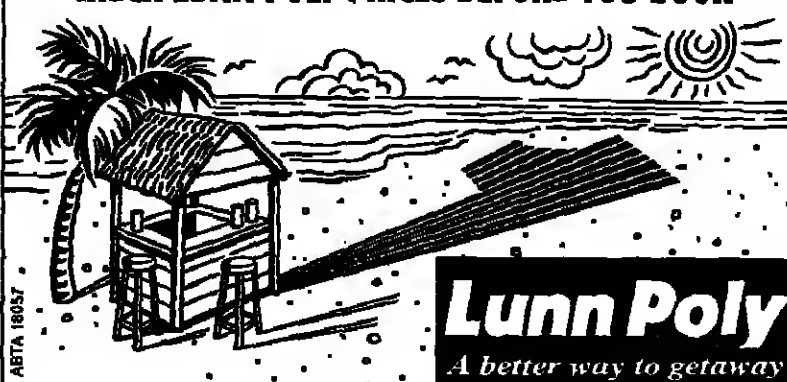
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Pitfalls of investing in emerging markets

In theory, investing in the emerging markets of small, under-developed countries will give better returns than conventional ones. Nic Gatti, Personal Finance Editor, looks at the potential pitfalls.

Earlier this month Save & Prosper, a UK investment management company, flew a heavy of journalists to Moscow. Amid toasts of vodka, the visit aimed to convince the scribes of the wonderful investment opportunities available in the former

Soviet Union, where S&P has launched a new fund.

But the timing was dreadful. On Red Tuesday this week, as equity prices collapsed, Russia's ASP general share index plummeted by 19 per cent, the worst fall of any market that day. By contrast, the Dow Jones rose by 4.7 per cent, while the index of top 100 UK companies in London fell by 1.76 per cent.

The Russian example illustrates a dilemma for investors: how can they hope to out-perform returns generally available from equity markets? For increasing numbers of savers, the answer has been to look to emerging markets.

These are typically seen as

developing stock markets where rapid development can lead to spectacular growth and, therefore, spectacular returns. The International Finance Corporation, part of the World Bank, says there are four main regions: Latin America, Asia, Eastern Europe and "others", which include Africa, the Middle East and some Mediterranean countries. There are vast differences between these markets, which range from India to Greece, Indonesia to Kenya, Hungary to Brazil.

But what marks them all out is the perception that they are going through vast economic or political upheavals out of which these with an inside track can

benefit. Foreign investment allows companies in those countries to develop far more rapidly than otherwise. In turn, cheap shares in infant companies can grow exponentially in value and the market as a whole can benefit. In Russia, for example, the stock market leapt by around 100 per cent in the first six months of this year.

The potential attractions of emerging markets have meant a lot of funds from the UK and US have gone to these countries. From Britain, according to the HSW financial statistics provider, more than £2.5bn is invested in a range of unit and investment trusts specialising in these high-risk funds.

But risk has its potential downside. Emerging stock markets often operate in unstable environments and are therefore very volatile. This, coupled with illiquidity and difficulty matching buyers to sellers of shares, means investors can get burnt easily: as markets collapse they may find they cannot even dispose easily of their stock as it drops heavily in value. One effect of the financial traumas infecting emerging markets is the rapidity with which they can leap to more developed economies, in this case Hong Kong, mounting into full-blown collapses even in mature markets such as the US. In turn, these feed back to the developing economies,

The jury system: bulwark of liberty, or perverse anachronism?



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Louise Woodward's conviction for murder was a miscarriage of justice. Even acknowledging that despite extensive live coverage on satellite television nobody in Britain has heard all the evidence that was before the court, two points are unarguable. One is that there must be reasonable doubt about Ms Woodward's culpability in the death of baby Matthew. Happen, which could have been caused by a pre-existing or an accidental injury. The other is that, even if she did harm him, the prosecution was in no way able to prove that it was premeditated and committed with malice, the definition of second-degree murder in Massachusetts. (By not handing down a verdict of first-degree murder, the only thing the jury acquitted her of was extreme cruelty.)

The most serious charge which could conceivably be justified by the evidence was manslaughter, or even assault and battery, which was the original charge.

There is some evidence that Ms Woodward was a neglectful childcarer, but none - apart from the inconclusive nature of Matthew's injuries - that she was violent. It is hard not to share the view of Barry Scheck, the defence lawyer, who sounded rather unlike the flam-

boyant showman he is alleged to be. "I do not understand how anyone in their right mind could come to this verdict," he said.

So should we condemn the system of American justice, or simply the perverse verdict of one group of 12 Americans? The first point to be made is that it is neither British arrogance nor anti-Americanism to say that there are aspects of the Massachusetts system which are inferior to the criminal justice system in the United Kingdom. The use of the legal system as a platform for political ambitions, and the right of the defendant to choose the verdicts available, seem to have combined to leave the jury with no option but to go for an excessively harsh sentence if they did not want to acquit. It seems that the state's original charge was raised to murder by Thomas Reilly, a district attorney who wanted to appear tough on crime in order to further his ambitions to run for Attorney-General of Massachusetts. If Ms Woodward had then asked for the lesser charge of manslaughter to be considered, this would inevitably have been read as a partial admission of guilt.

There are several other aspects of American judicial systems which are



bad, although they do not seem to have contributed to this particular injustice. The absence of restraint on pre-trial publicity, and indeed on emotional interviews during the jury's deliberations, must op-

erate against the chances of a fair trial - although televising court proceedings may not in itself be a bad idea.

Of course, there are respects in which American systems are better than the British. American judges, for example, are more representative of their society than British ones. And recent English legal history has a less-than-proud record of a succession of miscarriages of justice - often on the basis of forced or false confessions.

But there is a bigger question, which must be asked on both sides of the Atlantic: are juries really the bulwark of civil liberties, or are they now an anachronism? In the Woodward case, as in many criminal trials, the jurors seem to have been influenced by emotion rather than evidence, while in complex fraud trials it is almost impossible to secure convictions - complexity itself often seems grounds for reasonable doubt.

It has long been an article of liberal faith that juries are unpredictable and sometimes perverse, but that this is an essential safeguard against a legal system becoming an arm of the state and subverted by political interests. Landmark verdicts, such as those in the Ponting and Marchioness cases, when juries famously

cocked a snook at judges' instructions, are held up as beacons of citizens' liberty.

And so they should be. But the jury system cannot be preserved, fossilised, for all time. There is evidence that committees tend to make worse decisions than individuals - and that the interpersonal dynamics of a group of 12 makes it likely that decisions will swing arbitrarily between extremes. But there is hardly any evidence about how juries actually work in practice. This must change, and the sacred cordon drawn around their deliberations (in the UK) should be lifted after each case. Meanwhile there is plenty of evidence that juries are unrepresentative, with recruitment carried out in secret and the articulate and assertive most likely to be excused. Both Americans and Britons want to be tried by jury, but do not want to serve on them: this lack of civic responsibility must be corrected. But it would be wrong to decide, on the basis of nine cases, that jury trials were inherently unfair.

And it would be wrong to condemn the American justice system out of hand, at least until Judge Hiller Zobel has had the chance to throw out the jury's verdict on Tuesday.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Woodward trial

Sir: The tragedy played out as a whodunit in a New York courtroom ("Woodward is found guilty of murder in the second degree", 31 October) represents the ruin of at least six lives: a dead baby whose brief life cannot have been other than miserable, a young woman facing a lifetime as a prisoner in a foreign jail, her parents, and the baby's parents - all ordinary people caught up in a nightmare.

It should make us all reflect on the casual way in which what is the greatest responsibility that most of us are likely to take on - the care of a helpless infant over the most formative months of his life - has become a commodity to be bought and sold to suit the convenience of those concerned: a mother's wish to pursue her career; a young woman's wish to explore the world at the threshold of her adult life.

What the parents needed to do to make the situation work - given their investment in bringing a strange schoolgirl (not much more) over the ocean to take almost complete charge of their household - was to offer support rather than criticism and to cut their losses if it became clear that the arrangement wasn't working.

Our concern for the alleged murderer might be at least as great as what we feel for the two nurses similarly accused in Saudi Arabia, given her youth and inexperience, and the Government should exert themselves in this case to ensure that she should be transferred to a British jail to be in contact with her family.

Professor JOHN A DAVIS
Cambridge

Sir: One of the most pertinent points raised by the case of Louise Woodward is that of childcare agency staff being unqualified and therefore ill-equipped to assess the skills and competence of nannies and other carers of children. Experience and qualifications enable our agency in not only to assess the childcare skills and knowledge of a nanny, but also alert us to incompetent or bogus nannies.

However we are very rarely questioned by parents about the background and qualifications of staff. It is imperative that parents demand this of agencies that are providing not only qualified nannies but also other unqualified carers of children, to prevent another tragedy occurring.

M J STORRIE
L H HALE
The Care Company
Grantham, Lincolnshire

Sir: Celia Dodd is wrong (31 October). Eighteen is not old enough. A child under school age should only be left in the charge of a qualified, highly trained professional, or its own mother. Even a mother can very often find it difficult to cope with her own screaming baby. Babies require constant, un-

remitting attention, 24 hours, day and night. They are demanding, exhausting, draining, emotionally and physically. If a parent feels he or she cannot or does not want to give this, a highly paid, highly trained person should be left in charge to care for what should be the most important, precious and valuable new addition in the home.

ARIELLA LISTER
Hatch End, Middlesex

Sir: Media sensationalism on the part of certain sections of the American press and the demonisation of Louise Woodward by the *Boston Globe* and *Boston Herald* mean that it has been well nigh impossible for her to obtain a fair trial. It is not so much Louise Woodward who was on trial in Boston but the whole ghastly apparatus of the American criminal legal system.

DAVID CLEGG
Lichfield, Staffordshire

Sir: Suzanne Moore says (Comment, 31 October) we should value those who work with children - teachers, nannies, childminders. Quite right.

And we should value mothers who sacrifice career, income and, currently, status when they choose to stay at home with their children to help them through their formative years. Society's failure to recognise the dedicated mother is where it all starts to go wrong.

STEPHEN PRIDDLE
Brentwood, Essex

Algeria's 'disappeared'

Sir: Robert Fisk's articles (30 October) are typical of a trial by media where only the case for the prosecution is presented.

His report on "the disappeared" has very limited sources of information, on whose allegations doubt is never cast for a single moment. He does not even attempt to back up these allegations by any corroborating evidence or other source of information. Yet it has been established by the Algerian Observatory for Human Rights that "the disappeared" have in fact, in most cases, joined the terrorist gangs, and they had no need of a lawyer's services to witness their intentions before doing so. Others have been murdered, mutilated and thrown into wells by GIA assassins, as in cases recently uncovered by the security forces. Eye witnesses and victims of terrorism have another tale to tell from that reported by your journalist who had, in fact, interviewed some of them (25 October), but they were obviously not worthy of appearing on your front page.

Perhaps because none of these witnesses was "an attractive young woman in a red dress with Princess Diana-style hair". A few accounts are sufficient for him to draw general conclusions as to the behaviour of the police force. You cannot however escape the fact that the same accounts represent the

best chance for a political asylum seeker of seeing her request accepted.

Mr Fisk dwells upon the presence of police officers who had escorted him for one of his interviews. All foreign journalists having stayed in Algeria will confirm that they themselves had asked for this protection because they know that they are targeted by the terrorists on two counts: that of being foreign and that of being journalists.

If the situation in Algeria were ever to be described one day as being "the most covered and least reported", as has been said about other situations, no doubt Mr Fisk will be recognised for the part he played in this.

AHMED BENYAMINA
Ambassador
Embassy of Algeria
London W11

Sir: Robert Fisk is to be applauded for his exposure of the horrific practices of the Algerian police force (30 October).

The policy of states "disappearing" those perceived to be their opponents is far more widespread than generally recognised. It occurs in many countries that claim to be democratic: including Colombia, Sri Lanka, the Philippines and Turkey. Algeria's neighbour Morocco has for 22 years systematically applied the policy against the people of the Western Sahara.

All of these states received military training from Britain under the last Conservative government. Will matters now change? The first thing that should be done, immediately, if the new human rights focus in foreign policy is to have any substance, is that the Government should pledge to stop all military training for states carrying out "disappearances". Secondly, and closely linked, no arms should be supplied to such regimes. And thirdly, Britain must treat asylum seekers fleeing from these countries with a new humanity and acceptance.

ANDY HIGGINSBOTTOM
British Section
International Committee
Against Disappearances
London N17

Sir: The otherwise excellent report by Robert Fisk was spoiled by reference to the oxymoron "civilised standards of warfare".

Dr GARY SLAPPER
Milton Keynes
Buckinghamshire

Sir: Robert Fisk's report on the massacres in Algeria (30 October) missed one vital ingredient in the jigsaw: the active and direct involvement of France.

NAVED SIDDIQI
Slough, Berkshire

Post letters to Letters to the Editor

and include a daytime telephone number.

Fax 0171 293 2056; e-mail: letters@independent.co.uk

E-mail correspondents are asked to give a postal address.

Letters may be edited for length and clarity.



Louise Woodward, found guilty of murder in the second degree Photograph: Reuters

Future of the PO

Sir: If the Government has decided to leave the Post Office in the doldrums ("Post Office to remain in public hands", 23 October), then this is a huge disservice both to the employees of the corporation and its customers and a massive wasted opportunity in safeguarding its future.

Both Conservative and Labour governments will now have failed to transform the Post Office into an internationally competitive venture. It is with an awful sense of déjà vu that we hear the same people raise the same scare stories as they did before the privatisation of BT in 1984. Then we were told that rural services, the 999 facility and public telephone kiosks would all be a thing of the past.

The Post Office can succeed in a competitive market against organisations such as privatised European postal operators which are now very active in the UK. It needs two things: escape from the rigours of PSBR and a massive injection of private sector management expertise to match its competitors and emerging alternatives such as

e-mail

PETER WYNN DAVIES

London N2

Sir: The use of a picture of a

scrap Ford car, an Escort,

Fun with inflatables ... and other unlikely pleasures



DAVID
AARONOVITCH
THE FETISH GAME

So, the smart thing to be is a fetishist. This will come as something of a surprise to those who first encountered fetishism in the pages of exciting anthropological classics (*Naked Breasts in New Guinea* by Professor WW Fawcett, and the like), or as incomprehensible cases from Freud's own notebooks. In one situation fetishism could be seen to be a product of a disordered mind, producing men that worshipped toenails, or of a primitive culture resulting in tribes that worshipped Prince Philip.

Well, we know better now, don't we? Thursday's report in this very newspaper helped to put us all straight. Tu fetishise is to live, according to Tim Woodward, editor of *Skin Two*, a fetish magazine (ie, a magazine for fetishists, not to be confused with a magazine fetishist, who presumably gets pleasure from the wearing of magazines).

Mr Woodward informed readers that feeling strangely about odd things was all the rage. "If you had told me five years ago," he said, "that there would be a regular fetish club night in Weston-Super-Mare. I would have said you were crackers. Now there are clubs in Kidderminster and Colchester."

It would have been an interesting thing to be described as "crackers" by a practising rubber fetishist, but Mr Woodward has a point nevertheless. London, by virtue of its size, must by the simple laws of chance have a club for just about everything, if you know where to look. But Weston? It's the sort of place that people retire to when they no longer wish to even think about ordinary sex, let alone dress up in PVC and high heels first.

If Weston now throbs to the heat of fetish drums, and if Kidderminster joins this urgent tattoo, something, as they say, is up. But what?

In circumstances like this, it behoves the enquiring journalist to take himself off to his PC, and plug into the Net. So, manipulating my mighty Search Engine (sorry about that), I called up "fetishism" and discovered a page that linked similarly curious enquirers to a

large number of different fetish sites. And here - with some censorship which removed those practices requiring invasive surgical intervention and those that might not sit easily with a large breakfast - is my provisional fetish list: boots, corsets, feet, furs, inflatables, latex, leather, lycra, nylon, pantyhose, PVC, spanking, tattoos, uniforms and vampires.

(By the way, if your own particular fetish isn't here, don't worry. I'm sure that you too are perfectly abnormal.)

Clearly, when it comes to fetishism, working in the textiles industry gives you something of a head start. But the fetish I chose to follow up was that involving "inflatables". This, readers of the inflatables homepage are solemnly assured, does not refer to blow-up dolls (which the author regards as naff). No, it involves getting off on balloons (blown-up or popped - no narrow-mindedness there) as well as Lilos and air-filled rafts.

At which exotic point I began to wonder how a fetishist discovers his or her fetish in the first place. It must be - to say the least - a hit-and-miss affair. Many of us, especially in adolescence, find the act of choosing one out of two rather carefully delineated sexes hard enough. So the chances of working out that the thing causing you maximum tumescence is, say, your mother's pressure cooker must surely be very slight. Unless, of course, you go about with (in the case of men) your equipment held out in front of you like a divining rod, marching round John Lewis in search of a huzz.

This difficulty may explain why fetishisms seem to congregate around clothing, as we have seen. Most of us have been in clothes shops, our girl and boyfriends wear clothes, clothes are discussed, a great deal, so it's easier to understand. You may spot a pair of leather trousers on a shapely person, and believe that each enhances the other. What more natural than that this should lead you - by stages - to the purchase of a leather cat suit, complete with face mask, two-inch protruding nails and zips strategically placed at genitals, nipples, navel and mouth?

Now, this makes many of us feel very inadequate. There we are, with our quotidian lusts (pretty girls, nice bosoms, that sort of thing), and here are these other fabulous beings, whose sexual inclinations are so precise, so finely calibrated, that it takes a thousand quid's worth of equipment and a lot of polish to keep them in balance. As Mr Woodward describes it, "It's not enough just to have sex any more. You want to look, you want to experiment."

In the Sixties, naive hippies thought they were so cool for having come to precisely the opposite conclusion. Now they're sexually square. Others have discovered a sexual aesthetic that is as far beyond us, as Gilbert and George are beyond Barbara Cartland.

Well, OK. But a word of caution before we despair, or run out to discover what really turns us on. Suppose it's all a great big ruse? Suppose that these guys have figured out that the rest of us are in no position to contradict them when they say they just adore spanking vampires in rubber rings? After all, if you lived in Kidderminster, might that not be what you'd do?

The strangest relationship: nannies and working mothers



POLLY
TOYNEE
CONFLICT OF
EXPECTATIONS

A frisson of fear is shuddering through the world of working mothers. Louise Woodward may not be the nanny from hell, certainly no pre-meditated murderer, but she is alarmingly like nannies and *au pairs* many of us have employed and relied on over the years. The vengeful Eappens with their unreasonable demands and expectations are also uncomfortably like many bad employers. For, one way or another, the relationship between nanny and mother is often a contract made in hell on both sides. It hangs out the worst in people, for there can be few other working contracts where the wishes and aspirations of employer and employee are so radically at odds with one another.

With my youngest child now twelve, I have finally escaped from over twenty years of dependency on nannies. They have ranged from the two who will forever be family friends to a short sharp unpleasant episode with one who lasted just three weeks: we spotted her a year later in a television documentary about inmates of a mental hospital.

There are an estimated 100,000 nannies and *au pairs* working in British households. Britain has the highest number of working mothers in Europe and also has the least state-provided nursery care. The Professional Association of Nursery Nurses was quick yesterday to point out that anyone can call themselves a nanny, for there is no register of the approved or qualified, as there is for child minders. But it's doubtful a register would make much difference.

It is a curious and uncomfortable fact that so many professional women's success depends on the educational failure of another category of girls, most of whom left school with too few qualifications to earn enough to leave home except as a nanny. It is not exactly a class gap for most of these girls are middle class under-achievers. It's an opportunity gap. It is also a difficult collision of aspirations.

The pages of *The Lady*, that bizarre magazine that survives mainly on the nanny trade,

tells the pitiful story of eager, desperate parents using every means they can to attract the perfect person for their precious children. "Mary Poppins Wanted!" a lot of them write, pleading for a saint. They fill their ads with words describing the charms of lovely Daisy and sweet-pie Ben, looking for a gentle, responsible, caring, humorous angel who will love their charges as if they were their own. Impossible dreams, in other words.

Desperate nanny-seekers feel it's a sellers' market. An experienced nanny in London usually wants her own car and even a flat. With pay at around £250 gross a week, that's not a bad wage with no food, heat, telephone or rent costs for someone without qualifications. On the other hand, nannies fear exploitation and are full of horror stories of monster families expecting them to scrub floors, cook family meals and work weekends for pay as low as Louise Woodward was getting. They feel it's a buyers' market. Each deeply suspects exploitation by the other.

Who chooses who in nanny interviews? Mainly I've felt I was anxiously selling the charms of myself, my house and children to sceptical choosy candidates. Once terms and conditions have been agreed over the phone you settle down to the interviews. (Many never turn up for the interview at all, wasting days off work.) Then you ask them daft-

ly useless pro forma questions like, "Do you like children?" "What are your interests?" "Tell me about your previous jobs." All their references look much the same, and you gaze at them helplessly wondering how you can tell if they are kind, bright, careful and honest; not daring to ask if a tattooed boyfriend lurks in the background who's a bouncer they met in a night club recently. After five or six interviews a kind of desperation sets in. How do you know? Considering the high-powered personality and aptitude tests often applied to relatively unimportant jobs, it's astonishing how little you have to go on in choosing someone to whom to entrust your children for most of their waking lives.

According to the Eappens, Louise Woodward spent two hours on the phone talking to a friend when she should have been caring for the children, couldn't get up in the mornings and was generally unwilling. They thought they'd employed an "English nanny". Did they fantasise about upper class English uniformed nursery life, with a nanny devoted to a lifetime in service? Few nannies are in it as a vocation. It's a way to get away from home to big city, bright lights. It is freedom, not servitude they crave. The work is an unfortunate by-product, not a career. Social life is what they live for and nannying is the means to that end. The brighter they are, the more

likely it is that nannying is only a temporary phase in their life.

Hardly surprising that these arrangements are often a recipe for mutual disappointment. They can work, but only if both sides manage a *modus vivendi* in which you acknowledge each others wishes and compromise both ways. The Eappens harsh written "contract" was dreadful. So was their decision to leave an inexperienced teenager so long with such tiny children. But that goes on everywhere. Mothers who want to work often have no choice. The poorer the mothers, the worse the choices open to them. But this is one area where even well-off mothers are often faced with pretty poor choices in child care.

Now wait for the avalanche of articles telling mothers they are irresponsible and they deserve harm to come to their children if they are so selfish that they choose to work. Why have children if you don't want to care for them? As it is, working mothers manufacture quite enough anxious guilt of

their own without any help from others. In the wake of this case, not enough questions will be asked about how children should be cared for, who should care for them, how it should be organised or paid for. Where are fathers? Why do we all work too many hours? Where are the crèches and nurseries nearly all parents need?

Why, even now, are these issues so low down the political agenda? At least Harriet Harman has insisted that we have something called a national child care strategy, but we still don't have the child care, nor a government committed to putting money into it. Most children are still cared for pretty haphazardly, informally, with a hotch potch of often unsatisfactory arrangements. The fact that even the middle classes can't solve this problem satisfactorily ought to make it a pressing political priority. If it was a men's issue it probably would be. But child care remains a mother's problem even when she works the same hours as a father. And it is a serious problem.



A working mother's dream: but finding the perfect nanny is no walk in the park

Photograph: Hulton Getty

Of port and cigars, wills and paintings, aquariums and community centres

I'm told that among the many pleasant things that students of philosophy at Oxford have to do is to consider omnidurms. Well, think about the following: if a kind benefactor has left enough cash to supply your college with an infinite supply of port, but your wine cellar is full to overflowing with the stuff, do you have the right to spend the money on cigars? Greed, betrayal, honour and loyalty all jangle in the mind over this one; should pragmatism triumph over principle? Ought the living be able to reassess the intentions of the dead? And does it matter?

Yes it does. This week the courts in Scotland ruled that the trustees of the Burrell Museum in Glasgow were able to set aside Sir William Burrell's express wish in his will that the 8,000 exhibits in this beautiful building should not be moved. He feared for the objects' safety, but his stricture means that the museum is denied some £120,000 income from renting out its treasures. You could say that old Burrell was a curmudgeonly old bore; you could say that the original bequest could not have taken account of modern conservation practice which can ensure that the artifacts are not damaged in



TREVOR
PHILLIPS
PAST DESIRES,
PRESENT NEEDS

transit; but what you can't say is that Burrell was not clear about his wishes. So you could say that this is a breach of trust. But does progress invalidate binding commitments?

Tinkering with the past makes me nervous. Superman's dad told him early on not to interfere with human history: it would always turn out badly, and as fellow readers will confirm, it always did. Moreover, turn your back on the past and it rears up and kicks you in the behind. Across the globe, land mines lie in wait for those who think that war has ended and that the combatants' new

wards have obliterated the old conflicts.

Anyway a few eternal verities can help to make change bearable; we need anchors in today's rushing tidal wave of change. Manchester United can design a new strip every month and still get away with making their supporters pay large sums of money for each version because the fans know it'll always be red; they belong to a scarlet tribe, whatever the current pattern of its warpaint. New Labour keeps the left in case it feels the need to kick the dog; every Tory leader has to appease Michael Heseltine. These things make us feel that we know the contours of our country. But how should we act when the past intrudes into the present?

This week, a new extradition treaty came into force between the UK and Brazil. HMG promptly whacked in a request for the return of the escaped train robber Ronnie Biggs, who has spent most of the past three decades in the Brazilian sunshine, no doubt repenting his part in the heist and the death of the railwayman that followed it. But over the time, Biggs has become a sort of pantomime Jack-the-Lad, seen consorting with leggy young women, regretfully declining to return to London to help the

Home Office with its inquiries. A school of thought has grown up that suggests that such old rogues should be left alone to die in peace; that being shut away from his friends and family is equivalent to being incarcerated; and that the police should spend their time on something that affects today's citizens. Fortunately, most people seem to have dismissed this for the sentimental toss it is. The law against stealing others' money and assaulting them does not change with fashion.

Then there are more difficult legacies, not the property of individuals. The rainforest that covers four-fifths of Guyana is probably the most virgin (ok, so you either are or aren't a virgin, but you know how forests are) in the world, simply because the country has never had the money to develop it. Now, rich developers are promising large sums of money to the cash-strapped Guyana government if they can do some limited forestry. The government has tried to reassure the world's eco-protesters by setting aside a huge tract of land, about the size of a large English county, for ecological research. Should Guyana accept that there are hungry mouths to feed and the ancient

mission to preserve the forests may now go by the wayside? Or should it insist that certain assets are so intrinsically valuable that they must be preserved as they are? In this case, pragmatism will probably win.

When you come down to it, I guess the rule has to be that you should not interfere with the wishes of the dead, but that you do have a right to change the circumstances of the living. Mr Biggs may protest, as may the eco-warriors, but at least they'll get their say. But to return to the omnidurms facing the students of Oxford, does it ever make sense to buy more port? It is a very real question for those who dispense lottery money.

David Mellor (who is, in a sense, the man who willed the lottery to us) was, when I last saw him, both alive and in possession of a full set of marbles. I wonder what he would make of the struggle that is going on in East London over the funds from the Millennium Commission? Tower Hamlets Council and others have for ten years, been trying to get a "rich mix" centre off the ground, to celebrate the cultural diversity of that area, which for centuries has been the gateway for immigrants to England - Jews, Huguenots, Bangladeshis, So-

males and so forth. They have come up with a scheme that promises to entertain and educate many people for years to come. It would also be a boon to a hugely deprived area. But across the river, there is a separate proposal for an equally entertaining and educational project - an aquarium. This is backed by several prominent naturalists and media stars, and promises a new and glamorous use for lottery cash. It seems that the aquarium has now displaced the rich mix centre in the Commission's affections.

The aquarium may have showbiz on its side, and may well make a lot of money. However it will cost the lottery ten times as much as the rich mix centre, and will not do as much to bring pride to those who live in the area. Moreover the Tower Hamlets plan is the only one of its kind in the country, while there are already sharks swimming in a tank a few miles upriver at County Hall. Perhaps, in this case the Commission might consider that instead of buying a new supply of Havana cigars, what it needs to do is to invest in yet more port and send a case down to the poor huggers who hardly ever get a sniff of the good stuff.

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Samuel Fuller

Samuel Michael Fuller, film director, born Worcester, Massachusetts 12 August 1912; married 1945 Christina Lang (one daughter); died Los Angeles 30 October 1997.

"A film is like a battleground. There's love. Hate. Action. Violence. Death. In one word, emotions."

This fusty manifesto, endlessly quoted by cinephiles and adopted as a rallying slogan by a whole generation of directors, was spoken, in English, in Jean-Luc Godard's 1965 masterpiece *Pierrot le fou* by the American film-maker Samuel Fuller. (Or "Sam" Fuller: although the idea of referring to Wallace Stevens as "Wally", and to Charles Ives as "Charlie" or even, God forbid, "Chuck", would make literary and music critics cringe with embarrassment, Fuller was one of those Hollywood directors—others were "Nick" Ray and "Sean" Ford—whose vernacular idiom and buttonholing style appeared to invite buddy-buddy nickname status.) The sentiment is out, to be sure, a subtle one. But then, subtlety was over Fuller's forte.

In his movies a spade was almost viscerally present as a spade. Like Dr Johnson refuting the exponents of metaphysical scepticism by subjecting external reality to a hefty kick in the shins, he was prepared not only to call a spade a spade but to slam it into the public's face as an irrefutable demonstration of its physical existence.

It was often said of him—a tabloid reporter before he became a film-maker—that he retained the newspaperman's snoop instinct for a scoop, for a banner headline. The very titles of his movies ap-

peared to scream out for the exclamation marks of a yellow press sensationalism. Listen to them: *I Shot Jesse James! Fixed Bayonets! Pick-up on South Street! Hell and High Water! Forty Guns! Verboten! Underworld USA! Shock Corridor! The Naked Kiss! Shark! Dead Pigeon on Beethoven Street!*

That demotic plain-spokenness, that bluff indifference to the finer sensitivities and genteel felicitous of high-art cinema, was undoubtedly the main source of his raw, uncouth strength as a film-maker. He had no scruples about allowing the more or less formulaic plotlines of his genre-inspired work to spiral out in every direction to encompass his characteristically gutsy metaphorising of emotion and violence—of, one might say, emotion as violence.

And he did tend to see the world in primary colours. He once admitted, for example, that he plotted his movies on a blackboard with several different colours of chalk to ensure that the components of action (red), exposition (white)

and romance (blue) were all evenly balanced.

Yet there could also be detected in his work an ambiguity that belied this slightly reductive even if self-cultivated or, as the auteurist critic Andrew Sarris once (approvingly) categorised him, "American primitive". That ambiguity was, to begin with, of an ideological nature. Fuller may have been unsuited as he rode roughshod through the due processes of narrative decorum, but no one who was, as he was, a staunch Democrat all his life yet frequently found himself dismissed as "a right-wing reactionary" could be entirely one-dimensional.

It was also aesthetic. Notwithstanding the uncompromisingly tough-guy, cigar-chomping posture he affected to adopt, there were many scenes in his work that punctured the myth that a Fuller movie could be everything but moving. A case in point is a celebrated sequence in his late, semi-autobiographical war movie *The Big Red One* (1979)



Banner headlines: Cliff Robertson and Dolores Dorn in Fuller's *Underworld USA* (1960)

in which Lee Marvin endeavours to comfort a dying child, an inmate of the concentration camp that he and his unit have just helped to liberate. Melodramatic yet utterly unmanipulative, it is guaranteed to bring tears to the eyes of spectators even as tough as the director himself.

Fuller was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1912. At the age of 12 he was employed as a copyboy on the *New York Journal* and, a mere five years later, became the youngest criminal reporter ever to have written for a major American newspaper. (In 1952 he would pay tribute to that seminal period of his life in *Park Row*, whose title denotes the area in New York that was the exact equivalent of London's Fleet Street.)

Unemployed in the depressed Thirties, he "fit out for the country" in true Huck Finn fashion, wandering the American hinterland by illegally hitchhiking rides on freight trains. Simultaneously, he entered the temple of the arts by the tradesman's cotter, writing and publishing short stories for magazines and, in 1935, the first of several pulp novels, *Burn Baby Burn*. (It is actually not too bad.)

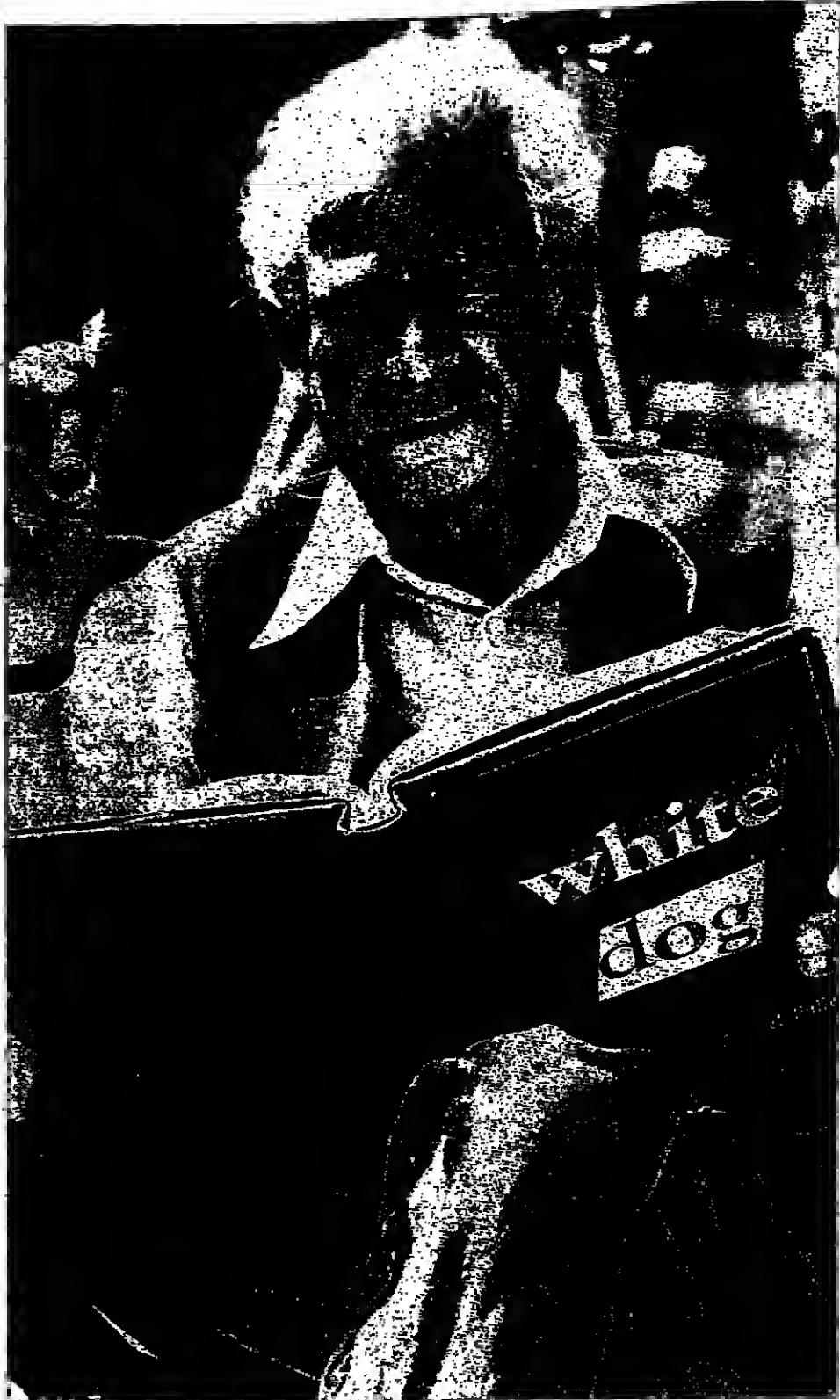
There was a brief screen-writing stint, mostly of B-movies, in the Hollywood of the inter-war years, followed by quite exceptionally distinguished service in the Second World War, during which he fought in North Africa and Europe and received the Bronze Star, the Silver Star and a Purple Heart, then a return to Hollywood in 1949 to write and direct the first of his 22 films. This was *I Shot Jesse James*, a low-budget version of the ultrafamiliar western legend narrated—with the perversity

which would soon be recognised as Fuller's trademark—from the killer's point of view.

Thereafter, as writer, producer and director of most of his movies—their *auteur* complex, as his French admirers would define him—he brought his controversial, pugnacious "touch" to all of Hollywood's more overtly virile genres. He made westerns (*The Baron of Arizona*, 1950, *Forty Guns*, 1957, *Run of the Arrow*, also 1957), war movies (*Fixed Bayonets* and *The Steel Helmet*, both shot in 1951, *China Gate*, 1957, *Merrill's Marauders*, 1962), thrillers (the viciously anti-Communist *Pickup on South Street*, 1953, *House of Bamboo*, 1955, *The Naked Kiss*, 1964, and *Dead Pigeon on Beethoven Street*, 1972, the last not likely to be forgotten by anybody who has seen it for its extraordinarily violent shootout in a maternity hospital). By contrast, he never, wisely, attempted a comedy, a romantic melodrama or a musical.

In his later years he settled in Paris, where he had long been the object of a cult. There he directed a couple of forgettable French-language thrillers and made personal appearances in the works of those younger film-makers who had regularly championed him. Godard, Dennis Hopper, Luc Moullet, and, on four separate occasions, Wim Wenders. For Wenders he acted in *The American Friend* (1977), *Hammett* (1982), *The State of Things* (also 1982) and, this year, *The End of Violence*, a film in which, alas, his own approaching end—and equally the end of the cinema that he personified, the cinema of what might be called "purple imagery" (as we say "purple prose")—is all too visible.

—Gilbert Adair



A self-cultivated image as the poet of potboilers: Fuller on the set of *White Dog*, of which he was co-writer as well as director, 1982. Photograph: Ronald Grant Archive

H. C. Coombs

Herbert Cole Coombs, economist and public servant, born Kalamunda, Western Australia 24 February 1904; married 1931 Mary Ross (three sons, one daughter); died Sydney 29 October 1997.

H. C. Coombs was probably the most outstanding civil servant Australia has produced, but he will be remembered for being more than a civil servant. His influence touched almost every aspect of Australian life since the Second World War: the economy, banking, education,

the arts and, most profoundly, the advancement of Aborigines.

Coombs served seven prime ministers, from John Curtin during the Second World War to Gough Whitlam in the 1970s. Bob Hawke, who became prime minister during Coombs's retirement in the 1980s, said of him: "He was one of the most important Australians this century. I don't think there was any white Australian who gave a more continuing, practical commitment to the Aboriginal people."

One of the most prominent public figures over four decades, he was always referred to

formally as Dr H.C. Coombs, but few Australians could say what those initials stood for. He was more widely known as "Nugget" Coombs because of his short stature and determined gait (he was 5ft 3in tall). Coombs was a singular bridge between the old, predominantly Anglo-Celtic Australia and the multicultural post-war society that has opened its eyes, prompted partly by his efforts, to the plight of its indigenous people.

His father's itinerant job as a station master took him as a child around the vast state of Western Australia, where he was born near Perth, the capi-

tal, in 1906. Later, as a young teacher in outback schools, Coombs saw the problems of Aborigines at first hand and turned their correction into a lifelong crusade. The Depression of the Thirties provided the other abiding influence in his life: economics. After he won a scholarship to the London School of Economics and completed his doctorate there in 1933, he became a disciple of John Maynard Keynes, whose book *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money* (1936) Coombs described as "the most seminal intellectual event" of his time.

Coombs had plenty of scope to apply the Keynesian underpinnings of big government when he returned to Australia. The wartime Labor government made him head of post-war reconstruction, a role in which he helped to shape the policies of mass immigration and public spending on tertiary education and infrastructure that were features of the economic prosperity of the Fifties.

At the age of 42, he was appointed Governor of the Commonwealth Bank, then the central bank, and became the first governor of its successor, the Reserve Bank, 12 years later. In the intervening years, he helped to set up the Australian National University, now an elite research institution, and to inaugurate some of the publicly funded arts bodies that have transformed Australia's cultural scene over the past 30 years. He also became the founding chairman of the Council for Aboriginal Affairs. Coombs is rightly regarded as a father of modern Australia.

Although some conservatives regarded him as a socialist, Coombs's great professional achievement was to retain the respect of the prime ministers from both sides of politics who called on his advice and skills. Equally, the Aborigines respected him, as they did few whites of his rank, for his willingness to sit down in the dust with them, as he did on his many visits to outback communities, and spend hours listening to their points of view.

Aboriginal affairs became Coombs's overriding passion after he retired formally from public life. He was one of the first to describe publicly as "genocide" the impact on Aborigines of white occupation of Australia from 1788. In speeches before a stroke left him in poor health two years ago, he

continued to slam the "betrayal" of the Aborigines and the "sell-out" of the intelligentsia who, he said, had become "instruments of the corporate society". "Nugget" Coombs was one of the few whites to be adopted as a tribal family member by the Yolngu people of Arnhem Land, in the Northern Territory. They called him Dhumul Bapa, or "Short Father". The Aborigines have asked to honour Coombs in a traditional way at the state funeral which the Australian government has offered his family.

—Robert Milliken

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

BIRTHS

SAUNDERS: To Joanne (née Williams) and Jeffrey, a son, Rufus William Thomas, on 22 October 1997 at home, a brother for Dillon.

DEATHS

WILSON: Ruth Elsa Maria (née Gustafsson to Allings, Sweden). Peacefully in her sleep on 27 October 1997 after a bad illness borne with great courage, aged 84. Beloved wife of Frank, loving mother to John, Jack and Anita and caring grandmother and great-grandmother. The funeral service will be held at 12 noon on Wednesday 5 November at the Methodist Church in Watlington, Oxfordshire. Family flowers only please. Donations to the British Heart Foundation, or any enquiries, should be addressed to Thomas & Sons, 38 Reading Road, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon RG9 1AG; telephone 01491 753370.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

FOORD: A Service of Thanksgiving for the life of Anthony Foord DFC will be held on Thursday 20 November 1997 at 3pm in Aldeburgh Parish Church.

Announcements for Gazette BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS (births, marriages, deaths, anniversaries, In Memoriam) should be sent in writing to the Gazette Editor, The Independent, 1 Grosvenor Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL, telephoned on 077-293 2012 or faxed to 077-293 2018, and are charged at £6.50 a line (VAT extra). OTHER Gazette announcements (notices, funerals, forthcoming marriages, marriages) must be submitted in writing, or faxed and are charged at £10 a line (VAT extra). They should be accompanied by a daytime telephone number.

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

TODAY: The Prince Edward, Prince and Chairman of the International Council, attends the Duke of Edinburgh's Award International Association's Forum in Wellington, New Zealand. The Princess Royal, President, the Princess Royal Trust for Care, visits Card Care Centre, St. Vincent, Paisley, Glasgow, visits the University of Paisley in its Centenary and lays

BIRTHdays

TODAY: Mr Umberto Agnelli, deputy chairman of Fiat, 63; Sir Hugh Bidwell, former Lord Mayor of London, 63; Professor Sir Hermann Bondi, former Master of Churchill College, Cambridge, 78; Admiral Sir John Bush, 83; Mrs Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, 74; Mr Nigel Dempster, newspaper diarist, 56; Mr Michael Denison, actor, 82; Mr George Dobry, former circuit judge, 79; Mr Lou Donaldson, alto saxophonist, 71; Miss Thelma Firth, stage designer, 67; Lord Harman-Nicholls, former MP, 85; Mr Alec Higgins, underwriter, 83; Mr David Hobson, former senior partner, Coopers and Lybrand, 75; Sir Wynne Hughes-Jones, former diplomat, 74; Mr Roger Kellaway, popular composer and pianist, 58; Mr Andrew Knight, former executive chairman, News International, 58; Dr J. Dickson Mabon, former government minister, 72; Miss Naomi Mitchison, novelist, 100; Mr Nick Owen, journalist and broadcaster, 50; Mr Gary Player, golfer, 62; Mr John Pullen, rugby player, 56; Mr James Ramsden, insurance company director and former Government minister, 74; Mr Gerald Ratner, former chairman, Ratners, 48.

TOMORROW: Lord Ashburton, former chairman, Barings, 69; The Earl of Aylesford, former Lord-Lieutenant of the West Midlands region, 79; Lady Beathorn, former diplomat, 77; Sir David Calcutt QC, former Master, Magdalen College, Cambridge, 67; Sir Clifford Chetwood, chairman, Chetwood Associates, 69; Mr Keith Emerson, rock musician, 53; The Right Rev Philip Goodrich, former Bishop of Worcester, 68; Mr Desmond Hamill, television reporter, 61; Dr Ronald Hedley, former Director, Natural History Museum, 69; Mr Paul Johnson, author and editor, 69; Mr Alan Jones, grand prix driver, 51; Mr David Lea, Assistant General Sec-

retary, TUC, 60; Sir Bruce Martin QC, former Chairman, North Western Regional Health Authority, 59; Miss Juliet Mills, actress, 56; Ms Julie Morgan MP, 53; Mr Denis Murphy MP, 49; Dame Pauline Neville-Jones, managing director, NatWest Markets, 58; Sir Peter Newson, former Director, London Institute of Education, 69; Sir Ronald Osburgh, Rector, Imperial College of Science, Technology and Medicine, 63; Professor Norman Pye, geographer, 84; Mr Leo Rosewall, tennis player, 63; Lord Sainsbury of Preston Park, former chairman of Sainsbury's, 70; Mr Bruce Welch, rock musician, 56.

Anniversaries

TODAY: Births: Beethoven Cellini, sculptor and goldsmith, 1500; Pietro da Cortona, painter and architect, 1596; Sir Matthew Hale, Chief Justice and law reformer, 1609; Antonio Canova, sculptor, 1757; Spencer Perceval, prime minister, 1762; Laurence Stephen Lowry, primitive painter, 1887; Edmund Spenser, Irish poet, scholar and poet, 1896. Deaths: Salomon van Ruysdael, painter, buried 1670; John Radcliffe, physician and founder of the Radcliffe Library, Oxford, 1714; Ezra Loomis Pound, poet, 1972; Phil Simeon, comedian and actor, 1985. On this day: The Bank of Scotland was founded, 1895; 60,000 people died when Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake, 1755; the first WH Smith bookshop opened, Euston Station, 1848; the British Television Service was inaugurated, 1936; the first section of the M1 motorway was opened, 1959; East Germany opened its border with Czechoslovakia, 1989. Today is the Feast Day of All Saints, St Austremundus or Stremundus, St Austremundus of Dijon, St Cédric, Saints Casarius and Julian, St Marcellus of Paris, St Mary, martyr, St Mathurin or Maturinus and St Vigor.

TOMORROW: Births: Victor Thomas Trumper, cricketer, 1877; Luciano Visconti, Duca di Modrone, film director, 1906; Burt Lancaster (Burton Stephen Lancaster), actor, 1913. Deaths: Richard Hooker, theologian, 1600; Jeanne Lind (Johanna Maria), soprano, 1887; George Bernard Shaw, playwright, 1950; Leo Baeck, reform rabbi, 1956; James Grover Thurber, humorist, writer and cartoonist, 1961. On this day: The *Morning Post* newspaper was first published, 1772; Lady Smith, in Natal, South Africa, was besieged by the Boers, 1899; the *Deer Mirror* was first published, as a daily newspaper for women, 1903; Russia declared war on Turkey, 1914; Lord Balfour made his Declaration regarding a Jewish national home in Palestine, 1917; the world's first regular broadcasting station, KDKA, Pittsburgh, started transmitting, 1920; the first crossword puzzle to appear in a British newspaper was published in the *Sunday Express*, 1924; Haile Selassie was crowned as Emperor of Ethiopia, 1930; the book publisher Penguin was acquired by ownership in the manner of publishing the book *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, 1960; Channel Four television was started, 1982. Tomorrow is the Feast Day of All Saints, St Marcellus of Cyprus and St Victorinus of Pettau.

Trinity College of Music

Lord Putnam was guest of honour at a presentation ceremony held by Trinity College of Music yesterday at St John's Smith Square, London SW1. Honorary Fellowship of the college was conferred upon Lord Putnam by the college's governing body, the Trinity College of Music, which was founded in 1895. Lord Putnam was also presented with a copy of the college's history, *The Trinity College of Music: A History*, by the college's governing body, the Trinity College of Music, which was founded in 1895. Lord Putnam was also presented with a copy of the college's history, *The Trinity College of Music: A History*, by the college's governing body, the Trinity College of Music, which was founded in 1895.

Changing of the Guard

TODAY: The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment, the Queen's Life Guard, will change the Guard at Horse Guards, 11am. No 7 Company Coldstream Guards mounts the Queen's Guard at Buckingham Palace, 11.30am. **TOMORROW:** The Household Cavalry Mounted Regiment mounts the Queen's Life Guard at Horse Guards, 10am.

FAITH & REASON

A 'royal peculiar' and not good for nothing

Elton John's performance at the funeral of Diana, Princess of Wales was only part of a growing tendency to secularise services in Christian churches. But, asks Andrew Brown, has the trend now gone too far?

A private member's question has been put down for the next meeting of the General Synod asking whether the funeral service of Diana, Princess of Wales in Westminster Abbey was in fact legal. This looks like pure mischief-making, especially when you consider that it comes from one of the leaders of Forward in Faith, a body which plans eventually to erupt to freedom from within the Church of England like the creature in *Alien*. But, like all the best jokes, the question illuminates a serious point more sharply than any amount of seriousness could do. In this case, the serious question behind the frivolous one is whether the Church of England did not sacrifice too much of the Christian content of the funeral.

This was epitomised by what one might call the Elton John problem: the Church of England may be running short of many things, but surely it is still self-sufficient in gay organ players, and probably even in agnostic gay organists. Why should it have imported one for this most solemn and public ceremony? The answer, of course, is that Elton John appealed far more directly to the emotions of the audience than any of the magnificent art that the Church can draw on. It should be said in his defence that his performance was

certainly not the most offensive piece of kitsch on display: even the extraordinary writhing snivel he used to deliver his song was far less artificial and off-putting than the snarl of the BBC's announcer inside the abbey.

Elton John's performance, then, however little it had to do with any Christian message, was surely the right choice for the Church of England to make. If the authorities had tried to stop it they would not only have appeared unfeeling and out of touch, they would have been so. Outside of a theocracy, any funeral (or wedding, or baptism) is going to be full of natural, unchurchified sentiments: a friend of mine once took a funeral at which one end of the chapel was occupied by a floral arrangement, five feet long, which spelt out the single word "bollocks". At another, he found himself confronted by a three-foot-high floral model of a packet of Embassy and a cup of tea: doubly fitting, since cigarettes had killed the departed.

All these seem to me to be perfectly legitimate examples of the way in which the Church must expand its traditional language in order to communicate with the world outside, or only partially inside. But there must be limits. If someone is to have a funeral in church, rather than at Stonehenge or down the crem, he must also speak some of the church's language, and the argument, made by a large number of people who wish the Church of England well, and not just by its enemies, is that too much was conceded in the Westminster Abbey service.

There was no sermon, for example, Earl Spencer's magnificent piece of score-setting was much better theatre than anything the Archbishop of Canterbury might have said; but it was not very Chris-

tian, and in one passage it was directly unchristian. Diana, he said, was too human to have been a saint. But the point about saints is that they are human, too.

The argument, then, is not that Lord Spencer should not have spoken; only that there should have been some recognisably Christian message delivered after his. This turns out to be a matter of manners rather than law. Westminster Abbey is a "royal peculiar": one of those churches directly under the control of the sovereign. So if she wanted the service she had, or if Prince Charles decides he wants a homeopathic coronation, it is all legal, and the Dean remains as powerless against the Royal Family as the Crown Appointments Commission is against Tony Blair.

There are sensible justifications for what was actually done: it is difficult to argue that the Church of England would have gained more respect if Dr Carey had preached than it gained by his staying largely silent. Those parish priests whom I have asked about the issue mostly think that the splendours of the ceremonial tried to the general public the message that the Church was good for something; they say that, even if the public did not quite gather what that something was, it was still better than supposing the Church good for nothing. But others were shocked, and will remain so.

Still, worse things happen at other funerals every week: one priest remarked that at least the coffin had not left the abbey, as one of his had left the crematorium, to the strains of "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas".

* *Faith & Reason* is edited by Paul Vallely

A quiet end to a dramatic week for resilient Footsie

MARKET REPORT



DEREK PAIN
STOCK
MARKET
REPORTER
OF THE YEAR

*** 2008-2009年中国对外贸易形势分析与展望**：王健、陈永贵、李海建等，中国海关出版社，2009。

A traumatic week of thrills and spills ended quietly with Footsie achieving a 40.4 points gain to 4,842.3. Trading was, however, decidedly thin with many investors still unsettled by Tuesday's turmoil.

Once again the stock market was spellbound by New York. Early falls evaporated once it became clear the Dow Jones Average would open with a swing.

In what has been a week of confusion, Footsie has fallen 127.9, a far more resilient outcome than seemed likely when shares were in free-fall with the index off a 457.9, its biggest points fall.

It was almost as if the market was so relieved with the peaceful atmosphere which surrounded off a chaotic week that it did not want to tempt fate by indulging in anything quite so crude as good old-

fashioned robust trading. Turnover was an unexciting 580.8 million shares.

Banks attracted attention. National Westminster Bank's rejection of the suspected Deutsche Morgan Grenfell bid for its equities and research operations caught the market on the hop with Nat West tumbling 43p to 857p. The terms were not revealed but DMG said it would not increase its offer.

Barclays slipped 5p to £4.493p. CreditSuisse First Boston emerged as the favourite to capture its up-for-sale securities side, BZW. Bankers Trust of New York dropped out of the race and another US group, Donaldson Lufkin & Jenrette, at one time thought to be in the running for the NatWest operation, is also thought to have been cooled over the Barclays offer.

M&G, the unit trust group which has sadly underperformed the market, found itself the focus of takeover speculation. The shares rose 7.5p to 1.205p. **Halifax**, off 75p to 675p, was the rumoured predator. M&G recently undertook a reorganisation of its trusts to counter criticism and try to improve its performance.

Halifax is thought to be keen to flex its muscles. A move into unit trusts could well appeal to the acquisitive aspirations of the Halifax management. M&G, which made profits of £64.5m last year, is valued at around £900m, an easy enough swallow for the building society-cum-bank.

British Petroleum, ahead of third-quarter figures next week, gained 10.5p to 876p. Shell, also on the third-quarter treadmill next week, hard-

ned 3.75p to 422.75p. Las-
no's Libyan oil strike was re-
ponsible for adding a further
p to 275p.

British Biotech, once the heart-throb of the biotech industry, had another unsettling session. The shares were at one time down to 96p. They closed off 1p at 101.5p, a year's low.

JD Wetherspoon, the pubs chain, jumped 32.5p to a

Share spotlight

BP

Source: Datastream

515p peak. There is talk of action but the strength of the shares could be in anticipation of this month's five-for-one share split which will improve marketability.

3p. enjoyed revived takeover
speculation and talk of asset
sales.

Redland, the building materials group which has rejected the advances of Ingersoll, the French group, rose 9p to 340p. Graham, a builders merchant regarded as a likely bid target, gained 11p

Vickers, the defence group which has put its Rolls-Royce business up for sale, purred lead 6p to 228p on speculation it has nearly clinched a major tank deal. Oman is said to be near to agreeing a £100m order for Challenger 2 tanks. Vickers refused to confirm

speculation but said Oman already had Challenger 2 tanks and admitted: "There have been discussions about further sales."

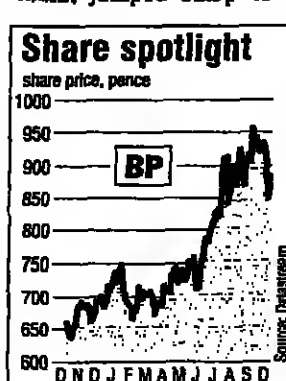
The day after the celebratory AIM dinner, one of the major market's constituents issued its copybook with a profits warning. Total Office, providing office systems, slipped 44p to 82.5p.

Memory Corporation, the computer group, added 5p to following a deal with a Taiwanese concern which has an option on Memory shares at 5p. The Taiwan group will take the Microlock chip, which is difficult to switch between computers. Microlock is seen as providing protection against theft. Stockbroker Beeson & Co. says that investors in the category think the shares, which hit 547.5p in the heady, challenged days of 1995, are worth 85p.

MAKING STOCK

Text 100, a technology specialist public relations consultancy headed by Tom Lewis, held at 39.5p on Offer is due to report its first early results since arriving at the fringe market in March. There is talk profits have climbed more than 20 per cent to around £1.2m. The shares were floated at 15p. Text, with ET and Microsoft among its clients, is banking in terms of a full trading, possibly within two years.

has not taken VNU, the Dutch publishing group, to increase its stake in Freepages, the business directory group. On Tuesday it picked up 4.47 per cent; now it has moved to 10 per cent. The two have trading links; in September they launched Freepages Scoot consumer information service in Holland. Freepages held at 36p.

[illegible]

Taylor Woodrow chief leaves after five months

Taylor Woodrow, the property and construction group, has parted company with its chief executive, who has spent just five months in the job. The departure of John Castle, the first outside chief executive at Taylor Woodrow in its 75-year history, has resulted from a "fundamental incompatibility" between him and the rest of the board, Nigel Cope, City Correspondent reports.

Taylor Woodrow said Mr Castle had resigned by mutual agreement and left the company with immediate effect. It appears that Mr Castle, who joined the company in June, had failed to build a good working relationship with the group's divisional directors. The 500-executive directors, led by Sir Kit McMahon, the former chairman of Midland Bank, agreed it was better to take early action than let the personality clash worsen. The company said Mr Castle's departure was not due to a dispute over future strategy.

Mr Castle was on a salary of £225,000 a year and is in line for a pay-off of equivalent to 1.8 times salary. This means he stands to make almost £500,000 for five months' work.

Colin Parsons, the former chief executive who had moved up to executive chairman, will take over as acting chief executive until a replacement can be found. Sir Kit will become deputy chairman. Sir Kit said: "I'm afraid it recently became clear to the non-executives that John's appointment wasn't working and it was better to solve the problem now rather than later. We realised that he was unable to build the sort of relationships with his fellow directors that a chief executive needs."

Mr Parsons attempted to limit the damage of the boardroom fall-out in the City by saying that Taylor Woodrow was in "excellent financial health and is anticipating another year of steadily improving results as indicated at the time of the recent interim results."

Mr Castle joined Taylor Woodrow after spells with Marley, the building materials group, and the American conglomerate, Textro. He had met the divisional directors prior to taking up the post and it appeared there was a brief "honeymoon period" of a month to six weeks, during which the board got along well.

But shortly after this, the non-executives became aware that relations were becoming strained.

The company denied any rift between Mr Castle and Mr Parsons, who had been chief executive of Taylor Woodrow for five years from 1992 and had helped turn a

£94m loss into a £67m profit. The group also dismissed speculation that the board had found it hard to adapt to an external appointment after 75 years of promoting from within.

Mr Castle had joined with the intention of reducing Taylor Woodrow's construction operations to make it a housing and property group with modest interests in construction rather than the other way around. The construction business has averaged a return on sales of less than 1 per cent since 1985.

He was under pressure to improve the group's meagre net returns of just 6 per cent on its annual sales of £1.2bn.

In September Taylor Woodrow reported a 43 per cent jump in pre-tax profits to £36.2m for the six months to June.

Some analysts said that Mr Castle may have felt constrained from taking the radical action some in the City were calling for due to the continued presence on the board of Mr Parsons. Mr Castle said he was in favour of evolution rather than revolution.

One of the ironies of Mr Castle's departure is that on the mantelpiece in his Mayfair office he kept a homily which read: "The Trap: to continue to do the same thing and expect a different outcome." After just 22 weeks in the job, this was certainly not the outcome he was expecting.

Taylor Woodrow shares closed 0.5p lower at 184.5p.



John Castle stands to make almost £500,000 from his brief stay at Taylor

Fireworks yet to come, says Redland chairman

Rudolph Agnew, chairman of Redland, the building materials group under siege from a £1.7bn takeover bid by Lafarge of France, shrugged off criticism that his defence document published yesterday was a non-event, saying that the fireworks were yet to come.

The document, which attacked Lafarge's 320p-a-share hostile cash offer as an attempt to get Redland "too cheap", consisted largely of a dry list of Redland's assets. The document also confirmed that, despite the jump in Redland's share price since Lafarge's bid, none of Redland's directors will make significant sums from the bid.

Mr Agnew, who took the opportunity to launch a withering attack on Bertrand Collomb, Lafarge's chief executive, said that it was important to highlight Redland's businesses. "It reminds shareholders of the value of our assets."

He said he was keeping his powder dry: "You should never reveal your best arguments in the first document."

Mr Agnew played down an earlier statement that Redland had received expressions of interest from a "double digit" number of potential bidders for its aggregates businesses. "We have a lot of suitors, but we don't know yet if they are real or what they have in mind."

Mr Agnew said Redland was in discussions with minority shareholders who own 43.5 per cent of RBB, Redland's German-based roof tiles business. He said the shareholders, the largest of which is the Beas family trust, headed by Redland's executive director Helly Bruhn-Beas, would "love to buy RBB". However, he said it was a question of "what price and what form any offer would take".

Mr Agnew was scathing about Mr Collomb's comments that the defence was "just jam at some unidentifiable date".

"They've got their quotes all wrong, poor dears," said Mr Agnew. "I am a just what shareholders want."

Mr Collomb called the defence "a few vague promises," adding: "Shareholders want cash and there are no alternative offers on the table."

Howard Proctor, analyst at S&P, said Lafarge's offer was "a sighting shot". Others said a white-knight bidder for the whole company was unlikely. Redland's shares closed 9p higher at 340p.

NatWest shares dip after it spurns DMG's global equities offer

National Westminster shares tumbled yesterday at news that it had spurned a bid from Deutsche Morgan Grenfell for parts of NatWest Markets. Pressure is mounting on the company to make a definitive statement on the future of its beleaguered investment banking arm reports Leo Paterson.

The bank announced yesterday that it had turned down an "unsolicited approach" from DMG, the investment banking arm of Frankfurt-based Deutsche Bank, for its global equities business.

"NatWest has decided that Deutsche Morgan Grenfell's proposal is not in the best interest of its shareholders or its employees", it said in a statement.

NatWest balked at the price offered by Deutsche Bank. According to one insider, Deutsche's offer was "far below" the £300m price tag put on NatWest's equity business by some analysts.

"The reasons our discussions broke

down were price and strategy," admitted Michael Philipp, head of DMG's global equity division, adding that DMG's bid was "certainly not above" £300m.

"We are not changing our price. We are happy with our analysis," he said.

NatWest stressed yesterday that the bid was "unsolicited", yet discussions between the two parties have been taking place for some time.

Mr Philipp said: "We approached them [NatWest] informally four to six weeks ago. We entered formal discussions about two weeks ago." DMG is understood to have made a formal offer for the global equities

division, part of embattled investment banking subsidiary NatWest Markets, on Thursday afternoon.

NatWest's share price fell as news broke that it had spurned DMG's offer. Shares closed at 857p, down 43p on the day.

Mark Hogey, analyst at Credit Suisse First Boston, said: "The City is disappointed that NatWest is perceived to be considering bids purely for its equity business."

Another analyst added: "A lot of people were looking for NatWest Markets to be sold as a stand-alone business."

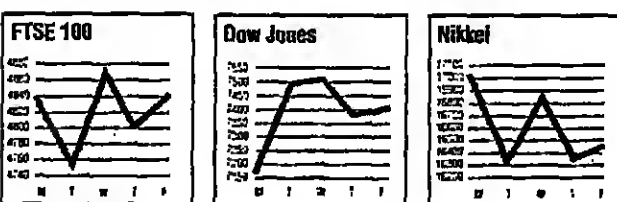
Mr Philipp confirmed that, in contrast to its rival Barclays which owns the BZW

investment bank, NatWest had been "willing to talk just about its global equity division". He said that DMG was not interested in buying BZW because Barclays was unwilling to sell only the equities business.

Pressure is growing on NatWest to follow the example set by Martin Taylor, chief executive of Barclays, and to make a definitive statement about NatWest Markets' future.

"They [NatWest] are going to have to do something decisive. The fact that they haven't makes senior management look directionless," said one analyst yesterday.

STOCK MARKETS



*Dow Jones index and graph at top

Indices	Close	Change	Change%	52 wk high	52 wk low	Yield%
FTSE 100	4842.30	-40.40	-0.84	5330.80	3900.40	3.56
FTSE 250	4643.20	-19.20	-0.42	4963.80	4348.10	3.43
FTSE 350	2341.50	-17.50	-0.76	2555.30	1949.20	3.56
FTSE All Share	2298.87	-16.55	-0.73	2492.41	1958.79	3.55
FTSE SmallCap	2312.2	-6.70	-0.29	2406.20	2126.40	3.22
FTSE Hedging	1261.7	-3.40	-0.27	1346.50	1198.70	3.34
FTSE AIM	986.6	-2.90	-0.30	1138.00	983.70	1.02
Dow Jones	7409.91	-77.26	-1.04	8256.31	6021.93	1.81
Nikkei	16458.94	-94.00	-0.57	21418.25	16253.65	0.90
Hang Seng	10623.76	-260.92	-2.52	16673.27	9059.89	3.91
Dax	3726.69	-40.71	-1.08	4438.83	2659.25	2.14

INTEREST RATES



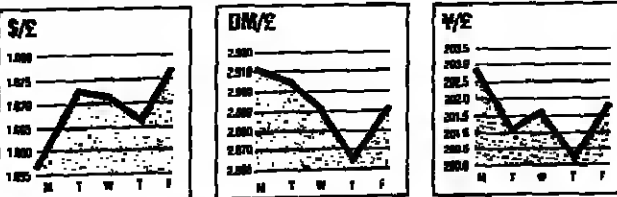
Money Market Rates

Index	3 month	1 yr	1 yr 18 mo	2 yr	3 yr	5 yr	10 yr	15 yr	30 yr
UK	7.38	1.09	7.50	0.88	6.55	-1.08	6.47	-1.42	-
US	5.75	0.25	5.92	0.17	5.84	-0.50	6.18	-0.49	-
Japan	0.53	0.03	0.56	-0.04	1.82	-0.79	2.41	-0.82	-
Germany	3.69	0.52	4.09	0.76	5.57	-0.43	6.20	-0.63	-

MAIN PRICE CHANGES

Rises	Falls
Amersham PLC 395.00 20.00 5.33	Denka Bus Systems 502.50 -52.50 -10.44
Generals Group 353.00 16.50 4.80	Solent Airports 549.50 -35.50 -6.46
Reckitt & Colman 514.50 42.50 8.27	Westminster 857.00 -43.00 -5.01
Schroders PLC-W1545.00 66.00 4.67	Bloomsbury 555 -22.5 -4.05

CURRENCIES



Pound				Dollar			
	at 10pm	Change	% Chg		at 10pm	Change	% Chg
Dollar	1.6777	+1.17c	1.6260	Swiss	0.9581	-0.42c	0.5143
D-Mark	2.8923	+1.05pf	2.4987	D-Mark	1.7250	-0.13pf	1.5172
Yen	201.82	+91.08	185.59	Yen	120.30	-0.20	119.97
£ Index	102.30	+0.60	90.20	£ Index	104.30	0.00	97.10

OTHER INDICATORS

	Close	Chg	% Chg	Index	Chg	% Chg	Next Day
Oil (\$)	19.54	0.14	21.82	GDP	114.00	3.90	109.7
Gold (\$)	312.05	-4.20	378.05	RPI	159.30	3.8	158.76
Silver (\$)	4.82	0.01	4.82	Base Rates	7.00	0.00	-

www.bloomberg.com

Uneasy calm descends on South-east Asia as IMF grants aid to Indonesia

After the Hong Kong market survived one of the most turbulent weeks in its history, observers are wondering whether the turmoil will leave bodies scattered around the financial community. Separately, the IMF has agreed to pump billions of dollars into Indonesia to shore up the country's battered economy and currency. Stephen Vines in Hong Kong reports.

There is talk in Hong Kong of broking houses being forced into mergers to stay afloat and of fund managers bracing themselves to report horrendous losses. However, as yet, there is no more than rumour to go on. Only one major financial institution has decided to tackle the rumours in public - Peregrine Investment Holdings, the well-connected and spectacularly fast-growing Hong Kong-based investment bank.

Early in the week it took out full-page newspaper advertise-

ments to announce that "rumours of losses by Peregrine running into hundreds of millions of US dollars and of Peregrine's financial demise are completely false".

However, the company admitted it had been hit hard in its equities and fixed-income divisions, with profits falling by 58 per cent and 42 per cent respectively in the period from 1 January to 24 October.

Other investment houses have responded to the crisis by retreating from public view. Eventually, the extent of the damage will be clear.

One banker, working for a European company, said: "It's hard to tell how bad things are. A lot of these guys had high positions in the stock markets and were speculating like hell in currencies. It is impossible to believe that, as these markets took a dive, some of them got hurt, even if they climbed back after a bit of recovery."

Following a week of excitement, which some market-makers would dearly like to forget, yesterday proved relatively uneventful. The Hong Kong stock market rose by a modest 2.5 per cent, a figure which would be impressive else-

where but meant little in a market which has seen double-digit percentage swings throughout the week.

The rise was largely due to testimony given yesterday in the legislature by Joseph Yam, the head of the Hong Kong Monetary Authority, who admitted that the territory's de facto central bank had been in the market buying Hong Kong dollars to defend the currency's fixed link to the US dollar.

However he stated that the authority had got back all the Hong Kong dollars it sold and actually ended up with more foreign currency in the reserves because it had also been playing hard ball in fixing overnight inter-bank interest rates at very high levels, forcing speculators who had taken short positions in the market to cover these positions at high cost, which meant buying back Hong Kong dollars.

Mr Yam declared that the government's defence of the Hong Kong dollar had been a success. Share traders took heart from this statement, which fuelled a flurry of business in the afternoon trading session.

The blue-chip Hang Seng index ended the week less than 5 per cent down while the two

indices tracking China-related stocks posted comfortable gains.

This was not the case in South Korea, which is shaping up to be the next trouble spot in Asian markets. Heavy intervention by the central bank to prop up the ailing Korean won only succeeded in stabilising the currency's decline.

Meanwhile, Indonesia will receive \$230m (£13.7bn) in assistance from the International Monetary Fund and other monetary organisations in exchange for its pledge to restructure its financial sector. Michel Camdessus, managing director of the IMF, said the three-year aid package was designed to shore up the rupiah.

The package will be supplemented by a back-up facility that includes \$30m from the US and additional funding from Australia, China, Hong Kong, Japan, Malaysia and Singapore.

Indonesia will reform its banking and financial industry and scrap monopolies held by the government's Bureau of Logistics on food items such as soy, wheat, garlic and flour. The government will also agree to a three-year "tight" monitoring of its economy by the IMF.

Market report, page 25

Telewest talks with BSkyB undermine Hollywood deals

Telewest Communications, which is leading the cable industry's negotiations for pay-per-view movie rights with Hollywood studios, has held talks about taking rival film services from BSkyB. Cathy Newman reports that the move undermines the cable industry's attempts to break BSkyB's monopoly on programming.

Telewest's overtures to BSkyB have been made despite the company's involvement with Oo Demand Management, a consortium negotiating deals with Hollywood studios. The consortium comprises Telewest, NTL, General Cable and Diamond Cable Communications.

Although Oo Demand has already signed deals with Warner Brothers and Columbia TriStar, City analysts say the chances of the cable companies' pay-per-view scheme taking off have been irretrievably damaged by Cable & Wireless Communications' decision to break away from the rest of the industry and take BSkyB's pay-per-view offering. C&WC is expected to agree terms within a week.

Stephen Davidson, chief executive of Telewest, confirmed last night that talks with BSkyB on pay-per-view had taken place but had failed to reach a conclusion.

He said: "We have spoken in the past on and off at length about taking BSkyB's pay-per-view services. But in the past few months, we've had no discussions about this."

"We're absolutely committed to launching our own pay-per-view service. The board is right behind us on this."

However, another cable in-

dustry source said BSkyB was determined to persuade other cable operators to take its films service: "BSkyB goes after everybody. It's a divide and conquer issue."

BSkyB sources said that other cable operators involved in Oo Demand, such as NTL, had also had talks about taking BSkyB's service. However, NTL denied this suggestion last night. Steven Wagner, group managing director of NTL, said: "We've had absolutely no discussions with BSkyB over taking their pay-per-view service. We have our own viable pay-per-view platform. NTL is in merger talks with Telewest, although the discussions are said to be proceeding slowly."

BSkyB has secured deals with several Hollywood studios. Apart from Universal Studios, Warner Brothers and Columbia TriStar, the studios are thought to be in favour of agreeing exclusive terms with BSkyB.

Oo Demand is adamant that rights from three studios would be sufficient to set up a competitive alternative to BSkyB's pay-per-view offering.

When news of the Warner and Columbia deals broke, analysts were encouraged that the cable industry had started to challenge BSkyB's programming monopoly by buying its own Hollywood rights, which BSkyB had originally aimed to secure on an exclusive basis.

However, the exposure of cracks in the Oo Demand alliance will add to speculation about whether the cable industry's own service will take off.

Until now, pay-per-view events, where customers can view a specific film or sporting fixture, have been negotiated solely by BSkyB and have mainly been confined to boxing events. But digital television will enable cable and satellite companies to offer near-video-on-demand.

French utilities buyer for London

The London Times reported that a French utility group had merged yesterday with a London-based utility group, creating a new entity that would be the largest in the UK. The move was seen as a significant step towards the integration of the UK's energy markets.

The new company, which would be based in London, was expected to have a turnover of over £1 billion. It was anticipated that the merger would create significant synergies and improve the company's competitive position in the UK market.

Foreign Exchange Rates

	at 10pm	Change	% Chg
Dollar	1.6777	+1.176	1.6260
D-Mark	2.8923	+1.050	2.4897
Yen	201.82	+91.08	185.59
£ Index	102.30	+0.60	90.20

28/THE BIG PICTURE



Winter's march: The morning frost clings to nettles in a Norfolk garden.

This photograph, taken by Brian Harris, was shot with a 55mm macro lens, at 250th of a second at f5.6 on 800 film. To order a print of this photograph, ring 01729 2521.



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TOMORROW IN THE NEW-LOOK, SEVEN-SECTION

INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY



THE MINISTER OF SOUND

How James Palumbo came to be king of the nightclub scene

Plus

■ **Female trouble** – are women fools for alternative medicine?

■ **Happy birthday Brookside** – David Aaronovitch on 15 years of Channel 4

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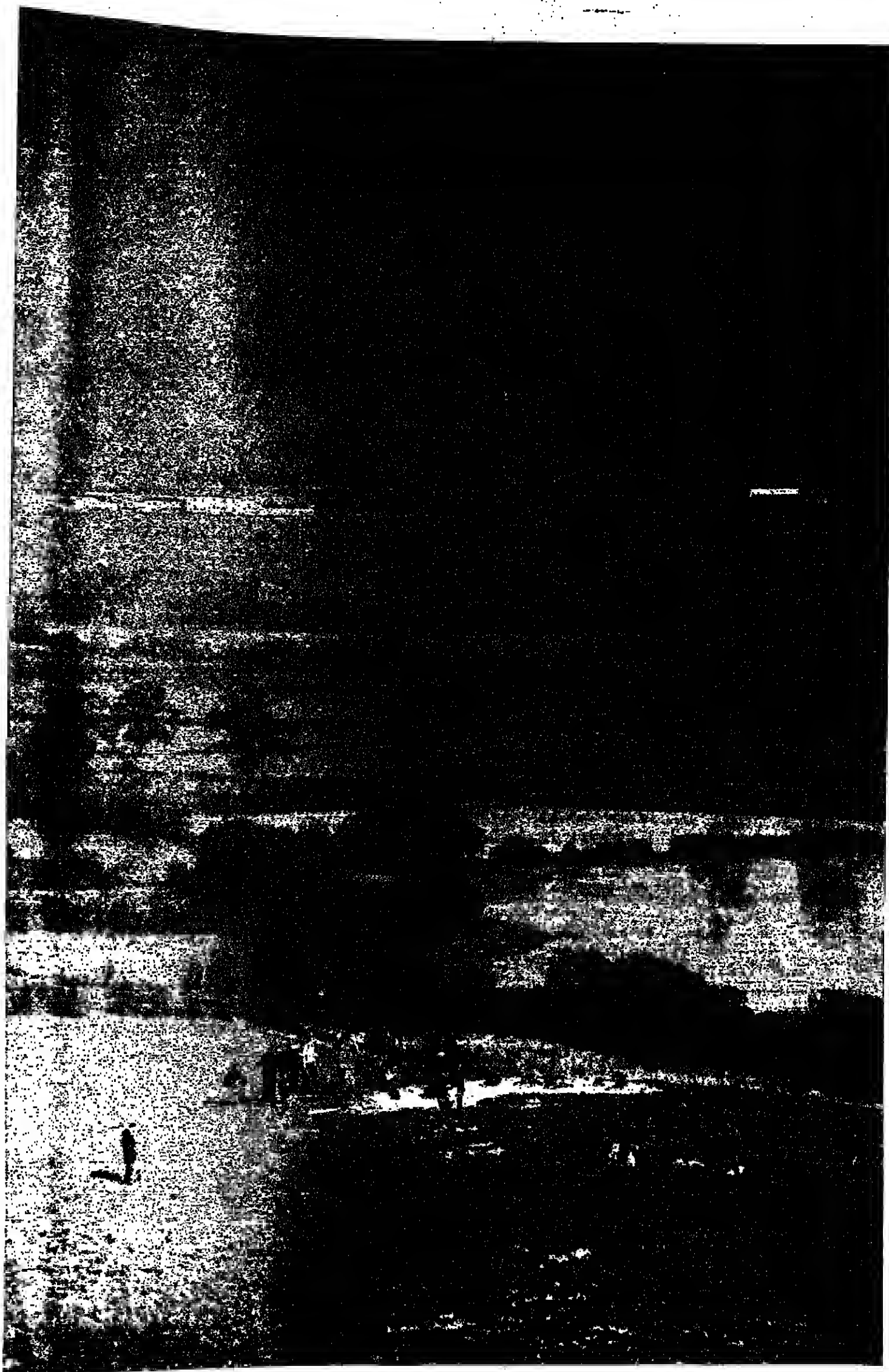


TIME OFF

TRAVEL, LEISURE & SPORT

Saturday 1 November 1997

INDEPENDENT
SATURDAY
1 NOVEMBER 1997



The view from White Horse Hill: walkers gaze towards Uffington

Photograph: John Lawrence

Poetry in motion

The ancient Ridgeway track is drenched in myth, history – and poetry. Andy Bull follows the trail of John Betjeman.

Pounding along the Ridgeway on my mountain bike, I stopped for breath and heard a strange sound. Through the eerie, muffled silence of the early morning mist came a drumming that at first I mistook for the beat of my own overtaxed heart. Three racehorses loomed out of the fog, and were swiftly swallowed from view once more.

It was a reminder that the Ridgeway, a 6,000-year-old green road that rides the Downs from the Berkshire Thames-side village of Stratley to West Kennett in Wiltshire, is still a working highway.

People also come here for the solitude, the rich history and the unique downland flora and fauna. I, on this occasion, had come because of the poet John Betjeman.

Betjeman lived in the village of Farnborough and 11 miles farther west at Uffington, in the valley to the north beneath the famous White Horse. He loved the area, and regularly walked the Ridgeway.

Parking my car at Bury Down above the racing village of West Isley would give me a good day's cycling, with lunch at Uffington before the return journey.

The ridge of the Downs is an exhilarating place to cycle. I passed the mysterious ancient monument of Scoutchamer Knob, a horseshoe-shaped earth rampart that may be an Iron Age burial chamber. Or it may be where scutchers, who beat wetted flax, held their festivities.

A little farther on, beyond a copse, where a bridlepath crosses the route, I found, hidden in the long grass, a great lump of stone into which has been cut: "In memory of Penelope Betjeman (1910-1986) who loved the Ridgeway". Penelope was a keen horsewoman and the memorial was placed here by her daughter Candida, at the spot where the bridlepath she took from the Betjemans' home in Farnborough meets the Ridgeway.

I took the bridleway south to Farnborough. The village is no more than a farm, a little 12th-century church, the Old Rectory, in which the Betjemans lived, and a row of cottages. The former poet laureate, who died in 1984, lived in the village for only six years, but he has a memorial here. To the church of All Saints, so tiny you feel you could stretch out your arms and touch each side of the nave, is a stained-glass window designed by John Piper, dedicated to him.

The bright autumn sun beaming straight on to the glass ignited the deep blues and greens of the window, which depicts a tree of life

flanked by fishes and butterflies. Across the lane is the grand, red-brick, Georgian Old Rectory, where the Betjemans lived from 1945 until 1951. In summer it opens its grounds under the Gardens Open scheme.

The ride here from the Ridgeway and back gives a more varied view of the downs than you get from the summit. This is a gentle, voluptuous landscape and I began to fancy I was juddering over a hard, flat stomach, tracing a curving backbone, descending along the length of an extended limb. Everything was clothed in the subtle colours of autumn: the charcoal of the thin topsoil, with a powdering of chalk; the ochre of richer, newly ploughed clay; the fawn of a stubble field, dotted with the red of a clutch of late poppies.

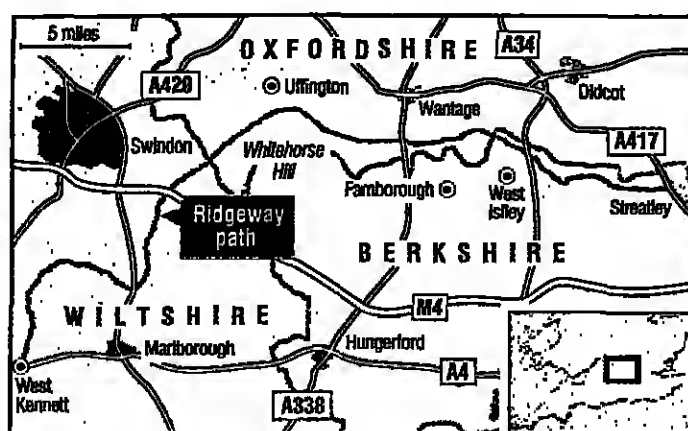
Back up on the Ridgeway the path climbed gently, passing the

his job at the *Architectural Review* and later to Shell, to work on their guidebooks. When the Second World War broke out he joined the Observer Corps and spent his nights in a hut in Parrot Field, on the lane leading up to the White Horse, watching for enemy planes. He left in 1945, for Farnborough.

Betjeman wrote with characteristic nostalgia of "straw thatched, chalk-built, pre-war Uffington". And, in his poem "Uffington":

*Tonight we feel the muffled peal
Hang on the village like a pall; / It
overwhelms the towering elms - / That
death-reminding dying fall; / The
very sky no longer high / Comes
down within the reach of all / Im-
prisoned in a cage of sound / Even
the trivial seems profound.*

I cycled back up the winding lane through the steep, Ice-Age-sculpted slopes of the downs, their covering of grass still pale after the



market town of Wantage – where the Betjemans moved after Farnborough – in a valley to the north.

I passed Segsbury Castle, one of the Iron Age hill forts built to defend this vital strategic route from attack from the north. Everywhere are reminders of ancient peoples. When the valleys across southern England were densely forested and dangerous, the Ridgeway provided safe routes from the English and Bristol Channels to cross the Thames at the Stratley ford before joining the Icknield Way for East Anglia. Why, even Stone Age man may have walked this route before the onset of the Ice Age.

The downs are at their broadest, highest and most solitary on the stretch approaching Uffington and the White Horse. At the top of White Horse Hill I turned off, passing Uffington Castle, and headed for the cluster of houses below.

John and Penelope Betjeman lived in Uffington, in a re-roofed whitewashed cottage called Gerards Farm in the main street. They came in 1934, and Betjeman became people's warden of the early-English church of St Mary, and drove his Ford Prefect to the village station – long since closed – to take the train to London and

driest of summers. Puzzlingly, what I had expected to be the clean, abstract lines of the galloping horse were woolly, fluffy and plump. And then, as I rounded Dragon Hill, supposedly where St George slayed the dragon, the White Horse suddenly became mobile, its fluffy flesh flying off in all directions, leaving just the chalk skeleton.

In this place of legend and mystery, inexplicable things can happen. But there was a mundane explanation. Some sheep that had been nibbling at the grass around the figure of the horse, had scattered at my approach.

Sadly, no story of the Great Exploding White Sheep of Uffington will be added to the Ridgeway's rich legacy of myth and mystery.

Map: Ordnance Survey's Landranger 174. The Ordnance Survey also publishes a good guide book, *The Ridgeway*, by Neil Curtis.

Facilities on the Ridgeway itself are few, but most villages have pubs serving food. There is also a youth hostel – YHA Court Hill Ridgeway Centre is just north of the Ridgeway where it is crossed by the A338, close to the village of Leicomb Regis. 'Uffington' is included in *The Best of Betjeman* (Penguin, £6.99),

M L Minns

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THE ONE

SMOKING CAUSES CANCER

Chief Medical Officers' Warning
1 mg Tar 0.1 mg Nicotine



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GREEN CHANNEL

There is a quiet revolution going on. Bird-watching is becoming trendy - especially on holiday.

Seeing pink flamingos in Kenya, grey-sided laughing thrushes in Nepal, or honey buzzards in France has a rather better image than lurking with anorak and Thermos waiting for a rarity on the north Norfolk coast.

The problem is, just as it's becoming acceptable to come out of the bird hide, the birds are disappearing. According to the RSPB and Birdlife International, bird numbers have declined dramatically across Europe and 195 species are in trouble. One way of counteracting this is to go with a tour operator who is involved with conserving birdlife. Honeyguide Wildlife Holidays, for instance, which runs tours to the Spanish Pyrenees, donates £25 per customer to a local ornithological conservation programme that is involved with saving the Spanish Steppes - one of the most seriously threatened bird habitats in Europe.

The problem is not just a European one. World-wide, birds are struggling because of declining habitats following the loss of tropical forests, and drainage of wetlands for agriculture and construction.

Ironically, the development of tourism is often a big part of the problem. Eilat in Israel is a top draw for international bird-watchers, attracting more than 30,000 tourists a year who come to see massive concentrations of the birds that stop off there on their migration route - blue-throats from Russia, lesser white-throats from England, little stints from the Arctic Circle, among others.

But hotels and lagoons have been carved out of the once-extensive salt marsh and large areas have been converted to farming to serve the growing local and visitor population. The consequence? Destruction of the very habitat that supports the birds - particularly the fruit and flowers that provide them with vital protein after their 2,000-km flight across the desert.

Sue Wheat

RED CHANNEL

A compendium of hazards facing today's traveller:
Foreign Office warnings about travel to Poland

"There is a serious risk of robbery at main rail stations and on trains, particularly international services and long-distance trains. Passengers are most at risk while boarding trains. Keep jewellery, watches, cameras, passports and wallets/purses out of sight. Do not leave the compartment unattended.

"Poland is a major east-west transit route for heavy vehicles. Drivers are advised to take particular care. Vehicles should not be left unattended when personal belongings are on board. Valuables should never be left in glove compartments, etc.

"Those visiting forested areas are advised to seek medical advice about inoculations for tick-borne encephalitis."

For more information about Poland and many other countries, contact the Travel Advice Unit on 0171-238 4503 or 4504, or fax 0171-238 4515; on the Internet, at <http://www.fco.gov.uk> or on BBC 2, CeeFax from page 470 onwards.

VISITORS' BOOK

From the visitors' book at the Museum of the Revolution, the former home of Pancho Villa, in Chihuahua, Mexico.

"Today I came to see part of my culture, and I thank you for all your courtesy" - Anna Maria Peres, Santa Rosa, California.

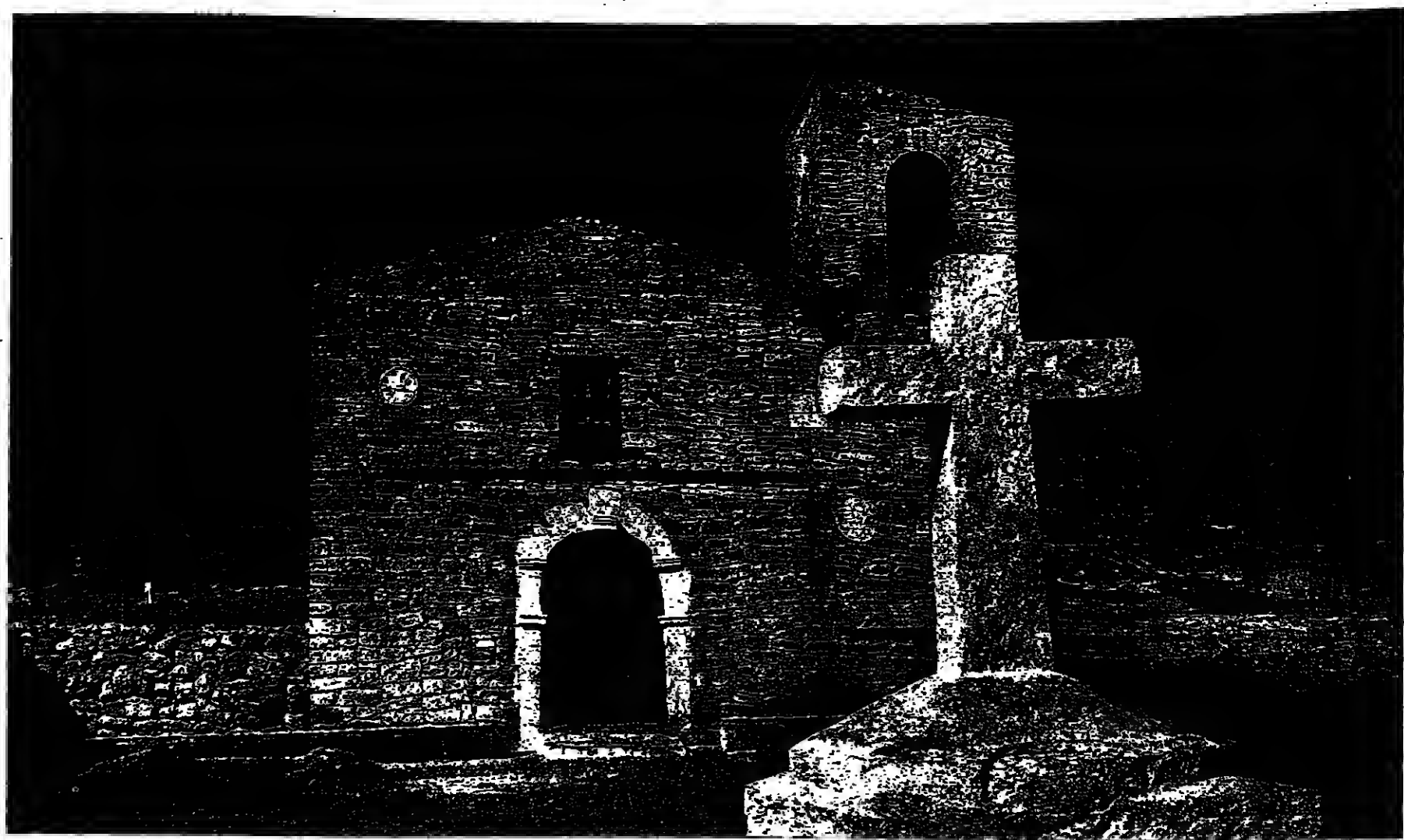
"We only enjoyed it because we had an excellent guide" - Jackie and Steven, England.

"This is a very unique place. Viva Mexico!" - W B Chandler, Detroit.

"This book is as interesting as the museum: very" - A Giardini, New York City.

"People of Mexico, best wishes from the Martins of New York City, USA. Hopefully the poor will become richer in mind and body, money too! Long live the revolution." - The Martins of New York City.

"Viva Pancho, the Mexican Che Guevara. Salud y pesos to the poor people of Mexico. May you find true liberation" - CH, London.



A strange mix of high church and low paganism characterises much of the land overrun by Spain

and credit.

Time for a party for the dear departed

This weekend in Mexico, families celebrate the Day of the Dead with an odd mixture of reverence and jollity. Richard Holledge joins the merry mourners.

He walks along the track, a great bundle of bright orange African marigolds over his shoulder. His wife follows, clutching a bucket of water. Behind, the children carelessly handish splashy dahlias. It's a curious little family outing, characterised by a kind of determined quietness.

They are heading out of town to the cemetery to celebrate Mexico's most important religious ceremony, La Día del Muerto - the Day of the Dead. It is an odd mix of Halloween, wild jamboree and serious mourning for the recently departed.

There seemed to be nothing particularly grief-stricken about any of the families who visited the cemetery in Muiltas, a dusty, chaotic suburb to the north of Mexico City. They went about their business of arranging flowers in tins and draping them on the corrugated plastic covers of the graves. The petals from the marigolds are shredded to make into poignant little crosses on the earth in front of the more permanent crosses - often in wood, tied with yarn - that are scattered untidily over the hillside. After a year the dead relative gets a second cross, as if in confirmation that they have gone for ever.

Inside the cemetery everything is conducted with appropriate gravity, with none of the expected great explosions of weeping and Latin emotion that you might expect. On the way to the graves, it is a slightly lighter story. The mourning relatives may have stopped to chat at other mourners at one of the many stalls that line the approach to the cemetery; they may have bought tortillas, munched at little fish, been tempted by alarmingly greasy sausages hanging from makeshift awnings. It is a bit like the annual general meeting of a village WI.

In the days before this weekend's celebrations the country had been a whole lot noisier. The mariachi bands fiddle, strum and blast with unparalleled energy. The shops are crammed with toy skeletons and

devilish masks. On the way back from the city centre our car was "ambushed" by excitable youths. A skeleton hung from a makeshift gallows, a rope stretched across the road. Wearing masks and clutching bottles of Dos Equis, they demanded "ransom" money before allowing us to pass.

Nowhere celebrates with greater passion and greater tourist interest than the colonial city of Patzcuaro, on the edge of the second highest lake in the Americas. Everything about the place is redolent with that strange mix of high church and low paganism that characterises so much of the land overrun by the Spaniards and secured by the priests.

For example, it is hundreds of miles from the high plains around Patzcuaro to the heat of

the Yucatan peninsula and the Mayan city of Chichen Itza. On the walls of the court where they staged the ball game - a sort of ancient basketball, possibly using a skull instead of a ball - a carving shows the captain of the defeated team receiving his just deserts. He has been spectacularly beheaded, his neck spouting great plumes of blood. But is he the loser? One theory has him the winner: the reward for his team's victory a speedy dispatch to the gods.

It is this curious mix of pre-Hispanic attachment to death and the importance of sacrifice that may underlie the modern Indians' atavistic approach to religion and to the dead.

That doesn't altogether explain the red outline of lipstick clinging to a casket containing a recumbent Christ in the Basil-

ica which dominates the city, nor, indeed, a woman praying, clutching a can of Coke in one hand, but perhaps it does something to explain the Mexicans' fascination for death, and a need to acknowledge it with this combination of ritual and superstition.

The museum is filled with grotesque animal masks and human heads with ghastly loling tongues, sprouting horns, infernal scars. A room of ex votos adds to the sense of superstition. Painstakingly carved on strips of tin, they are representations to God to save a sick wife, help a husband who hurt himself at work, spare a man from hanging, cure a man injured in a train crash.

Come the big day, the city - and more particularly the island of Janitzio - becomes a centre for mourning on a grand

scale. Indians from miles around crowd on to boats - they used to be pretty affairs with great butterfly-style nets - and converge on the island with a single candle burning in the bow. The locals ignore the flashing bulbs of the tourists to hold vigils over the dead, chanting gently through the night.

If they stay relatively restrained at the sight of the tourists while the sanctities take place, this quickly changes with daylight. The boat-trips from the mainland to the island are cheered by serenading quartets of guitarists and reedy warblers. A hat is purposefully passed around before we step ashore. The island, with steep paths leading to a vast statue of the 'Independence' fighter Morelos, is a fantastical gallery of shops selling such gaw-gaws as plastic virgins, mugs shaped like bosoms - very popular - combs with your name inscribed, shiny plates and plastic hearts.

The children come out to beg; their mothers try to sell egg-cup shaped little containers of plum jam. In fact, plum stones, as I later discovered. The country becomes infused with a kind of orange fuzz as dropped marigold petals leave wispy tracks along streets and down country lanes.

To the north, in Creel, a lazy, one-horse town on the railway line which links Chihuahua with the coast, the flowers droop in the heat, and pictures of relatives and drawings of the Virgin are wrapped in cellophane as if trying to keep their memory alive a little longer.

MEXICAN WAYS

Getting there: scheduled flights

Competition between European airlines means that air fares to Mexico City are lower, in real terms, than ever before. Through discount agents, British Airways is selling its non-stop Gatwick-Mexico City flight for around £480 return, including tax. Travelling on Air France via Paris, Iberia via Madrid or KLM via Amsterdam can cost even less, with fares around the £400 level sometimes available. These airlines also enable you to travel from one of many UK airports.

It used to be the case that travelling to Mexican destinations outside the capital was relatively cheap on US airlines such as American, via Miami, and Continental, via Houston; recent rises in taxes mean the advantage has largely been lost. It is often cheaper to fly direct to Mexico City and then use

an airpass to travel onwards.

Another option, particularly for destinations in the north of Mexico, is to take advantage of low fares to destinations in Arizona, Texas and southern California offered by all the leading transatlantic airlines, and to travel across the border by land. San Diego and El Paso are the US cities closest to Mexico.

Getting there: charter flights and inclusive holidays

Last year the number of British package holiday-makers going to Mexico more than doubled, and a significant increase is expected this year, too.

There are now numerous charter flights, mainly from Manchester and Gatwick, to the Mexican resorts of Cancun and Puerto Vallarta. (Note that many of these stop en route

to refuel.) Charters are mostly sold as part of package holidays, by operators such as First Choice (0161-745 7000), Airtours (0541 500479) and Thomson (0990 502580). Some flights may have space for "seat only" customers; expect to pay around £300 return to Cancun, and slightly more to Puerto Vallarta.

Red tape

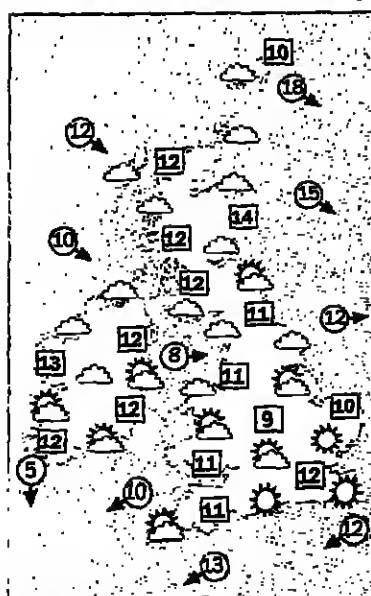
Visitors require a tourist card, which is issued free by the airline when you embark, or at the frontier if you enter by land.

More information

Mexican Ministry of Tourism, 60 Trafalgar Square, London WC2N 5DS (071-734 1058). Note that this office takes a substantial siesta, closing each day from 1.30pm to 3pm.

WEATHER

The British Isles, noon today



Yesterday's midday (gmt): c: cloudy; dr: drizzle; h: heavy; m: mist; o: overcast; s: sunny; b: blizzard

Aberdeen	F 14.57	Cardiff	R 8.46	Leeds	F 9.48	Oxford	C 5.41
Ammanbury	C 11.52	Carlisle	C 10.50	London	C 13.55	Plymouth	N 13.55
Ayr	Dr 12.54	Dumfries	S 12.54	Manchester	C 13.55	Reading	N 13.55
Belfast	R 7.45	Edinburgh	F 14.57	Newcastle	N 13.55	Sheffield	N 13.55
Birmingham	C 11.52	Glasgow	C 10.50	Nottingham	C 13.55	Southampton	N 13.55
Blackpool	F 8.46	Exeter	C 10.50	Southend	C 13.55	Stoke Newington	N 13.55
Bournemouth	C 10.50	Gloucester	C 11.52	Swansea	C 12.54	Stroud	C 12.54
Brighton	N 12.54	Harrogate	C 11.52	Torquay	C 13.55	Warrington	C 13.55
Bristol	C 11.52	Leamington	C 11.52	Wrexham	C 13.55	York	C 13.55

Atlantic chart, noon today



World weather: most recent available figures at noon local time

Amsterdam	S 10.50	Frankfurt	S 8.46	New York	S 18.51
Athens	S 13.55	Geneva	S 8.46	Osaka	S 18.51
Auckland	N 18.51	Glasgow	S 13.55	Paris	S 18.51
Bangkok	F 30.86	Helsinki	M 4.39	Prague	S 8.46
Barcelona	S 14.57	Hong Kong	S 27.81	Rangoon	S 27.81
Berlin	C 25.77	Istanbul	C 11.52	Reykjavik	S 27.81
Belgrade	F 8.43	Jakarta	C 23.73	Singapore	S 27.81
Bombay	C 7.45	Jerusalem	F 21.70	Rome	S 18.51
Brussels	S 13.55	Kuala Lumpur	S 18.51	Stockholm	S 18.51
Buenos Aires	S 13.55	Laos	S 13.55	Sydney	C 22.72
Cairo	C 24.75	London	C 13.55	Taipei	S 18.51
Cebu	F 29.84	Madrid	C 14.57	Tokyo	S 18.51
Colon	C 21.70	Melbourne	F 22.72	Vladivostok	S 18.51
Copenhagen	C 13.55	Mexico City	C 24.75	Warsaw	S 18.51
Christchurch	F 11.52	Miami	C 28.82	Washington	S 18.51
Dacca	F 15.59	Moscow	C 8.46	Wellington	S 18.51
Dhaka	C 8.46	Munich	S 8.46	Zurich	S 18.51

AA Roadwatch

London, A305 Hammerhead Bridge. Closed until January 1998. Sunley, M25 J10 Lane closures both ways until further notice. Black, M5 J18-19 Contrail on A1000. West, M1 J47. Major long-term roadworks. Bucks, M40 J14-15. Roadworks with contraflow J14 (M25) and J15. Bedfordshire, A505. Lane closure on A505. Greater Manchester, A527. Roadworks. Temporary lights on A527. Tyne & Wear, A166. Roadworks at Widdowburn. City of Edinburgh, Lady Road. Bridge maintenance work at bridges at Carnoustie, 10/11/97. South Ayrshire, Stranraer Bridge, Bann. Bridge closed for roadworks until 0600 Monday 3rd November. A11 Durbin. Temporary traffic lights causing delays. East Ayrshire, Little Bieldside Rd. Roadworks. Closed for roadworks. Devon, A303. Temporary traffic lights causing delays. Devon, A303. Temporary traffic lights causing delays.

The sky at night



Lighting-up times

Size and shape compared

Mars

Venus

Horizon

... and the crescent moon at
... Earth, Venus and Mars
... close to greatest elongation,

... - the Moon, Venus and
... in the early evening sky
... crescent Moon completes a
... and a considerably fainter
... light. As darkness falls around
... in the SSW, shortly before
... dominant as day length short-

Air quality

Yesterday's readings	Wilt	Stz
London	Good	Good
Wales	Good	Good
SE England	Good	Good
Wales	Good	Good
SE England	Good	Good
Wales	Good	Good
SE England	Good	Good
Wales	Good	Good
SE England	Good	Good
Wales	Good	Good

Outlook for today

Wilt	Stz
London	Good
Wales	Good
SE England	Good
Wales	Good
SE England	Good
Wales	Good
SE England	Good
Wales	Good
SE England	Good
Wales	Good

High tides

AM	HT	PM	HT
London	2.06	7.1	14.19
Liverpool	11.33	9.4	23.48
Aberdeen	7.31	13.0	18.45
Hull (Albert Dock)	6.34	8.6	18.51
Glasgow	0.41	3.4	13.15
Dublin	11.51	4.0	-

Sun and moon

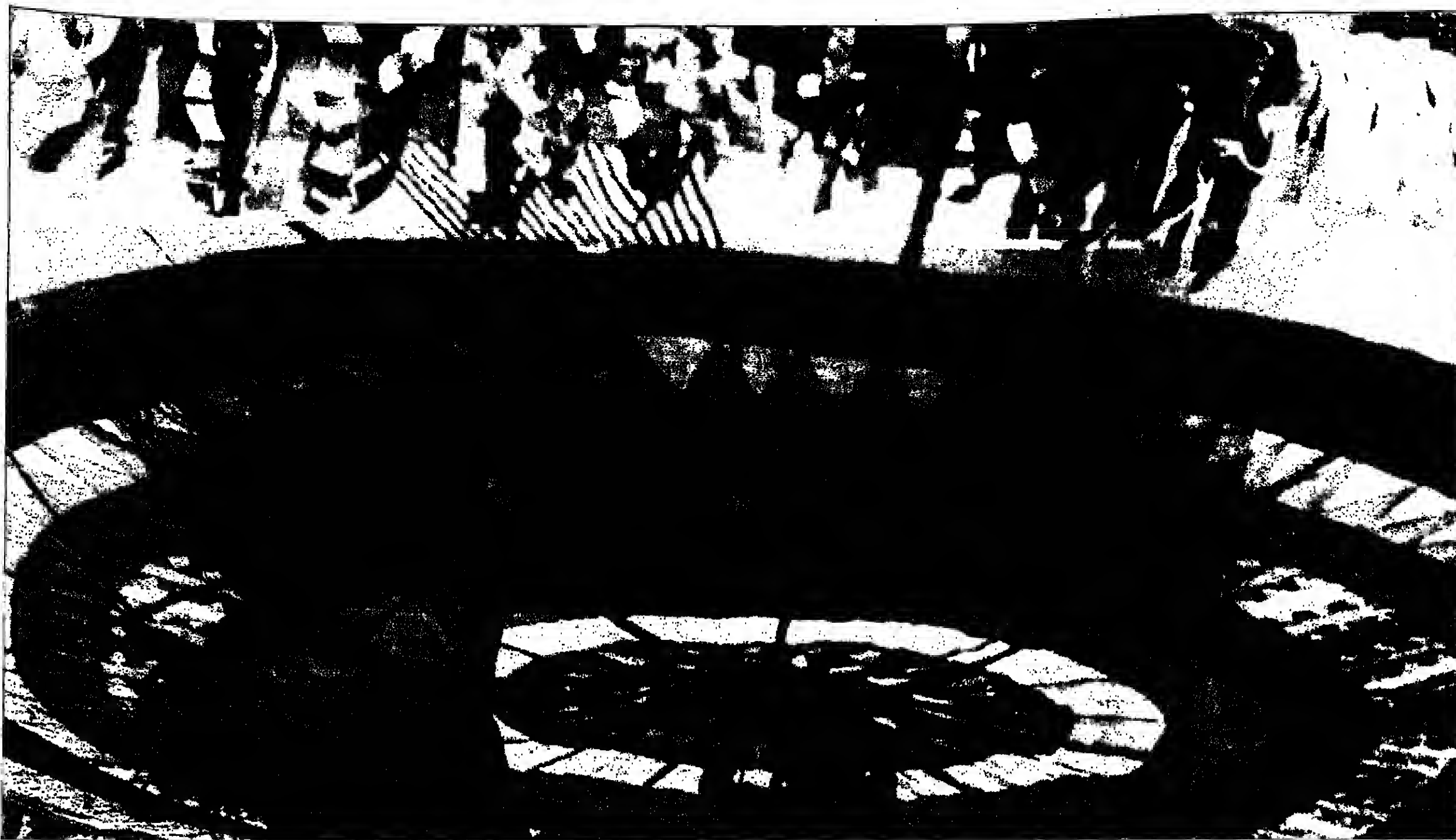
Sun rises	6:54am
Sun sets	4:33pm
Moon rises	7:40am
Moon sets	5:21pm
First quarter	Nov 7

Jacqueline Mitton

سكرا من الامم

3/ALL SOULS

Dancing on a string in Guatemala City



Ephemeral beauty: the kites of Santiago Sacatepequez take days to make, and may fly for just a few seconds

Photograph: M L Minns

Today, in the little town of Santiago Sacatepequez in Guatemala, the skies will be filled with vibrantly coloured kites. Marianna Minns watches the celebrations there for All Saints' Day.

The rustle of tissue paper flapping in the wind forms an orchestra of sounds, a rhythmic plea to the saints to watch over their people and join in the celebration. Vibrant colours bleed into the sharp blue sky and shout out through geometric patterns. It becomes a rush hour in the sky as swarms of hand-made kites, or *barriletes*, of all sizes, jostle about. They are stretched up as high as possible, to bring the people closer to the spirits and their loved ones. It is said that the noise of the kites beating against the wind annoys the evil spirits, since for a long time there was a problem with evil spirits invading the cemetery and troubling people in the town. At one time benevolent spirits wandered the streets looking for help. Now, no one is too sure whether they are still doing that, but kite-

flying seems a good enough reason to protect people from malevolence.

It is All Saints' Day, in the small town of Santiago Sacatepequez in the heart of Guatemala, where a curious tradition turns the day into a major event. Every year on 1 and 2 November, hundreds of people from neighbouring villages and from Guatemala City descend on this town to witness the spectacle in honour of the dead. Families gather to watch or take part, sitting on tombs that have been decorated with real and artificial gaudy flowers and evergreen wreaths. The poorer graves are simple mounds of earth, some of which have been coated in white plaster and adorned with pink and orange petals. The cemetery, high on a hill with a sweeping view over a lush landscape, becomes a playground and park, with children running round graves, only concerned with fighting for air space for their kites.

Families picnic, young soldiers patrol, unmercifully negotiating graves whilst carrying rifles, and it becomes anything but the peaceful resting-place that it should be. Yet here in Guatemala nothing is sombre, least

of all All Saints' Day. It seems to be one big party.

Santiago Sacatepequez celebrates this day in a particular way. In the weeks running up to the event, young men painstakingly put together giant kites so large, it is hard to believe that they can fly. The largest span six metres, are supported by cane sticks in the form of a wheel, and take at least three men to lift them. There is a curious contradiction in the fragility of the kite body and the clumsy-looking, heavy frame supporting it. Yet somehow they reach the sky.

No one seems certain where the tradition of kite building came from, but it is firmly adhered to amongst the Cakchiquel Indians. It is known that one of the main reasons for flying kites is *per Alegria de los muertos*, or "to entertain the dead". Women do not get involved in constructing the kites although they certainly have a hand in preparing and selling food on the day. Kites are solely the preserve of the men, who form part of a committee which then plans the kite-making.

And the kites are beautifully made. Tiny squares of brightly-coloured tissue paper

form exciting patterns as a backdrop to pictures portraying pre-Columbian scenes, native to the indigenous people. Tassels of tissue paper flutter round the edges and the final piece of art is proudly carried through the town to be displayed on the lower part of the graveyard. The kites are lined up before it is their turn to fly. It is an anxious time, as a lot of money, time and creativity have been poured into the work – and picking the right moment is vital if the kite is not going to rip and smash trying to get airborne. Young men attach ropes to the kites to stabilise them and when they think the moment is right, they tug on the ropes using all their force to persuade the kite to catch the wind. People encourage them, shouting and clapping, and sympathise with the unsuccessful.

A few moments of glory while a giant kite glides in the air is usually all that is possible, but that doesn't seem to matter, and people hold their breath to stare. They watch it crash to the ground, and the design crumples.

This is expected. Kites rarely survive intact, and the effort that goes into making

Getting there

The cheapest routes to Guatemala and the rest of Central America are on Continental Airlines via Houston, or KLM via Amsterdam, or Iberia via Madrid and on Avianca via Bogota. The best specialist agencies are Journey Latin America (0181-747 3108), South American Experience (0171-976 5511) and Steatmond (0171-730 8646). Each offers return flights to Guatemala and most Central American cities for about £550, including tax.

It may be cheaper, though, to fly to Mexico City (for as little as £400 return) and travel from there by bus or air.

Getting around

Apart from an air route between Guatemala City and Flores, most transport around the country is by bus, which is both cheap and frequent. The US State Department warns that "Highway robberies by armed thieves have increased significantly over the past year and have occurred in all parts of the country. Tourist vans have been particularly susceptible targets".

More information

The Embassy of Guatemala, 13 Raucelet Street, London SW10 (0171-351 3042) can provide tourist information.

them is made knowing that their life span is short.

At the end of the day, coloured tissue paper litters the ground, mingling with the flowers on the graves. Families head home, the young boys carrying the damaged kites with pride. They may have had only seconds

watching their kites lift into the air, but you sense that the happiness has not been only for the dead – and that the party is not yet over. There will be much talking and laughter late into the evening. Perhaps the good spirits are watching that, too, and having a hearty chuckle.

When the saints come marching in ...

At this time of year, avoid churchyards and don't look at your shadow ... Paul Valley on the significance of All Hallows' Day.

This is the season of the dead. All around the world, at the beginning of November, local customs recall that at this time many thought the supernatural held sway upon the earth. The notion, prompted as it is by the winter equinox, ought to be confined to the cultures of the northern hemisphere. But thanks to the influence of the Catholic Church, the wall between the earth and the heavens is breached this weekend all across the globe.

In many cultures the imagery

for this is now primarily Christian. The first of November is All Saints' Day (or All Hallows' Day) when the church celebrates the lives of martyrs and others who led heroic gospel-inspired lives. It dates back to the second century when Christians would hold eucharistic services at martyrs' tombs "in memory of those athletes who have gone before, and to train and make ready those who are to come hereafter," as one second-century writer put it. Originally it was held on the Friday after Easter, but in the ninth century it was moved to November.

It struck new resonance there. Among pre-Christian cultures, such as the Celts, winter began on 1 November, when tradition had it that the sun it-

self entered the gates of hell and allowed evil spirits into the world for 48 hours. The Church, which was adept at appropriating pagan festivals, covered this extended period by making 2 November a day when the faithful pray that all those who have died should be released from purgatory, the place where souls are purged of their sins before they pass into heaven. It is called All Souls' Day, while the night before All Hallows, Halloween, was once a Church vigil too, until Rome suppressed the practice as recently as 1955.

All around the world old superstitions cling to the season. The souls of the dead return at this time to their hearts to warn themselves, so it is as well to take measures to keep spirits at bay. Traditional advice was to avoid churchyards, not look behind at sounds in the night, to avert your eyes from your shadow in the moonlight and refrain from hunting for fear of wounding a wandering spirit. Other traditions centred around prophecy – often to find the identity of a future spouse – which was easier at this time when the veil between the overworld and the underworld was briefly lifted. Certain of pagan traditions

were transferred to local saints. It was only in 1234 that Rome arrogated to itself the power to veto the creation of new saints. Before then the local bishop could approve them. Each locality had its own saints who dominated the Catholic imagination in medieval times. The veneration of saints was one of the things Luther and the Protestant reformers objected to, arguing that prayers to saints detracted from the status of Christ as the mediator between God and humanity.

Of course, we are all saints now. The tragic circumstances of her death were sufficient to have Princess Diana widely proclaimed to have joined Mother Teresa in heaven. St Paul might have approved – he used the word as a synonym for a Christian – though more modern theologians might object. But there was in the response to her death a hint that, even in an age of rationalism, an echo lingers of the old feelings about the interstice between life and death, between reason and faith. Behind the quaint carnivals of the season there still lingers the suspicion that there may be more to heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.



A church near Creel: a mix of Christianity and superstition imbues All Souls Day

WORLD COVER

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East of Berlin, west of Stalingrad: Europe's killing forest

This week, plans were announced to turn Hitler's alpine retreat above Berchtesgaden into an exhibition centre. But the Führer's main war-time HQ is already a tourist attraction. In 1941, a tranquil patch of eastern Poland became centre stage for the theatre of war. Simon Calder walked through the woods where the Führer lived and almost died.

A maple leaf, the colour of rust, is plucked by the cool, westerly breeze and wafts to earth a few feet nearer Russia. While sunlight dances through slender trees, a delicious trace of woodsmoke drifts by. Under a clear, bright sky, an autumn walk through the Ketrzyn woods of eastern Poland is an exercise in serenity. Yet as you amble further, in the general direction of Moscow, gross and ghostly shapes begin to rise out of the terrain.

Half a century ago, this fair forest concealed the *Wolfsschanze* – the Wolf's Lair, as the Führer's headquarters was known. During World War 2 Adolf Hitler spent longer in this obscure corner of (then) East Prussia than in any other location, and it was here that he came closest to dying, before taking his own life amid a disintegrating Berlin.

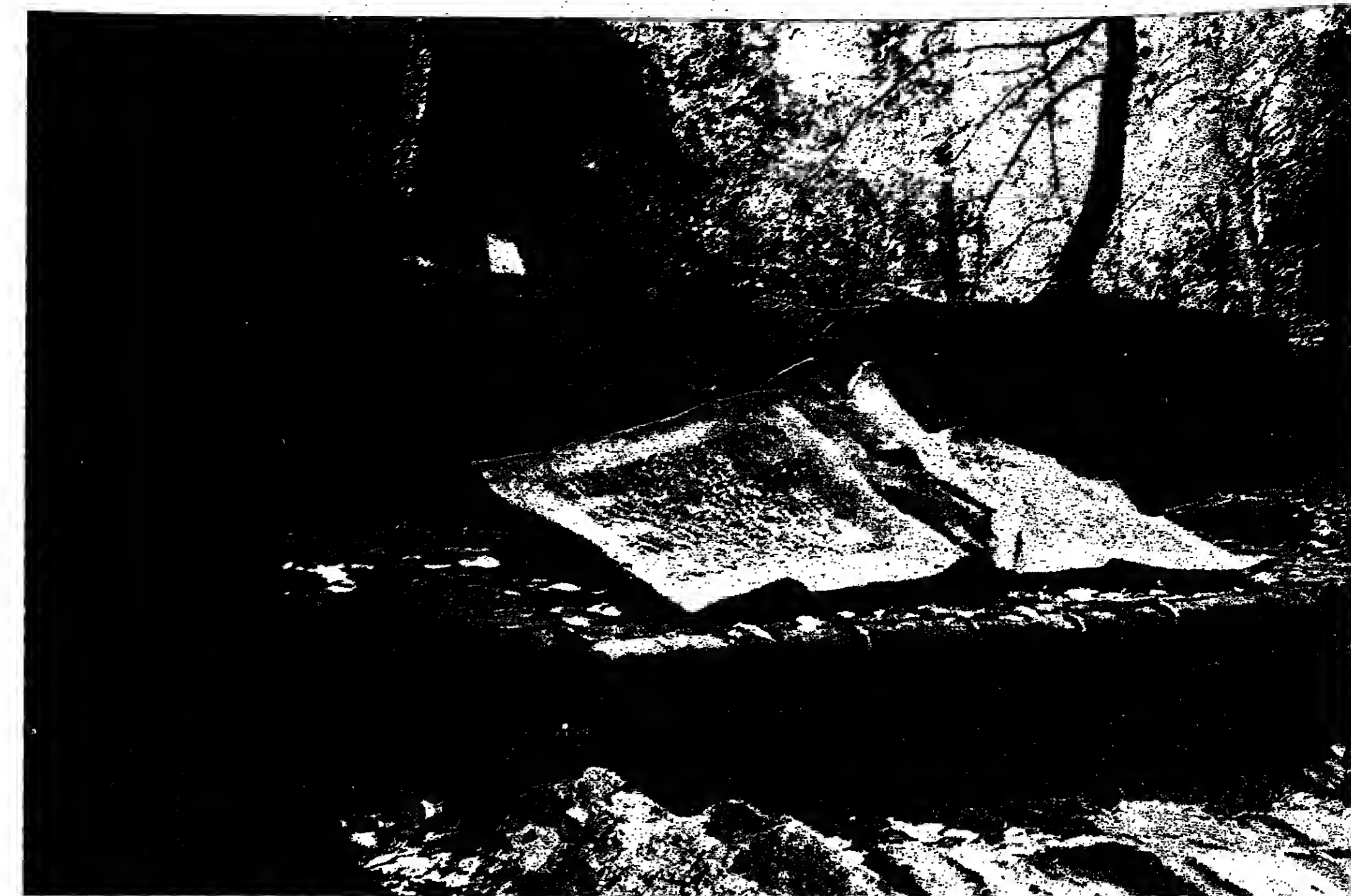
You wouldn't come here by accident. This destination is so remote that it doesn't feature in the Thomas Cook *European Time-table*. Board a bus before dawn in the port city of Gdansk, and after five hours of meandering along the cheerier side of the Russian border, you arrive in a small country town.

Even in the sparse text of eastern Europe, Ketrzyn feels like barely a comma. Once, you reflect, this town was known as Rastenburg and echoed with German voices.

In only a few moments you have left behind the assortment of dwellings strewn around the tired old station. A field annexed from the lazily rolling countryside is being ploughed by a horse, the only manifestation of energy to impinge upon a placid picture. But as you wander onwards and eastwards, a single-track railway converges with the road.

This line brought Adolf Hitler from Berlin to his lair in the woods. In 1940, prior to the invasion of the Soviet Union, 3,000 Germans created a *Führerhauptquartiere* in an East Prussian wilderness. On 24 June 1941, soon after the war against the USSR began, the Führer arrived. The Wolf's Lair moved centre stage in the theatre of war.

Today, the sight that awaits you is as startling as it is chilling. Huge shapes, twisted at vicious angles, conspire to block the pale sun. In a gentler world – the jungle of central America, say – you would assume you had stumbled upon some lost Mayan



city that had fallen victim to an earthquake. The sole purpose of this conurbation, however, was to direct the Third Reich's struggle for world domination. When all was lost, the destruction turned in on itself. But that was later.

In the early Forties, an over-eager estate agent might have pointed to the range of amenities available to new arrivals at the Wolf's Lair: a subterranean sauna, a cinema and even a casino were created to entertain the Nazi warriors between moving troops along the Eastern Front and consigning Jews to concentration camps and near-certain death.

The residents were not the sort of people anyone would want as neighbours. Besides Hitler and his Alsatian dog Blondi, Hermann Göring and Martin Bormann had personal bunkers – as did Ribbentrop, who had connived with the USSR to carve up Poland in 1939. At its height, the Wolf's Lair was home to more than 2,000 people, many of them detailed to protect the Führer.

Elaborate precautions were taken to conceal the lair from prying Allied eyes. Besides the natural covering afforded by abundant mixed woodland, nets were strung across the bunkers. These were covered with vegetation appropriate for the season, to make the lair indistinguishable from the endless forest. The site was never attacked from outside while the Nazis were in residence.

The wreckage you witness was administered by the fleeing German military in January 1945, three days before the Red Army arrived. After Soviet troops triumphed at Stalingrad in 1943, the Eastern Front began to crumble. To prevent the USSR making use of the site on the westward offensive, the Nazis set about a well-rehearsed programme of blowing

up the bunkers. As further deterrence, 10,000 land-mines were laid; it later took 11 years to clear them. The structures that have survived more or less intact were the remnants of daily life, such as the echoing tea house – empty but for splashes of sunlight. Evidence is strewn everywhere of a forest whose innocence has been violated.

to the map of facilities at Center Parc. It reads, though, like a guide to a nightmarish theme park: "12 – Flak Bunker ... 27 – Führer escort battalion barracks ... 21 – teleprinter exchange (reinforced 1944) ..."

As you tour the Wolf's Lair, such clinical detail makes you try to comprehend the collective insanity that created and then destroyed the

nation's soul alive, many patriots concluded, the Führer must die.

The only way to penetrate Hitler's personal escort battalion was for a trusted officer to carry out the assassination. The obvious candidate to carry out the tyrannicide was Colonel Claus Schenk von Stauffenberg. A war hero, who lost his right hand and left eye in North

the colonel's non-fatal flaw in unemotional language: "The inclusion of the second charge, even without a second detonator, would have magnified the power of the blast not twofold but many times, killing everyone in the room outright."

At the moment when the briefcase exploded, it was in such a position that the full force of the blast

jagged masonry to explore the place where some of the world's darkest deeds were perpetrated.

To visualise the scale, imagine a medium-sized aircraft hangar constructed out of 6-ft-thick slabs of concrete. After what looks like some gigantic geological calamity, the warren of living quarters and offices is barely identifiable beneath tomb-



A memorial to heroic failure (top): the scene of the most determined attack on Hitler's life, with a tribute to the would-be assassin, Claus von Stauffenberg. When all was lost, the Nazis destroyed their own lair; remnants of daily life, such as the tea house (right) are scattered around the woods.

Photographs: Simon Calder



Relative to its size, Poland suffered more than any other country in the Second World War. At the end of the conflict it regained its identity and lands, including the woods of Gorlitz (the pre-war Prussian name). The town and forest were renamed after a local hero, and the site preserved for tourists. If the attendance last weekend is typical, almost all the visitors are German.

From a tourist's point of view the facilities are excellent. In the restaurant that has risen from the foundations of the old SS barracks, you can eat "Wolf Ragout" – broth infiltrated by meatballs (beef, not wolf). Or tuck into a beetroot/sauerkraut/potato combination that Hitler, a vegetarian, would have favoured. It is a curious mix of rivetting historic site, weary state institution and brash new enterprise: REM's "Shiny Happy People" wails insensitively out of a radio shoved into a refurbished corner.

Knowing the history of the place, I was shocked to walk in and encounter a room full of uniforms. It turned out to be a prizegiving ceremony for Polish Army reservists. The Nazis' self-destruction had failed, I reflected; the victors had found a military use for the wreckage of the lair.

As with any tourist venue, a map marks out the highlights. From a distance, it seems comfortably similar

place. Architecture – if slamming vast slabs of reinforced concrete together to create fearsome monoliths can be so described – born from violence has itself been brutalised.

The menacing collage of concrete remains much as it was when, one harsh winter's morning in 1945, a sequence of explosions tore through it – with two exceptions. One is that the forest is taking reprisals for its desecration: elegant, twisting roots are slowly strangling the monstrous foundations, while a canopy of birch, fir and maple casts shadows on the scene of wickedness. The other is a bronze memorial placed at the entrance to one particularly badly wrecked building. It was placed here five years ago by the children of a German officer who nearly became a hero.

After the Soviet counter-attack and the success of the Allies in the Normandy landings, the German Resistance became desperate. Throughout the war the anti-Hitler movement had included some high-ranking officers, but attempts at decisive action had always faltered in a muddle of betrayals.

A crushing defeat seemed inevitable, despite Germany's supremacy in rocket technology and progress on atomic weapons. Roosevelt, Stalin and Churchill had already agreed the dissection of Germany when they met at Casablanca in 1943. To keep the

Africa, he was appointed chief of staff for a new reservist force. This role gave him direct access to Hitler. On 20 July 1944, he was to attend a meeting with the Führer in the "General Situations" bunker.

Von Stauffenberg arrived with two bombs, each weighing about two pounds. He slipped out to an accomplice's quarters to prime the bombs, but owing to an interruption he carried only one of them into the meeting-room.

As you clamber over the ruins, your feet seeking a sure grip on wreckage now invaded by some mischievous mushrooms, you try to imagine the drama played out within these walls. Von Stauffenberg's bomb was placed beneath the heavy table, crucially with a massive table leg separating it from Hitler.

The colonel left the room, ostensibly to take a prearranged telephone call, and fled from the bunker. At 12.40pm, the bomb exploded. Von Stauffenberg climbed into a car that was waiting to take him south through the woodland to Wolfsschanze's own landing-strip. He paused long enough to see a body covered by the Führer's cloak being carried out of the building, and concluded that he had changed the course of history.

The definitive account of the events of 20 July is by Joachim Fest, himself a wartime soldier. He reports

was deflected away from the Führer. Four people at the meeting died, but Hitler received only minor wounds.

You can trace von Stauffenberg's journey, and ponder upon the point when he believed his mission to have succeeded. By the time the dust had settled, his aircraft had departed for Berlin and a well-organised coup was seemingly under way. But before the plan to install a replacement military command could be properly implemented, the Führer himself was speaking on German radio.

Von Stauffenberg was executed by firing squad a few hours later. Over the next few months, 5,000 others were arrested on suspicion of conspiracy.

Had Hitler been killed, the war could have been curtailed and millions of lives saved – notably those of Poles (both Jews and gentiles) who perished in concentration camps and the Warsaw Uprising. The post-war political map of Europe might have looked different: Poland, for example, might have avoided close on half a century of Soviet domination. And the Wolf's Lair might have been preserved intact as a monument to madness.

The Führer survived to spend another five months in the bunker, which was marked with a single identification number: 13. Signs warn against venturing into the ruins, but plenty of visitors risk the dangerous,

like slabs. The lifeless grey tones of the wretched concrete are transcended by light idling through the trees, highlighting leaves that range from deep green to fierce gold.

Each autumn's gentle scattering of maple detritus conceals a little more of the horror, and nurtures new growths. Woodland stripped of its purity is reasserting the supremacy of nature.

The Führer is dead; long live the forest.

Simon Calder bought a return flight from London to Warsaw on the Polish airline LOT for £185, through *Pegaz* (0171-451 7000). He travelled by train to Gdansk (about £5), then by bus (£3) to Ketrzyn. From the town you can walk to the Wolf's Lair in 90 minutes, or take one of the half-dozen buses each day (fare 20 pence). Admission to the Wolf's Lair costs £1. You can stay in a hotel on the site of the former SS barracks for around £1 per night.

'Plotting Hitler's Death' is the English translation of Joachim Fest's *Straussreich: Der Lange Weg zum 20 Juli*. It is published in paperback by Phoenix, price £7.99.

The Polish National Tourist Office, First Floor, Remo House, 310-312 Regent Street, London W1R 5AJ (0171 580 8811) can supply useful maps and other material.

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5/POLAND

THE INDEPENDENT
SATURDAY
1 NOVEMBER 1997

48 hours in the life of ... Warsaw

You need a break – and a short-cut to the soul of a city. Each week, 'The Independent' provides a prescription for the perfect weekend away. This week, Simon Calder makes a pact with Warsaw, capital of Poland

Why go now?

Because Warsaw is at a delicious cusp: between shaking off the stagnation of nearly half a century of domination by Moscow, and becoming a premier league weekend-break destination. So you can enjoy a city where the tourist is still a rarity, yet benefit from a place where sassy new restaurants have joined the stock of Soviet-era milk bars to create a unique ambience. And in which other European capital could you stay in a hotel called, in all seriousness, "Garrison No 1"?

Beam down

The British bus company National Express has most of the angles covered. Its subsidiary, Fregata Travel (0171-451 7000), is an Eastern European specialist that offers cheap flights to Warsaw. For a Heathrow-Warsaw return on LOT Polish Airlines I paid £185 return; from today, this now costs £195 because of the increase in Air Passenger Duty.

The tax rise is likely to steer more passengers towards another National Express associate, Eurolines (01582-404511). This company operates regular buses to Warsaw from various UK departure points, for around £100 return. But with a journey time of around 24 hours, this does not make for a relaxing weekend.

Take a ride

Assuming you arrive by air, it is imperative to ignore the touts who greet all new arrivals at Warsaw airport: the very best you could hope for is to be comprehensively fleeced for a taxi ride into town. Instead, take a ride on the 175 bus. Change your money before passport control. Then clear a path from Arrivals to Departures on the upper level. Buy a bus ticket (or, while you're at it, 10 tickets), price 1.40zł each, which works out at 25 pence. This will allow you to board the bus, which should be waiting outside – there is a service every 15 minutes or so for most of the day.

In the course of its half-hour journey, the bus will take you through the city's entire architectural repertoire – from broad, tree-lined avenues with ranks of apartment blocks in the background, through hectares of dismal Socialist Realist cuboids and past the monumental Palace of Culture and Science, Stalin's bequest to Warsaw.

Get off the bus at the start of the Old Town, marked by the column of King Sigismund III.

Get your bearings

If you find yourself facing what looks like a breathtakingly preserved medieval masterpiece, that's because it has all been painstakingly reconstructed since the Second World War, when almost all of Warsaw was destroyed.

Sadly, only the core of the city was re-created: the Stare Miasto (Old Town), in which you find yourself standing, and the Nowe Miasto (New Town), based on a street plan that is almost as old. South runs the Royal Way. To the immediate east is the



In the air: Warsaw is on the verge of shaking off the stagnation of the old USSR and becoming a booming tourist destination

Photograph: Geraint Lewis

Cultural afternoon

The Warsaw Historical Museum, which occupies a large chunk of the north side of Old Town Square, begins like any other repository of municipal history – with several storeys of how the city came to be. Then the tale takes a series of shattering twists, when the grim story of how a city with the one of the largest, liveliest Jewish communities in Europe could have been destroyed so wantonly and completely. Determinedly shocking, deeply moving.

Window shopping

Hal! The last people to go seriously shopping in Warsaw were Russians, prior to 1989. The best souvenir among the retail doldrums is to be found at the airport duty-free shop, where a half-litre of Zubrowka (bisoo grass) vodka costs just £1.50.

An aperitif

Just inside the Old Town wall, on the north side of Kapitulna, a wine cellar has somehow survived the transition from Communism without becoming a Mafia bolthole – and the nation's brewers have rediscovered the art of making tasty beer, rather than the soapy ditchwater served up pre-1989.

Demure dinner

The first cheap, cheerful and chic restaurant opened in Warsaw about six months ago. Brzeska, located on Krakowskie Przedmiescie (the first stretch of the Royal Way, opposite Traugutta) is most easily spotted by the image of a duck in the window, next to a shop with some bright yellow Camel window shades. Inside, this spit-level bistro achieves a feat which has eluded most chefs in Warsaw: serving simple, fresh and filling dishes. A comprehensive meal might cost £5, including a few beers to wash it down.

Sunday morning: go to church

Almost every street in the centre contains a church heavy with ornamentation. The massive cathedral in the Old Town is a minor miracle in brick, while St Anne's, just south of the Royal Castle, retains its dignity despite having been moved a few dozen yards south to make way for an underpass.

Bracing brunch

Get there soon, because the superbly located Bar pod Barbakanem, next to the New Town barbican, cannot possibly survive the influx of foreign funds. This splendid hangover from Communist days dispenses pancakes, eggs, bread and a sweet, brownish liquid described as "cocoa" in surreal milk bar surroundings, for around £1.

A walk in the park

Back to Lazienki, a kind of three-dimensional, underpopulated version of Versailles. Keep moving, rather than opting for its "attractions", which include a Snake Museum and Torture Museum. Instead, revel in some sublime royal indulgences.

The icing on the cake

Don't bother ascending "Stalin's wedding cake" – the Palace of Culture and Sport is best seen from the 36th-floor bar of the Marriott Hotel which kindly has a Happy Hour, 5pm-7pm daily. Two beers will set you back £2, while you marvel at the sprawl of the city and, beyond, the unremittingly flat terrain that earned Poland the title "North Dakota of Europe".

Wisla (Vistula) river; beyond it, and in all other directions, sprawls the artless architecture created when Warsaw was an unwilling participant in a Pact with the USSR.

Check in

Just two recommendations, but both are gems. Hotel Garnizowowy Nr 1, a former army hotel, is neatly adjacent to the Old Town at ulica Mazowiecka 10

(00 48 22 827 2365). A twin room costs £18. Close by, the Hotel Warszawa (corner of Swietokryska and Szpitalna (00 48 22 826 9421), is unconstructed Soviet swaggar with double rooms from £50.

Take a hike

The Royal Way is the way. In an hour you can comfortably walk along a broad boulevard, laid out two centuries ago, from the Old Town to Lazienki Park.

Lunch on the run

The first time I visited Warsaw, in 1985, you could barely find anywhere to eat out. Compared with even a year ago, there are now far more places along the Way where you can grab a satisfying snack. But hold out, if you can, to enjoy perfect pierogi (spicy dumplings) washed down with creamy, bitter hot chocolate at the small, cosy café in the north-west corner of the park.

When they start with capital letters, the words "Experience" and "Heritage" usually bear unfortunate connotations. The Heritage industry is a branch of tourism that seems concerned mainly with paying people to pretend to do the jobs that until recently they performed for real. At the National Fisheries Museum in Grimsby, for example, ex-trawlermen work as (forgive the phrase) cod fishermen, for the benefit of tourists.

And, in general, to experience an "Experience" is to be battered with multimedia banalities; fundamentals are concealed lest they be too intellectually demanding.

So I approached the BBC Experience with trepidation. The new attraction opened to the public two days ago, occupying an area in the bowels of Broadcasting House that was previously studio space for making radio programmes. Today, it is populated by actors pretending to be technical staff so that tourists can pretend to be actors. But only a churl would deny that the chance to play opposite Joe Grundy in a spoof edition of *The Archers* is a truly enjoyable and instructive.

To bring the best of everything to the greatest number of homes, that was John Reith's promise on becoming the BBC's first director-general.

Seventy-five years on, the Corporation is spending heavily to tempt people out of their homes and into Broadcasting House.

Sixty thousand licence fees were consumed to creating the BBC Experience. Its boss, Mike McDonald, reckons the cash will be repaid within seven years if the predicted number of punters can be prevailed upon to pay £5.75 (about three weeks' worth of licence fee), for the 100-minute, um, experience.

He may be proved right. The BBC Experience is essentially an exercise in self-glorification, but by a rare institution that has reason to rejoice.

New arrivals are mustered in an exhibition area where Guglielmo Marconi's quantum leap towards wireless transmission is explained. Then you are sat down in front of a bank of seven screens to witness the logical conclusion of the pioneer's work: a filmed account of a day in the life of BBC radio, from a strident dawn chorus of Radios 1 and 5 Live to that soothing premed known as the final shipping forecast on Radio 4.

In fact, this slick presentation was put together last April – so long ago that a Conservative government was still in power and Mark Radcliffe

presented the breakfast show on Radio 1. To show that the BBC never sins still, closed-circuit cameras have been installed in key Radio 5 Live studios and offices, so you can see programmes being assembled and broadcast.

Suddenly, pressurised presenters and production staff find themselves unwitting points of interest; I predict a



SIMON CALDER

swift enhancement of sartorial standards among radio staff. Next, the mock studio, where visitors concoct a counterfeit episode of *The Archers* with the help of a real (or at least on-tape) Joe Grundy; much jollity as spoof Borseshire accents collide with mistimed sound effects and a grumpy Grundy. Goodness knows what polite Japanese tourists will make of it all.

The Experience really begins to show when you move from a fictionalised present to the all-too-real past. Radio archive material has been cleverly intercut with images to merge 75 years of British history with the BBC, until the two are virtually congruent.

The main omission, though, is painfully obvious: the death of Diana. If the schedule that created the BBC Experience in just a year was thought too tight to allow late changes, the Corporation's news team could surely have demonstrated otherwise. If, on the other hand, the decision was made on grounds of decorum, why sell the video of the Princess's funeral in the shop?

The final third is a "free-flow" area, Experience-ese for a part where you can dawdle or dash through hi-tech, hands-on exhibits. You may, for example, watch transfixed as Michael Fish gets ready for a TV weather forecast. You learn that he is the one person in the country without a clear view of the weather map; colour separation technology means he faces a near-blank patch of blue, which explains why weather presenters stick to broad sweeps of the band in order to sustain the illusion.

The BBC performs a similar trick, defying intuition yet

somehow delivering. Enough people, inside and outside the Corporation, have shown sufficient belief that an organisation whose raison d'être is purely transient has become custodian for the spirit of a nation – and, now, purveyor of a good day out.

If your High Street travel agency looks a little empty today, that could be because your travel agent is in Tenerife, for the annual jolly known as the Association of British Travel Agents' convention. Labour's Nigel Griffiths neatly summed up last year's event by referring to "that grey area between networking and oot working".

Networking, and indeed not working, is often alcohol-assisted. Every organisation with something to sell (ie all of them) plies the travel trade, and assorted hangers-on such as journalists, with impressive ranges of refreshment.

The whole soggy saga is summed up by an invite from the Belgian tourist office to "Get ABTAJutely Mannekin Pis***". As well as free fries and mayonnaise, the invitation promises "Barrel Loads of BEER!" And if you still haven't got the message, there's a picture of Brussels' most celebrated tourist attraction urinating into a beer glass.

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7/SKIING

THE INDEPENDENT
SATURDAY
1 NOVEMBER 1997

Seeing red when a green turns out to be black

For a good day's skiing, can you trust a piste map? Stephen Wood thinks not.

Guy Tillotson, a 25-year-old firefighter from London, had a weekend to kill in New York last February. He decided to go skiing. The people with whom he was staying suggested that he go to Killington, the biggest resort on the US East Coast. Tillotson checked with a couple of ski shops in the city, and they told him that there was good, challenging skiing there. So he took the train up into Vermont.

Having skied in the Alps since the age of five, Tillotson is a good skier. But he had never skied in America, and knew nothing of Killington. The first time he saw a piste map was on the way to the resort, and, he says, "the runs looked good on paper". Then he skied them - and was very disappointed. "I would say that the toughest runs, the double-diamond blacks, were just easy reds by alpine standards. There was nothing more difficult than that."

Tillotson was lucky: if he had seen the same piste map at home, showing 10 of those runs ("most difficult - use extra caution"), he might have been tempted to fly over for a week's skiing at Killington. As it was, he had paid only for a return journey from New York.

Every skier knows that you can't really trust a piste map, because every resort wants its map to have the full spectrum of colours, from easy greens for beginners to

tough blacks for experts. One resort director I talked to admitted that although piste-grading is intended to serve as a reference by which skiers can relate runs in different resorts, it reliably shows only the relative difficulty of runs within an individual resort - because resorts cannot resist the temptation to define their most difficult runs as blacks and the easiest as green, with the reds and blues somewhere in between.

There are local idiosyncrasies to each piste map, too. Take Val d'Isère, some of whose green runs could, in the words of the *Good Skiing Guide*, "frighten the life out of you": all skiers like to be able to ski home, and the resort offers runs to the bottom of the valley which ostensibly cater for every ability. But a couple of them are much more difficult than the piste map suggests, and could give tired beginners and intermediates a hard time. Then there is the resort in Switzerland with a difficult black run which, for years,

was graded merely as a red. Why was this? Because, it is said, the restaurant at the top would have done less business if intermediate skiers had been frightened off the descent.

Valmorel's little idiosyncrasy is to define the piste colours differently from everywhere else (blue means "intermediate" there; instead of "easy"); St Anton's has effectively abolished black runs, by ceasing to mark them as pistes on the map.



Reading the signs: every resort wants its map to have the full spectrum of colours, from easy greens to tough blacks

Photograph: Skishoot

blacks at Nevis, or greens (although getting snow cover for the beginners' slopes was a problem until a secondary area was opened). In between there are some smooth, wide blues and tricky reds.

"We spend a lot of time arguing about re-grading the runs, and I suspect it's the same at every resort," says Sykes. "Some people think we don't grade conservatively enough, some the opposite - although it's very important that we don't take too much account of what experienced skiers say. We have changed one run: Yellow Belly, which drops into Coire Dubh, went from red to black."

The aim of grading, he says, is "to try to set a consistent standard, because our main concern is that people should have a good day at the resort".

Sykes adds, however, that the resort has to take care with its piste-grading, to ensure that skiers don't get into trouble. He is not surprised if some US resorts seem to be over-cautious, because of the risk they run of legal action for negligence.

"In the eight years I've been here, there has been a definite change, too: we have become much more aware that people are prepared to sue us, for everything from getting a drop of oil on their ski-suit to crashing into a fence. We've been sued on a number of occasions, and there is currently a case with our insurance company concerning a skier who was badly injured by a snowboarder."

With the advent of the litigious skier, it is understandable that some resorts - US rather than Scottish - are now inclined to exaggerate the difficulty of their runs. But after I had met the disappointed Guy Tillotson on the train back to New York, a thought did cross my mind: if a resort suggests that its runs are more difficult than they actually are, that's misrepresentation, isn't it? And you can sue for that.

SKI TIP

In deep snow, rhythmical turns are the key to success. Before you start skiing, visualise the run you will make, bounce up and down in your ski boots - then start skiing at that tempo.

Chris Exall

In last month's issue of the *Daily Mail Ski Magazine*, its editor called for an official EU grading of pistes. "Surely it would make sense," wrote Dave Watts, "to have standard rules linking the grading of slopes to their gradient and real degree of difficulty." Which is a nice idea, but probably involves too many variables (Who defines difficulty? Average gradient, or at the steepest point? What about piste width?) to be workable.

Anyway, as Ian Sykes says, grading pistes will always be an inexact science. Sykes has been managing director of the Nevis Range resort in Scotland since the resort was created - and its pistes graded - for the 1989/90 season, and he points out that snow makes a big difference to safety and skiability. "In a good winter, when there's lots of snow, we can make the runs easier. But in icy conditions those same runs will be extremely difficult."

The trouble for Sykes is that the weather changes quickly in Scotland; in the beautiful Coire Dubh snow bowl at the side of the resort, he has "seen conditions change before my own eyes: a crust can be created very quickly, and the steep red runs which drop into the bowl then become very tricky - so we have to put warning notices up along the ridge".

When the resort was being created, there was no problem finding genuine

What about a deal with free skiing, ski hire, hotel - and a free ticket for a child? Read on

New lifts, passes, deals for children and groups.
Richard Holledge on developments to watch for in Austria.

Gatrus
A six-seater chair lift has been installed. Two new family tickets will enable skiers to use all lifts and cable cars, such as the Silvretta transfer between Ischgl and Wirtl. Ticket No 1, for two

adults and two children under 19; Ticket No 2, for one adult and three children under 19.

Kirchberg
The Maierkette ski area can be entirely covered with artificial snow, with more snow-machines in the Gaisberg area. The toboggan run on the Gaisberg is being extended to 3.8 kilometres long. And for those who felt the charm of the resort had been ruined by traffic, the bypass will be completed.

Kitzbühel
The Kitzbühel Alpen Ski Pass now covers 262 lifts and cable cars, and 720km of pistes. The six-day pass, which can be used throughout a season, costs ATS 1,990 (£99.50) for adults, ATS 995 (£49.75) for children. It also provides free use of public swimming pools and ski buses. The Hahnenkammbahn now offers a nightly gondola trip with a free booking for a child under 16, with 50 per cent reduction for additional children.

and super G) is on 17 and 18 January, and the Men's Downhill between 23 and 25 January. ● A new ski slope, "Maier", has been prepared, plus 36km of country trails. ● A new night cross-country trail is being inaugurated. Snow Bunny Package, for the whole family. Between 14 March and 19 April one adult booking comes with a free booking for a child under 16, with 50 per cent reduction for additional children.

It also offers free skiing, admission to the swimming-pool, ski or snowboard hire, lessons and accommodation. Details and booking forms: Reservierungszentrale Kitzbühel (0043 5356 (6) 2155-15; fax: 0043 5356 (6) 2307) Saalbach-Hinterglemm A 1.7-km cross-country track has been opened on the sunny side of the Glemm Valley at 1,800 metres, and a six-seater chairlift on the Reichen-

delkopf in Hochalm ski area. The Ladies' World Cup Night Slalom on the Zwölferkogel takes place on 8 January. St Anton Wedel weeks: St Christoph from 29 November onwards; St Anton from 6 to 20 December, one week's accommodation with breakfast and a six-day ski pass, ATS 3,920 (£196). Powder snow weeks: 10-31 January, one week's bed and breakfast and six-day ski pass,

ATS 4,320 (£216). Fun in firm weeks: 21 March-4 April, one week's bed and breakfast and six-day ski pass, ATS 4,430 (£221.50). Sonnen skilaut: From 11 April. One week's bed and breakfast and six-day ski pass, ATS 3,920 (£196). Snow crystal weeks: 18-26 April. St Anton; 18 April-3 May. St Christoph. Ski passes at half low season prices; weekly packages from ATS 3150 (£157.50).

Details: St Anton Tourist Office (0043 5446 22690; Fax 0043 5446 2532). Seefeld Special offers for families with children under six, from 7-15 December, and 7-30 January 1998. Children's theatre, riding swimming lesson. Seefeld Tourist Office (0043 5212 2313 fax: 0043 5212 3355). Sölden Free ski pass for under-eights

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8/COMPETITIONS

Where to find Britain's best five family holidays

A £300 million-pound leisure development and a farmyard shed; a hotel on the north Cornish coast and a Derbyshire youth hostel; and an entire city. These are the finalists for our first-ever Family Holiday Award

The English Tourist Board rewards the people and places who do most for the nation's tourism in its England for Excellence awards. This year, the ETB enlisted the help of readers of *The Independent* for a new category: Family Holiday of the Year.

Entries flooded in with a broad range of nominations: resorts, cities, self-catering locations, hotels and activity centres. We drew up a shortlist, and have spent the past few weeks travelling the length and breadth of England.

After much discussion, we have come up with five locations and nominations, from which a winner will be chosen at the England for Excellence awards ceremony in London on 4 November. The reader who submitted the best nomination for the holiday selected as England's finest will be invited to the ceremony – and to visit a new attraction for our regular Outings feature.

We checked out the nominations in terms of their environment (particularly in terms of child safety), outdoor activities, wet-weather entertainment, quality, value for money, sustainability and overall family friendliness.

The fortunate five finalists are as follows:

1. Ashbourne Youth Hostel, Derbyshire.
2. Bedruthan Steps Hotel, near Newquay, Cornwall.
3. The Flower House, Constantine, Cornwall.
4. Oasis Forest Holiday Village, Cumbria.
5. The City of York.



The challenge of travel: adventures in a gap year can be the best preparation for university life

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That was one of the findings of the Royal Mail's Gap Year survey – which also established that Scottish graduates are the most enthusiastic about gap years.

In addition, according to the survey more than half of those graduates who do not take any time out, very much regret it later.

That is one of the reasons why the Royal Mail's international division has joined forces with *The Independent* and Campus Travel to offer a gap year competition.

The winner will be able to take a fellow gap-year friend to Australia – the first prize being two British Airways London to Sydney tickets (courtesy of Campus Travel), with the option of stopping in Thailand on the way there and back, and £2,000 spending money from Royal Mail International.

Whether or not you win, you will not come away empty-handed: all entrants will be sent the *Royal Mail Gap Year Guide* – a handy booklet produced in association with



Lonely Planet, providing useful advice on how to prepare for a year away – and a pack of six aerogrammes to keep in touch with

friends and family overseas, worth £1.99.

To enter, simply tell us in no more than 500 words where you would go and why, if taking your gap year in Australia or the Far East. Be it on Phuket or Port Lincoln, Murwillumbah or Mae Sarang, the essay should be both informative and entertaining – as if you were writing a letter back to friends at home.

To enter, you must be either under 26 years old or a registered student under 32 years old, and you must send your entry by Friday, 21 November to: Royal Mail/Independent Gap Year Competition, 22 Endell Street, London WC2H 9AD. The winner will be announced on these pages

on 20 December. He or she must book all travel before the end of March 1998, and complete the trip before the end of March 1999.

Campus Travel is one of the primary suppliers of travel services to the UK's student and youth population. For further information about the company's "one stop shop" travel service, call 0171-730 3402 or consult its website, located at www.campustravel.co.uk/.

Usual Newspaper Publishing rules apply, and the decision of the judges at Royal Mail International, *The Independent* and Campus Travel will be final. Happy writing, and happy travels.

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A uniformed warder, as rare a sight as the gemstones he was protecting, stood

Variations on a theme of dinosaurs



Eye-eye: Jim Starnates' photograph of a vine snake, highly commended in the Wildlife Photographer of the Year competition. Top: 'housing the works of the creator' – the National History Museum

and it was easy to understand. I learnt how little insects grow, and there were lots of machines to play with. We went inside a special house which showed where all different types of insects live – like little bugs in the kitchen in the flour and beetles in the carpet and flies in the rubbish. There was a huge, moving scorpion, and some children were trying to stuff their notepads between its claws.

I didn't really like the Earth Galleries because they were a bit scary, and they told you a lot of things that I didn't understand, but I liked learning how it felt to be in an earthquake. It is a very full museum and I would like to go back again and spend an even longer time there.

Claire: My first thoughts about the museum were that it would be full of eccentric professors with small round spectacles, as it seemed like such an old-fashioned and full place to visit. After spending the day there, however, my prejudices were overturned and I realised that I had enjoyed myself more than I expected, and I really had a good day out.

As I am studying A-level biology and geography I was most interested to see the human biology exhibits and the Earth Galleries. I enjoyed the human biology best. It is well laid out and explains clearly how our bodies work using models, videos, slides and gadgets.

I enjoyed fiddling with the gadgetry in the Earth Galleries, but that didn't hold my attention for long. Most of the information I already knew from my A-level course, and although the exhibition is big and bold I thought it would be more interesting for

13-year-old boys.

I enjoyed the dinosaur exhibition: I liked the huge skeletons suspended in mid-air, and the roaring, robotic dinosaurs feasting on a freshly killed tenontosaurus. The exhibition on *The Origin of Species* and Charles Darwin was also interesting.

The deal
The Natural History Museum is on Cromwell Road, London SW9 (0171-938 9123). Opening times: Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 11am-5.50pm (closed 23-26 December).

Admission: £6 adults, £3 children 5-17 years, children under 5 free, £3.20 concessions, £16 family ticket (2 adults and up to 4 children).

Access: Wheelchair and pushchair access to all areas.

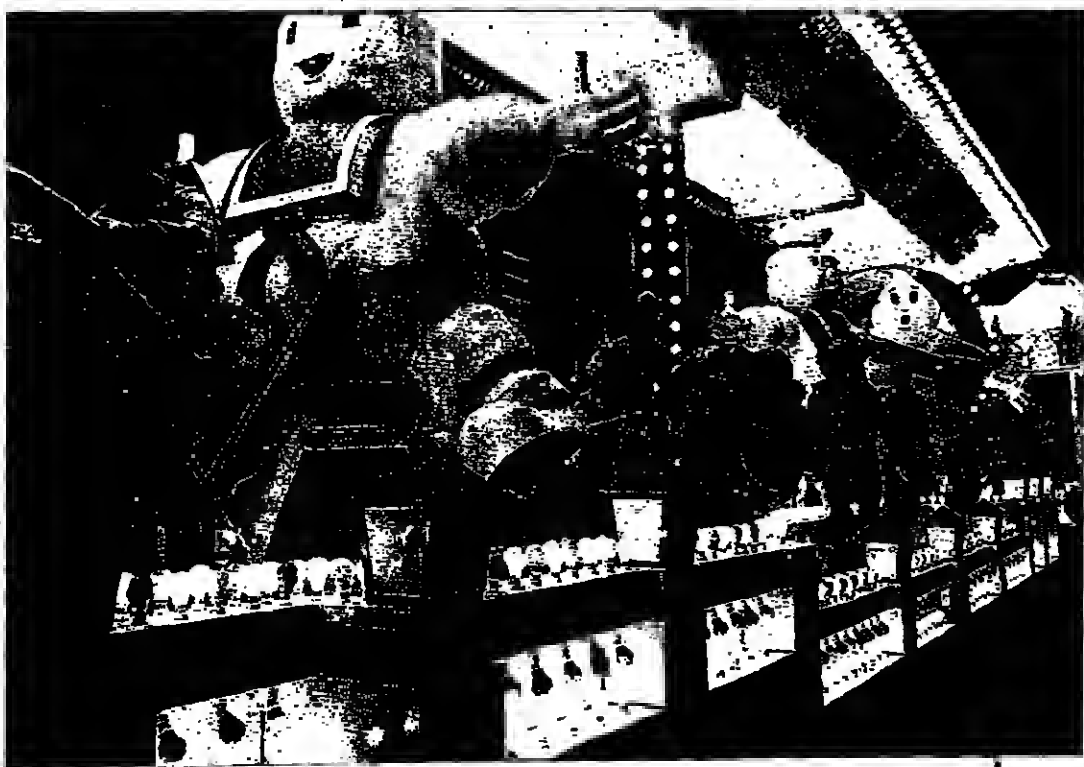
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Education: Free National Curriculum-based tours for schools.

Floating around in the South-west



Bobbing along: In the first two weeks of November the floats will cover 360 miles Photograph: NSTI

All singing, all dancing – Somerset dresses up this month, with thousands of pounds, man-hours and light-bulbs being used up in the name of charity. It's carnival season again, as David Foster discovers.

A ripple of applause rattles the cold November night as two magnificent police horses turn slowly into Sadler Street. Every move is measured, deliberate, almost stately.

Blue lights scour the ancient buildings as the city's fire engine, followed by the ambulance, swings around the corner. The crowd draws breath, and presses back on to the narrow pavements; small children wriggle to the front. The music grows inexorably louder, and a cheer breaks out as the first float lurches into view. Carnival is underway in Wells.

Putting the emergency services at the front of the parade isn't just showmanship. There's no other way they could respond to a call this evening: for the next few hours, around 100 immense floats will be griding through the city at walking pace.

At the centre of each float is the "cari" — a poor name for a vehicle that will have cost tens of thousands of

pounds, and taken many months to construct.

Drenched in light and deafened by their own music, performers in lavish costumes whirl through the air, singing and dancing, or stand like waxworks in the still-life tableaux. Most carts are pulled by a decorated tractor, and all have generators, completing a train of vehicles up to

100ft in length.

By any standards, this would be a remarkable show. Yet Wells is just one of seven venues on Bridgewater's Guy Fawkes carnival circuit, which includes Glastonbury, Shepton Mallet and Weston-super-mare. In the first two weeks of November these floats will cover some 360 miles, at a top speed of around 15 mph; the traffic jams are

legendary, though nowadays most of the journeys are made overnight.

Every float is the product of a dedicated Carnival Club. Ideas start flying around early in January, and by mid-February, says Mini Sheppard of Mendip Vale CC, "people come forward with drawings, costume fabric samples, taped music and even models" to illustrate their suggestions. By

Easter, the talking will be over, and Mini, a welder by trade, will join the carpenters, electricians and engineers who devote every spare hour of the next seven months to constructing the Mendip Vale float.

A typical float may have seven or eight thousand lightbulbs, as well as 30 or 40 powerful floodlights. Last year's Shooting Stars, from the Wells-based Gorgons CC, also boasted a 6-kilowatt sound system. Many of the big generators that power the electricians are hired from a specialist firm in Staffordshire, and two of their own fitters come down every year to tend the equipment.

Even so, things do occasionally go wrong. "Two or three of the crew were in tears one year when the lights went out", confided Mini. But that was not the worst that can happen.

Gorgons' Chairman Paul Phipps recalls climbing the steep hill out of Shepton Mallet about six years ago, and ripping the front axle from under Dr Who. "Luckily, when the cart came down, one of the main struts dug into the road and the whole thing stopped dead. The police were quite impressed, so we didn't tell them there weren't any brakes."

Pulling the whole event together is the Wells Carnival committee. Forty years ago, Nancy Dodd met her husband Cecil through the carnival, and she took over from him as sec-

retary after his death in 1984.

In some ways, she says, Wells's new relief road has made the team's job easier, but a particular headache this year is the traffic calming that followed in its wake. "There's one set of traffic lights they're going to have to move", she says - and Tarmac ramps will be needed over many of the new kerbstones.

Nobody seems to mind. After all, it's all in aid of local charities, and after the dust has settled, the Mayor usually hosts a presentation evening in the Town Hall. "It gives the people an opportunity to talk to each other, and they're always quite surprised at the number of charitable organisations that there are", says Nancy Dodd.

As the clamour of the last float dies away, the crowd folds into the roadway behind it. Small boys search the gutters for stray coins, and happy faces head towards Market Place, to spend their new-found treasure at the fair.

Bridgwater Carnival dates: Bridgwater, 6 November; North Petherton, 8 November; Burnham-on-Sea/Highbridge, 10 November; Shepton Mallet, 12 November; Wells, 14 November; Glastonbury, 15 November; Weston-super-mare, 17 November.

Tourist information: Wells: 01749 672552; Weston-super-mare: 01934 626838

PIT STOP

If you're going to Wells for the carnival, drop into the Good Earth at 4 Priory Road (01749 678600) for lunch or tea. This is a wholefood shop with a restaurant alongside.

savories (often priced for either large or small portions) include homemade soup (tomato and spring onion, watercress and lemon), vegetable lasagne, sweet and sour vegetables and pizza with a choice of toppings.

Children are well catered for, with baby-changing facilities, high-chairs and, in a leafy courtyard, a play area. Open 9.30am to 5.30pm.

From Egon Ronay's guide
'And Children Come
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11/GARDENING

THE INDEPENDENT
SATURDAY
1 NOVEMBER 199

Steiner's philosophy on compost: the plot thickens

How do you cure the ills of the Earth? According to the philosopher Rudolf Steiner, you need to reunite spirit and soil with a compost containing some alarming animal and vegetable ingredients. Kirsty Fergusson explains.

There is something addictive about making compost. Whether it lies in the texture, the smell, the creation of an economy, a routine, the daily interaction between kitchen and garden, who knows? One thing is certain: compost can bring out the obsessive in the mildest of spirits. Catch yourself trying to retrieve a tea-bag, inadvertently dropped in the bin, and you'll realise that you too have become an addict.

Rudolf Steiner (1861-1925) was a compost addict. Better known, of course, as a philosopher and educationalist, Steiner revealed his passion for the brown crumbly stuff in a small tome, entitled *On Agriculture*, published in 1923. It is oddly prescient in some ways, given the newness and innocent emergence of the agrochemical industry at that time; Steiner not only championed organic methods of farming, he voiced a concern for a planet sick both in spirit and soil. Or more accurately, sick because the organic bond between soil and spirit had been ruptured. The cure? A very special kind of compost.

Steiner was fascinated by 17th-century alchemy and derived his formula for cosmic compost from old recipes, spiced up with his own perceptions. The preparations, as he termed them, are not impossible to follow, but they will cause an eyebrow or two to be raised in your local butcher's shop. They are as follows: one stag's bladder stuffed with the flowers of wild yarrow (*Achillea millefolium*), one cow's mesentery (most important to ask the butcher which is the inside part of this bit of the gut, because the outside must stay on the outside) stuffed with gander-

lion flowers, one skull of a cow, goat, sheep or pig filled with chopped oak bark, preferably from a youngish tree, a bunch of stinging nettles wrapped in peat moss, a length of bovine intestine filled with chamomile flowers and, lastly, the juice extracted by crushing some valerian flowers.

Steiner doesn't say whether he means red valerian (*Centranthus ruber*) or the pinky-white common valerian (*Valeriana officinalis*). The latter just might be the more acceptable one, because the flowers have a nice, vanilla-like perfume, which would help to mitigate the smell of all that offal.

It probably stacks up to a day's work in the summer (provided the butcher has been given a bit of advance notice) doing all that collecting, stuffing and crushing. Five large, sausage-shaped ingredients and a cup of liquid should be the result. Alternatively, and slightly unbelievably, you can get them by mail order. The Biodynamic Association will send you the preparations (dried), with instructions for use.

However obtained, the sausagey parcels and juice should be inserted into the centre of an existing compost heap, or buried in a soil stack, where they must remain all winter. It seems only right to entrust the "preps" (as old hands at this game call them) to a suitable compost heap. Somehow, a plastic, dalek-shaped barrel will not do. Let it not be forgotten that the aim of Steiner's compost is not just to enrich the soil organically, but to reunite the earth with its severed spirit. This calls for a little imagination in the construction of the heap. Perhaps the best model for this originated in America (where they have entire magazines devoted just to compost); a circle is composed of wooden stakes set about 50cm apart, pushed firmly into the ground (freshly cut hazel or ash would be ideal), measuring roughly 1.5m in diameter and height.

Then, having obtained a bale of straw (barley or oat straw is better than wheat, which mops up water too readily), you strew the straws into

a long, fat row and roll it, as though rolling a sausage out of Plasticine. Some soft twine should hold the thick rope of straw together, which may then be woven in and out of the upright stakes. The straw will decompose along with the contents of the big "basket" so that the container (minus the stakes) as well as the compost within can eventually be used on the garden. It goes without saying that, whether or not it is aesthetically pleasing, to meet with full Steinerian approval the straw should be organic.

Rudolf's recipe

- 1 stag's bladder stuffed with wild yarrow flowers
- 1 cow's mesentery (gut) stuffed with dandelion flowers
- 1 skull of cow, goat, sheep or pig, filled with chopped oak bark
- 1 bunch stinging nettles wrapped in peat moss
- 1 length bovine intestine filled with chamomile flowers
- juice of crushed valerian flowers

Back to the plot and, come the spring, when all the ingredients have degraded and are worked into the existing heap or soil stack, the benefits

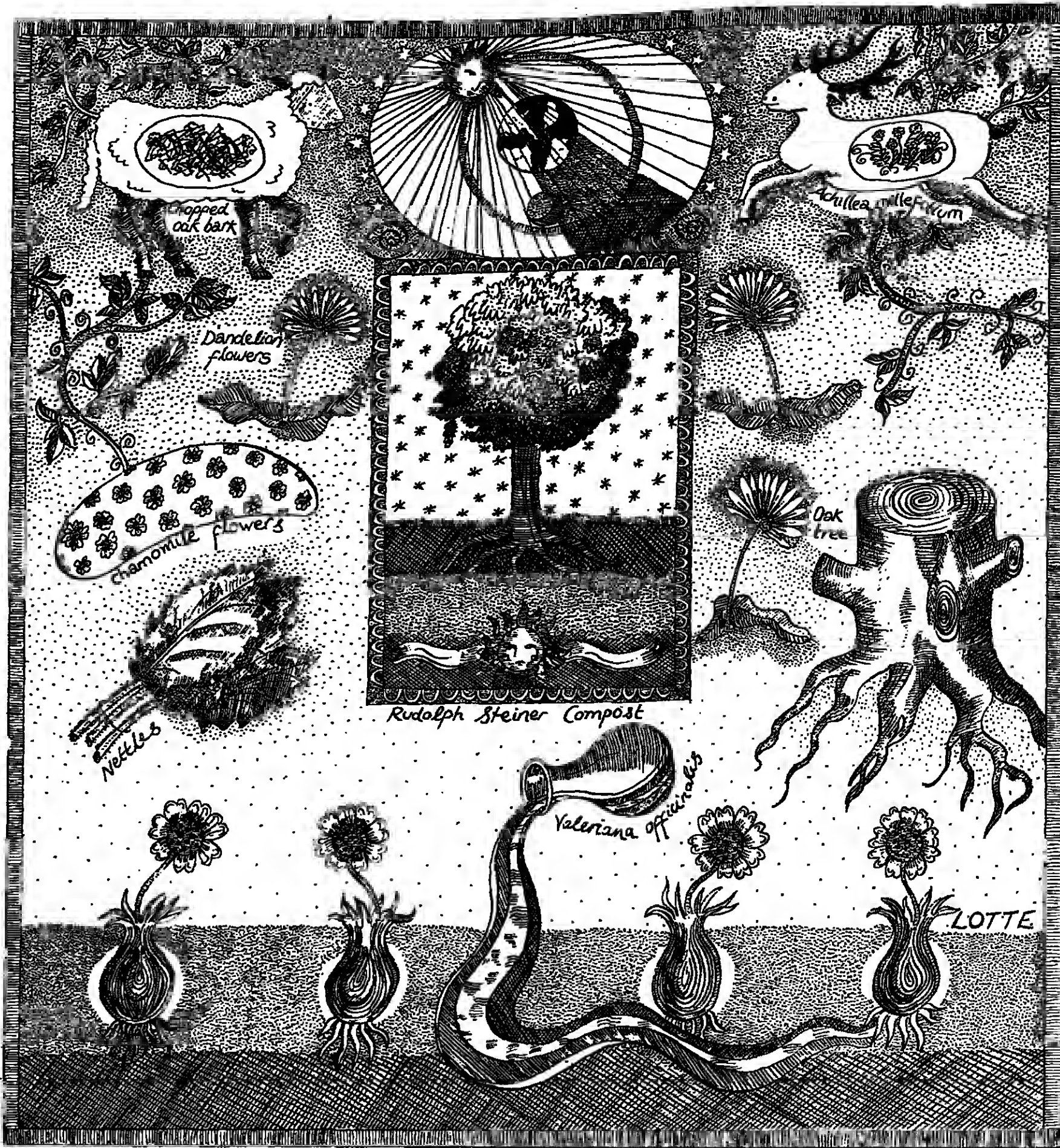
and mysteries of alchemical compost await your garden. It is not difficult to feel slightly sceptical; even if you meet Steiner gardeners who swear by

the stuff and produce gorgeously tasty, big vegetables, you may well be persuaded that any good, rich compost would have achieved the same result. And there are older gardeners around who would add that this or that flourishing vine was planted over the carcass of a dead calf. ("We knew we'd dug the hole big enough for the plant if we could get a calf in too.") Who could possibly prescribe a recipe for exactly the right blend of animal, vegetable and mineral ingredients? Why a bovine intestine rather than a sheep's intestine; why

chamomile and not rosemary, as Steiner doesn't give the answer that, and a large amount of trust faith is required to make the exercise worth the effort.

Whatever the prescription, resting the spiritual as well as the physical health of the soil - and eating consequences - will sound cranky to some and enlightened to others. I real compost addicts, though, challenge of creating Steiner's comp will prove irresistible.

Anna Pavord is an



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Where the wool-gathering begins



Diversification is the name of the game, but will it pay off? Three humming, exotically woolly arrivals startle the denizens of a peaceful farmyard.

I give three clues to their identity:

1. Their names are Shadrach, Meshak and Abed-nego.
2. One is cream-coloured, one chocolate sprinkled with ginger, one dark grey with a white face, black hat and white tips to his ears.
3. When alarmed, they communicate their nervousness by means of a gentle, melodious humming.

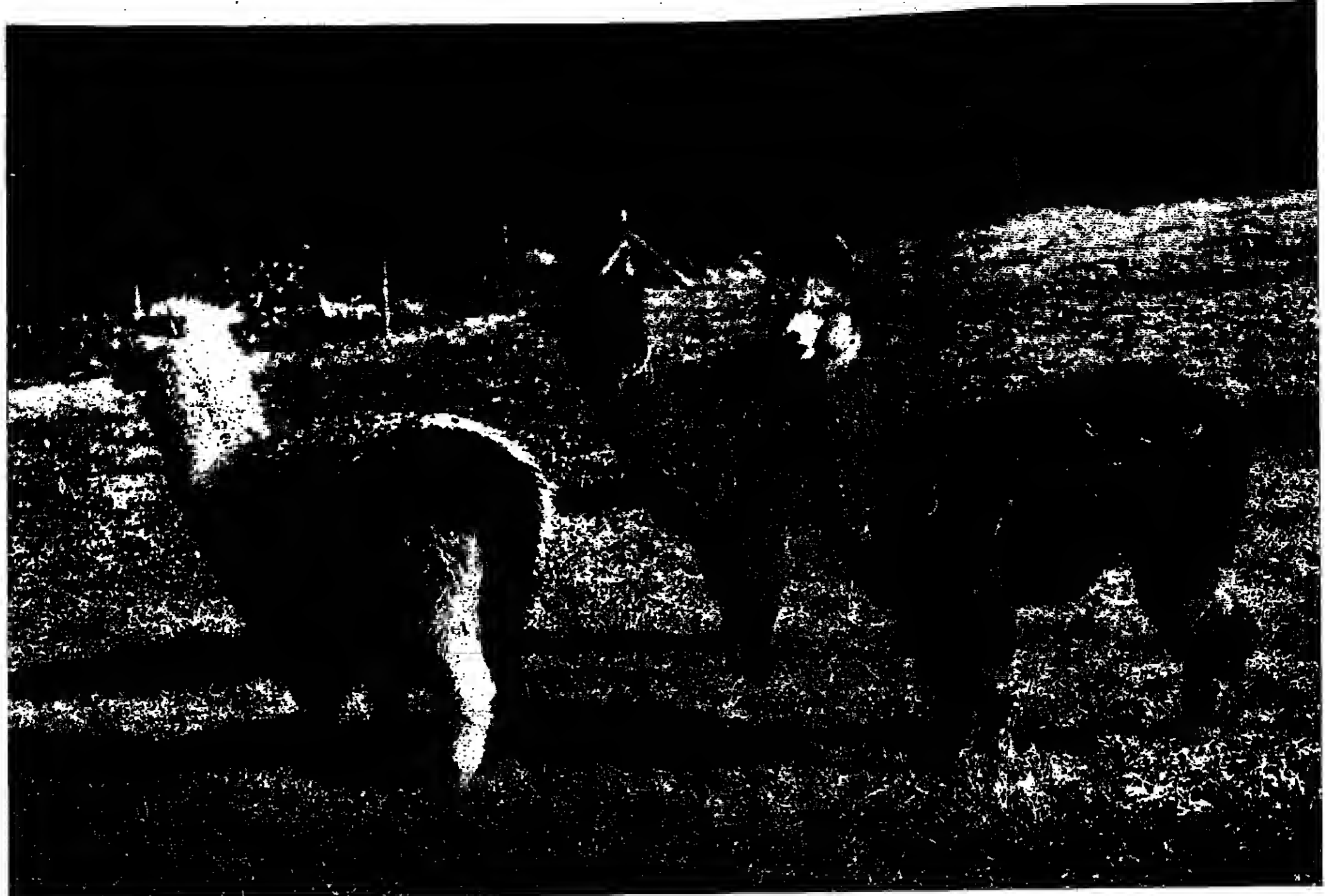
You guessed, of course: they are alpacas, smaller cousins of llamas, and the newest recruits to our menagerie. Their arrival in our farmyard caused quite a stir. During their three-hour journey from Sussex they had had the sense to fold their legs and sit on the floor of the horse-box, but when we let down the ramp they came bounding out, to the horror of the long-term residents.

Not only to us humans, but to animals and birds also, it was immediately clear that these furry creatures were an exotic species. Sheep glowered; horses snorted; a hen trailing eight chicks put in a full-blown screech-up, flying off on to a fence and cackling at the top of her voice. So strident were her warnings of danger that the chicks disappeared into a bed of nettles, and we had difficulty recovering them before nightfall.

The three alpacas – all wethers, or neutered males, about nine months old – stuck together in a tight hunch, tails together, facing outwards in different directions, as they sized up their new surroundings. They also gave off a curious humming sound that denotes anxiety.

By morning they were fairly well settled, and we were fascinated to see that their behaviour, conformation and movements were all subtly different from those of more familiar animals. Their bodies could be those of sheep, but their long legs and necks betray the fact that they are camelids – and indeed their feet, though two-toed at the front, like a sheep's, have a camel-like pad at the back.

They graze energetically, with quick,



Alpacas, the smaller cousins of llamas: their bodies could be those of sheep, but their long legs and neck betray them as camelids

Photograph: Christopher Jones

thrusting movements of the lower jaw, and canter with a springy, loping action. They seem to enjoy communal rolling, and although they occasionally spar up to each other, spitting and laying back their ears as they try to put in an under-belly nip, their chief characteristic seems to be gentleness. Because they are so graceful and entertaining to watch, they are fearful time-wasters.

We got them from a farm near Billingshurst, where Kelvin Maude, an Australian, manages a herd of 700. Together with two brothers, Alan and Peter Hamilton, he runs a company that has pioneered the export of animals from Chile.

When we hove up, prospective purchasers, Kelvin assured us that alpacas are "amazingly adaptable animals". Originally lowland grazers, they were slaughtered

by the invading Spaniards in the 16th century to make way for sheep and cattle, and the survivors were taken on by peasant farmers living high in the Andes. There the animals adapted to thin air, poor grazing and extremes of heat and cold.

DUFF HART-DAVIS

When, early in the Nineties, the new company proposed to export consignments to Australia, sceptics claimed the alpacas would never survive the sudden descent to sea level, followed by life in a much hotter climate. Experience proved them wrong: there are now nearly 2,000 of

them flourishing in Australia.

For years plans to bring alpacas here were blocked by the British authorities' refusal to accept that Chile had adequate control of foot-and-mouth disease. But eventually objections were overcome and in December 1994 Kelvin went out to Chile "to put together UK 1" – that is, to assemble the first consignment for Britain.

He found them on the altiplano, in the northern tip of Chile, close to the borders of Peru and Bolivia, at altitudes of between 14,000 and 16,000 feet. Three hundred beasts went into open-air quarantine at Putre, the highest town in Chile, where they spent four months. Next they were moved down to Arica on the Pacific coast, for another two months' quarantine at sea level, during which they went through numerous tests. Then they were loaded into big wooden crates and flown by cargo plane via

Teneriffe to Manchester.

Travelling with them, Kelvin was delighted to see how calm they remained during the 15-hour flight. All 300 survived and went to Cumbria for a final, three-month spell of quarantine, before they arrived in Sussex at the end of January 1996.

UK2, a second batch, also of 300, joined them in November last year. This consignment included many pregnant females, and I now realise that our three youngsters, though born in England, must have made the 6,000-mile journey from Chile in the womb – a fact that seems to render them all the more remarkable.

The aim of the UK enterprise is to breed selectively and to create a market for alpaca fibre, or wool, which is beautifully soft and light, and after processing can command £50-£60 a kilo. Already the British Alpaca Society has 110 members, and a

committee has begun to look into forming a co-operative to pool and sell fibre.

With so few animals in the country as yet, prices are astronomical: about £7,000 for a pregnant female. Wethers cost barely a tenth as much – but even so, it is going to be a big moment, next June, when we shear for the first time, and my wife starts spinning the wool to make fabulous jerseys.

We could not resist naming our three after the biblical trio who defied King Nebuchadnezzar and survived the fiery furnace unscathed. But in the alpacas' defence I must point out that they do not wear asbestos underwear, as in the scurrilous Bible song. Rather, their woolly trousers extend right down to their ankles, giving them a look both stylish and faintly absurd.

Arumvale Alpacas, Gay St Farm, Pulborough, W Sussex RH20 2HL (01798 812218)

Read on if you want to hear a howler

A wolf as a pet? Not a good idea. But what about adopting one? David Wilson is tempted.

Here I am on a balmy autumn day in a cage with two wolves. I laugh nervously; enclosed wolves can get very territorial (last year in Ontario a keeper was killed). The female, Kenai, darts behind me and sniffs vociferously. I turn, and try to keep her at bay with my hand. Time seems to slow down as she opens her jaws, a bright look in her eyes – and bites.

The sensation is like the nip of a kitten. Maybe she was just saying hello. Feeling foolish, I stroke her coat – surprisingly coarse, like coir – and notice that unlike a dog she seems to have no smell. I watch but avoid meeting the golden, glowing eyes.

It all seems very dream-like. But I really am at the Wolf Trust in the rambling grounds of Butler's Farm near Reading. The trust was set up in 1972 by Roger Palmer to conserve wolves and encourage respect for them.

For £10 you get an adoption certificate, a photograph of

your particular wolf, one free visit, which allows you to interact with your adopted animal, and a report on a year in the wolf's life. It seems a reasonable deal, and Palmer knows about business. He was once Kleinwort Benson's European investment strategist.

These days, since developing a brain tumour "the size of an orange", he takes life more easily, but his mobile rings about every 10 minutes. And he's limping, having fallen from his horse the day before in a drag hunt.

He talks admiringly of Kodiak, the male wolf – all chest and bushy tail: a classic alpha specimen. Kodiak wriggles and quivers with energy, as if he could run for miles, which wolves can, almost tirelessly, at 25mph.

Surprisingly, in view of current concern about the danger of dogs with wolf blood, Palmer says: "Away from his territory, Kodiak's virtually like a lapdog. That's why we can take him to a school, with 100 six-year-olds all crowding around him."

By contrast Kenai, the female, is highly strung: thin, nervy, terrified of cars, and submissive – up to a point. She killed Denali, the third wolf here, seeing her as a rival.

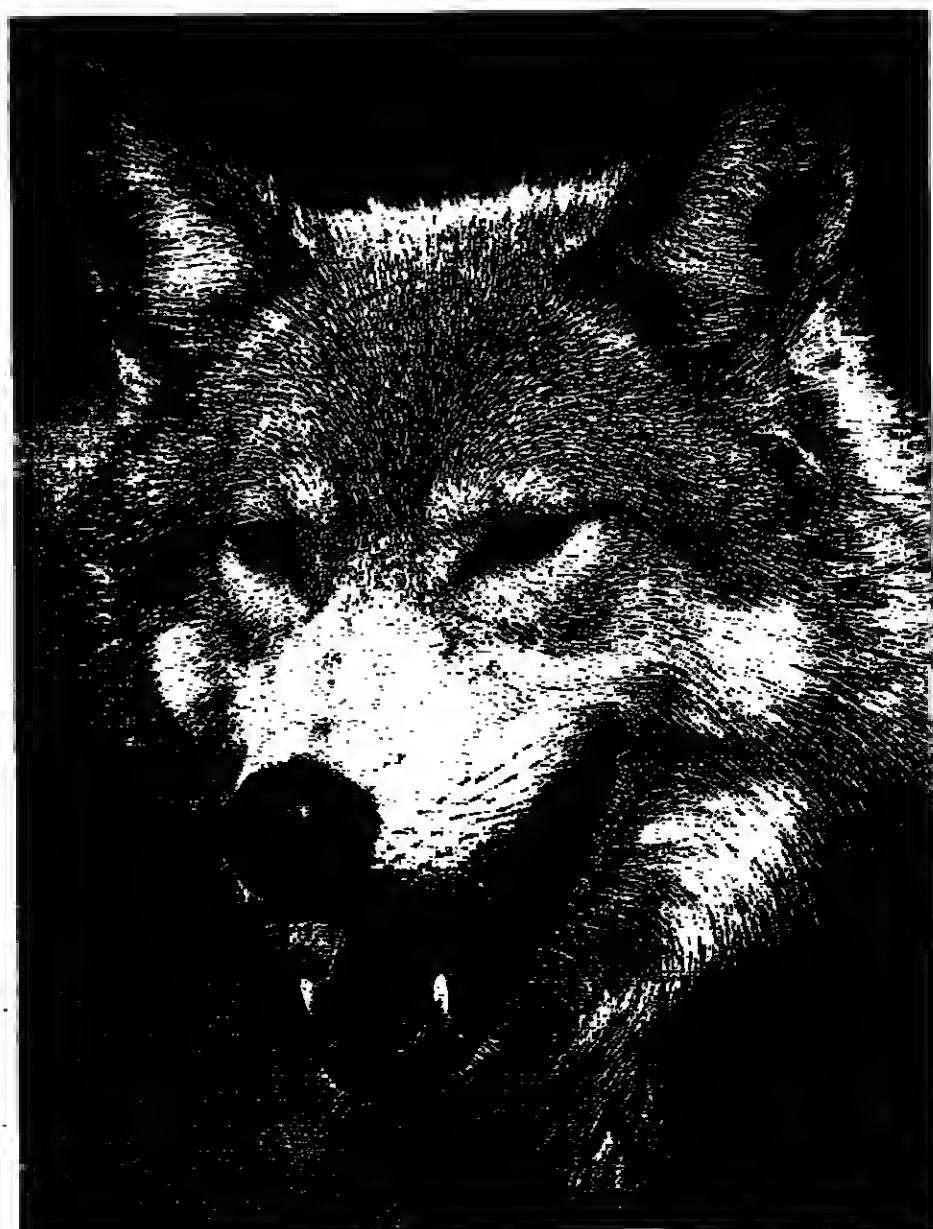
Palmer sees the wolves as "living ambassadors for conservation – and they like it: they preen themselves and have great charisma when they're visiting people".

But what's the attraction of "adopting" a wolf? Colin Thorne, 36, an electrician, has signed up. "Wolves fascinate me," he says, "because they're totally unpredictable."

"The best experience I've had with the wolves was at the Newbury show. The huskies on the stand behind started howling, and then three minutes later the wolves answered. It was awesome. People started coming from every direction to see. You can understand why the Red Indians treated wolves as hunting gods' spirits."

Palmer's own involvement began during the late Sixties, at St Louis zoo. He says he "fell in love" with a wolf he saw, on account of its beauty and grace.

And such qualities are certainly in demand. Kodiak and Kenai are, in fact, film stars. Their screen appearances include *Dracula*, with Sir Laurence Olivier; *An American Werewolf in London*; and *The Company of Wolves*, where red signs warned: "Danger, wild wolves loose on set." One wolf



Alpha specimen: a healthy adult timber wolf is a magnificent sight

Photograph: Paul Hobson/Planet Earth Pictures

NATURE NOTE

In our part of the world, this autumn has brought a tremendous harvest of acorns. Does this mean, as traditional wisdom has it, that we are in for a hard winter? No, say professional foresters; it means the exact opposite – that we had good weather earlier in the year, and that the oaks enjoyed a favourable spring and summer. The bumper crop has no bearing on winter.

Yet in producing so heavily the trees may also have been reacting to the stress of drought in midsummer, and unconsciously seeking to ensure the survival of their kind by fruiting abundantly. Experiments have shown that if bark is deliberately removed from trees, causing stress, they often react by increasing their output.

Oddly enough, this season's berry crop is poor: rowans and hollies are already bare, and some birds are in for a lean time. This scarcity reflects the patchiness of late frosts in April and May: blossom in some hedgerows escaped, but in others it was caught and blasted.

Duff Hart-Davis

last wild British wolf was killed in Scotland in 1743.

Palmer supports the idea of reintroducing wolves in the Scottish Highlands, where they can prey on the deer that have run riot and are systematically stripping the forests. He feels such a move is almost inevitable, and could happen within the next 30 years.

Meeting Kodiak, Kenai and

Palmer has been an honour. But one thing is missing: a howl. Eventually, before I leave, one echoes across the fields, surprisingly high and rounded – it's more enchanting than menacing.

For further information on the Wolf Trust, send an a/c to UK Wolf Centre, Butler's Farm, Beaulieu, Reading, Berks RG7 5SN.

had to put its head in a little girl's lap – two riflemen stood guard. Were they prepared to kill? Palmer hesitates. "Yes."

He scorns such defence, emphasising that wolves rarely attack people. This is because, extraordinarily, they lack the protective maternal instinct. So they don't attempt to defend

their young from a perceived threat. Their main concern is self-preservation. Hardly surprising, since humanity has hunted them relentlessly; the

young from a perceived threat. Their main concern is self-preservation. Hardly surprising, since humanity has hunted them relentlessly; the

A walk on the wildlife side

Taking in marsh harriers and ghostly churches, Emma Houghton takes a walk through the solitary landscape of Suffolk.

This seven-mile walk hasn't the advantage of being circular, but what it lacks in convenience it amply compensates for in diversity and beauty. The countryside, part of the 150-square-mile Suffolk Coasts and Heaths area of outstanding natural beauty, is unfailingly serene and a sanctuary for many kinds of wildlife.

One way or another, get yourself to the small, attractive Suffolk village of Westleton. In spring, the village pond next to the pub chokes with impossibly cute brown and yellow ducklings. At whatever time of year, though, take some bread and you'll instantly find yourself the irresistible object of duck affection. When you have had enough (they never will), head up the green and along the Blythburgh road towards Southwold; just outside the village a footpath on your right marked to St Helena takes you down a

grassy track towards Dunwich forest.

When you intersect the dirt track, turn left, then right diagonally through the pine forest. Head towards Rookyard wood across sandy paths littered with pine needles and fir cones, then turn right at the large track and walk until you see a sign for Walberswick Nature Reserve. The path stretches through lovely woods of birch, holly, oak and chestnut, passing an inexplicably abandoned railway carriage; when it narrows to a fork, turn sharp left towards Sandy Lane farm (you'll know it from the flock of geese) and continue until you hit the Dunwich road.

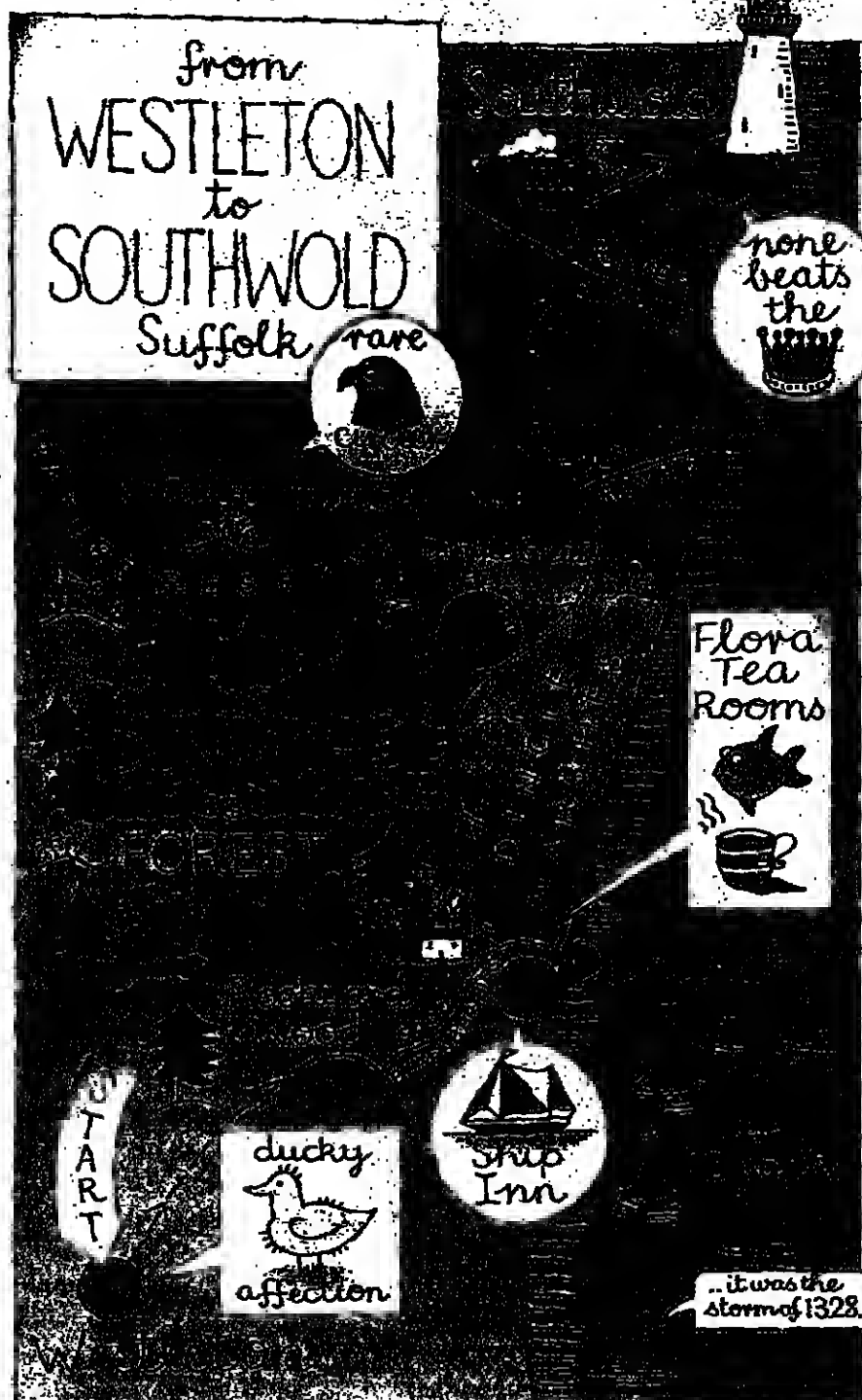
If you're hungry, Dunwich provides the perfect detour. The Ship Inn serves a range of hot meals, but the fish and chips at the Flora Tea Rooms on the seafront are legendary. Coachloads of visitors flock to this undistinguished black clapped building for enormous fresh cod, haddock and plaice (£4.95), skyscraper sandwiches in every flavour, and wonderful home-made jammy doughnuts. Eat inside, and enjoy a veritable kingdom of kitsch: the walls are covered from floor to ceiling

with garish tea-towels of every description.

Dunwich museum charts the rise and fall of this now diminutive village, once the largest port in East Anglia, with 12 churches. The violent storm of 1328 and relentless coastal erosion eventually claimed the churches and 1,350 houses; at low tide you can sometimes see the remains of All Saints church, which fell into the sea in 1919.

Alternatively, turn left up the road, then left again into the pebbly bridleway at Bridge Farm. Through the occasional gaps in the hedgerows you can look past cows grazing on Dingle marshes towards Dunwich beach. Keep on for a mile or so, cutting through Fowharrow Wood and down towards the sea.

Once through Sandymount Covert, follow the footpath on to Walberswick marshes, skirting Dingle Great Hill (more of a hillock), until the path meets Dunwich River. Keep going past the disused windmill, hop over the stile, and take the first right through the reeds. If you get lost, head towards Walberswick spire in the distance. Don't forget to take a break



The countryside, part of the 150-square-mile Suffolk Coasts and Heaths area of outstanding natural beauty, is unfailingly serene and a sanctuary for many kinds of wildlife.

Illustration: Sally Kindberg

and absorb the sounds of this solitary landscape, the incessant swish of the reeds and distant waves on the beach. These marshes shelter a number of rare birds, including the bearded tit, found in only a few places in Britain, and the majestic marsh harrier, sometimes seen circling in the sky above the reedbeds.

Bear right uphill above the marshes, and through the fields and lanes leading to Walberswick Church. Church Lane takes you past the ruins of the 15th-century tower, once a monument to the prosperity of this small fishing village. Cut right behind the houses until you meet the Tarmac track leading to Southwold; on your left you'll see a seat commemorating the site of Walberswick station, the penultimate stop on the narrow gauge line from Halesworth to Southwold that was abandoned in 1929.

You'll follow part of the route of the old railway as you pass through Walberswick common, once used for grazing sheep and cattle, now overgrown with gorse, bracken and heather, and over the bridge across the River Blyth, with its cluster of yachts and fishing boats. As you push on

through Woodsend and Buss-creek marshes, the giant concrete water tower looms ever larger, superimposed on the cheerful town of Southwold, its spire and stumpy white lighthouse unfailingly romantic in any weather.

Turn right towards Southwold common, cutting across the golf course and bypassing the water tower, until you reach the outskirts of this genteel resort. Southwold offers many good places to eat, but none beating The Crown (roasted peppers and vegetable risotto with sweet pepper dressing, casserole of local beef and sundried tomato mash, and baked trout fillet with canton spices, are typical offerings for £8). But the heart of the town is the Adams brewery (hence the ubiquitous smell of hops), and wherever you go you can be sure of a pint of Broadside.

This walk can be followed on Ordnance Survey Pathfinder maps 966 and 987.

The 167 bus service runs from Southwold to Westleton on Sundays and public holidays at 12.55pm and 3.55pm. A taxi will cost you £9 with A to B Taxis (01502 722111) or Southwold Shuttle (01502 725073).

GAMES

BAWN O'BEIRNE RANELAGH DON'T JUNK IT - USE IT

Lampshades are generally rather dull, or expensive, or both. Here's how to make an attractive lamp from a shopping bag.

1. Find a sturdy paper shopping bag with a design you like. I always use a "Shakers" bag because of the slogan printed down its side: "Beauty rests on utility." So true, don't you agree?

2. Cut a thin piece of plywood - or MDF or acrylic - to just under the size of the base.

3. Acquire a lampholder - I have used a recycled ceiling rose - and wire it, chipping a bit out of the edge so the wire can lie flat. Do not attach the plug yet.



4. Glue the lampholder to the centre of the plywood.

5. Clip a small hole at the bottom edge of the bag where you want the wire to emerge. Reinforce it with one or two of those ring reinforcements you find lying around.

6. Drop the plywood base into the bottom of the bag and thread the wire through the hole.

7. Important: Use a cold-humming, low-wattage bulb (the energy-saving fluorescent type). If you use a normal bulb your bag will catch fire and your

house will burn down.

8. Now you can put the plug on, plug it in, and wait for your visitors to gaze at your shopping bag light in wonder and envy.

GAME OF THE WEEK WILLIAM HARTSTON

"Educational" and "Entertaining" are usually mutually contradictory terms when applied to children's games. Can there, indeed, be any more depressing information on a game's box than to learn that it conforms to stage two of the National Curriculum? *Sumitup*, from Positive Games Limited (price £14.99) makes no such claim, but does describe itself as "the board game that makes numbers fun". And if you have a child of primary school age or just below, you will probably agree.

The game is best described as Scrabble with numbers instead of letters. As in the word game, players hold a hand of seven tiles and can score points by laying them down on a board to make up a crossword formation. But instead of making words, the idea is to spell out correct sums. The tiles each have a single digit on one side, and an arithmetical symbol, +, -, x, ÷ or = on the other. Each number scores its face value, while the symbols score 1 for plus, 2 for minus, 5 for multiplication, and 10 for division. You can also double your score by matching the colour of your tile (they come in green, blue, red and yellow as well as a standard off-white) to the colour of the square on the board.

The makers recommend starting younger children off with just the red and white tiles. (Which demand only simple addition), then gradually adding the other colours as numeracy develops. Simple, clever and educational. And fun, too.

PANDORA MELLY GAMES PEOPLE PLAY

Patrick Uden, 51, television producer

Life is fundamentally a game, isn't it? You make your own rules and try to win without getting violent or losing your temper.

If you read books on military strategy, the tacticians will tell you that winning is really a case of putting yourself into the mind of the opponent. You can operate either within your resources - which may be winnings from a previous game - or you can duck and weave, using sleight of hand and all the rest of it.

Running a production company is a team game of sorts, but the rules are more flexible. The players are individuals, all admittedly singing off the same hymn-sheet, but at the same time bringing their own very clear idea of what they're supposed to do.

If I have to use a simile, then it's more like leading a platoon of skilled SAS soldiers on their way to recapture an embassy. They've all got their own particular role: one's going to shimmy up the rope, another's going to drop through the roof or throw a flash grenade

through the window, and in the end, Bob's your uncle.

It's a group enterprise, and the job of the director is simply to corral that skill. Having a tyrannical leader with others just following sheep-like, doing what they're told, is not how good films get made.

As a child, I played cowboys and Indians, which is a model version of life: if you get shot, you have to fall over. I don't like games such as Monopoly or Ludo; I think they're for people who are frightened by a lack of ground rules. It's the unpredictability of life that makes it fun. Of course, other people might find that rather depressing, but all I have to do is convince the bank manager.

If you missed Patrick Uden's production of *Jonathan Miller's Opera Works* on BBC3 recently, you can either wait for a repeat or try to catch his *Jazz Heroes*, soon to be shown on Channel 4, or *The Channel 5 Car Show*.

Bank managers may be found through the British Bankers Association.

CHESS: WILLIAM HARTSTON

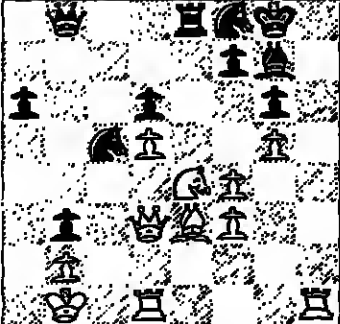
With three rounds left to play in the World Team Championship in Lucerne, England are in third place on 14 points, behind the United States, 15, and Russia, 14½. The other scores are Armenia 13, Croatia 12, Ukraine 11½, Kazakhstan and Switzerland 11, Cuba 9½, Georgia 8½.

The gap at the top closed in the sixth round as the US were held to a 2-2 draw by Armenia while Russia beat Ukraine 3-1 and England beat Kazakhstan 2½-1½. The English victory came thanks to a win by Jon Speelman and draws from Short, Sadler and Hodgson.

Perhaps the most significant result of the round was Russia's win against Ukraine. After a 3½-½ win over Cuba in the first round, the Russians had drawn their next four matches. They seem now to have woken up again.

In the last three rounds, the US will meet Switzerland, Russia and Kazakhstan; Russia have still to play Croatia, US and Georgia; England's opponents will be Cuba, Ukraine and Armenia; and Armenia have to meet Georgia and Cuba as well as England. The last-round match between Armenia and England may well be crucial in deciding the title.

After their hesitancy in the early rounds, Russia was back to its old win-with-White, draw-with-Black routine in its match with the Ukraine. Alexander Khalifman had a particularly nice attacking win on second board. When Romanishin gave up the exchange with 19...b5 he was hoping for a Q-side attack



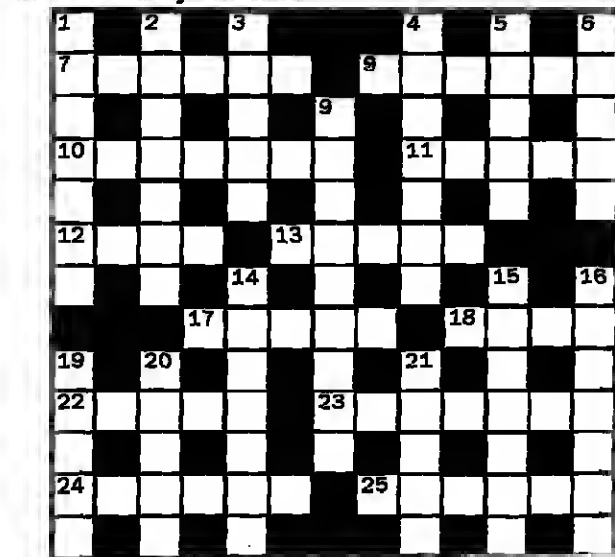
with his mobile pawns. Once he had lost control of the d4-square, however, it was all over. White's 26.Bd4!! in the diagram position was a neat finish. As the game went, Black resigned because 28...Nc7 29.Rxb7 Rxb7 30.Rb1+ leads to mate. He must either have overlooked 26.Bd4 completely, or missed the fact that 26...Rxe4 can be met by 27.Bg7 Nxd3 (Kxg7 loses to Qc3+) 28.Bf6 with a similar finish to that of the game.

White: Alexander Khalifman
Black: Oleg Romanishin
Queen's Indian Defence

1 d4 Nf6 15 h3g5 Nh7
2 c4 e6 16 f4 Re8
3 Nf3 b6 17 Bb5 Nf8
4 Ne3 Bb7 18 0-0-0 a6
5 a3 g6 19 Bc6 b5
6 Qc2 Bxf3 20 Bxb8 Qxb8
7 exd3 Bg7 21 Ne4 b4
8 Bg5 c5 22 axb4 Qb8
9 d5 b6 23 f3 cxb4
10 Be3 exd5 24 Kb1 h3
11 exd5 0-0 25 Qd3 Ne5
12 g4 d6 26 Bb4 Nxd3
13 h4 Nbd7 27 Nf6+ Bxf6
14 g5 hxg5 28 Bxf6 resigns

CONCISE CROSSWORD

No. 3445 Saturday 1 November



ACROSS

- Munched (6)
- Pointed missiles (6)
- Intoxicating drink (7)
- Emblem (5)
- Monster (4)
- Direct the course of (5)
- Planet (5)
- Pile (4)
- Visit frequently (5)
- Complete collapse (7)
- Pass (6)
- Turns out of home (6)

DOWN

- Eight-sided figure (7)
- Metallic element (7)
- River of the underworld (5)
- Snatched (7)
- Temperamental (5)
- Cricket trophy (5)
- Truism (9)
- Christen (7)
- Bird with showy tail feathers (7)
- Principal (5)
- Of the moon (5)
- In a higher position than (5)

Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:

ACROSS: 1 Farmer, 4 Copier (Pharmacopoeia), 7 Spectator, 9 Rite, 10 Rage, 11 Mores, 13 Concur, 14 Theory, 15 Septic, 17 Wretch, 19 Creek, 20 Papa, 22 Bulb, 23 Endeavour, 24 Botany, 25 Legate. DOWN: 1 Fabric, 2 Mope, 3 Rector, 4 Chalet, 5 Poor, 6 Remedy, 7 Standpipe, 8 Raconteur, 11 Music, 12 Shark, 15 Superb, 16 Creepy, 17 Weevil, 18 Hobbie, 21 Anna, 22 Bunge.

BRIDGE: ALAN HIRON

North-South game; dealer East

North-South game; dealer East			
North		East	
♠ A Q 6 5 4	♥ 8 2	♠ 3 2	♥ A 7 5 3
♦ K J 8	♣ K 5 4	♦ 7 5 2	♣ Q 9 7 2
West		South	
♠ K 9 8 7	♥ K Q 10 9 6	♠ J 10	♥ J 4
♦ Q 10 6 3	♣ none	♦ A 9 4	♣ A J 10 8 6 3

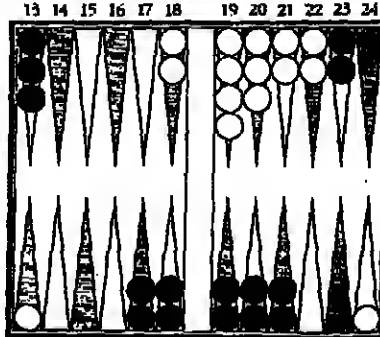
The days of cautious bidding seem long gone: nowadays any moulty 11-count seems to warrant an opening bid. At least South held a six-card suit on this deal from the General European Championships! Once he had opened, of course, everybody got in on the act.

West	North	East	South
1♥	1♠	pass	1♣
4♥	double	pass	5♣
all pass			

North's double of 4♥ merely suggested some extra high cards. If South had passed he would have collected a peaceful 300 points, but the lure of a vulnerable game was too much. As you can see, 5♣, although a poor contract, seemed set to roll home with the trumps behaving and the spade finesse: right.

Have you any thoughts as to how the defenders might have given South a problem? A completely passive defence gave him an easy run. Try playing three rounds of hearts, giving declarer a ruff and discard. A useless ruff and discard, yes, but he would not know that, and if he ruffs on the table and discards from hand, he suddenly has a trump loser. To succeed, of course, he must ruff in hand; then he can pick up the trumps without loss and rely on the spade finesse.

BACKGAMMON: CHRIS BRAY



White, the box, had just rolled 61, and moved a man from his mid-point to his six-point. The team captain, normally the meekest of men, playing Black, took a brief look at the position and promptly doubled. His three team-mates, somewhat intimidated, doubled with him. Black accompanied his double with the comment: "Not much to think about here - come on let's get on with the next game." White, though, did find something to think about, and after a minute's study, accepted the cubes. Five rolls later he offered a redouble which all four players had to drop. But whose assessment of the original position was correct?

Black's position certainly has plus points. He has 14 good rolls, all ones plus 65 (which hit) and 66. Three rolls make a full prime: 22, 44 and 55, though two of these leave White a shot at a blot on the mid-point. The remaining 19 rolls do little to enhance Black's position. His five-prime, while effective, will be difficult to extend to a full prime. The worst feature of Black's position is that he has two men trapped behind a five-prime, and should he release one of those men, White will be waiting to pounce on the straggler.

White, while he is not at the edge of Black's prime, has only one man behind it, and his spare men are well positioned to attack Black when he gets the opportunity. Having one man back as opposed to your opponent's two is normally a strong advantage and this position is no exception.

The fact that Black has a shot makes him a marginal favourite, but he is not strong enough to double the original position. He should hit first and double later. If he doesn't hit he will be glad he did not double. The team captain should have taken longer to evaluate the initial position and his team-mates should not have allowed themselves to be misled. In a chouette, always think for yourself.

15/SPARE TIME

Rock without the roll

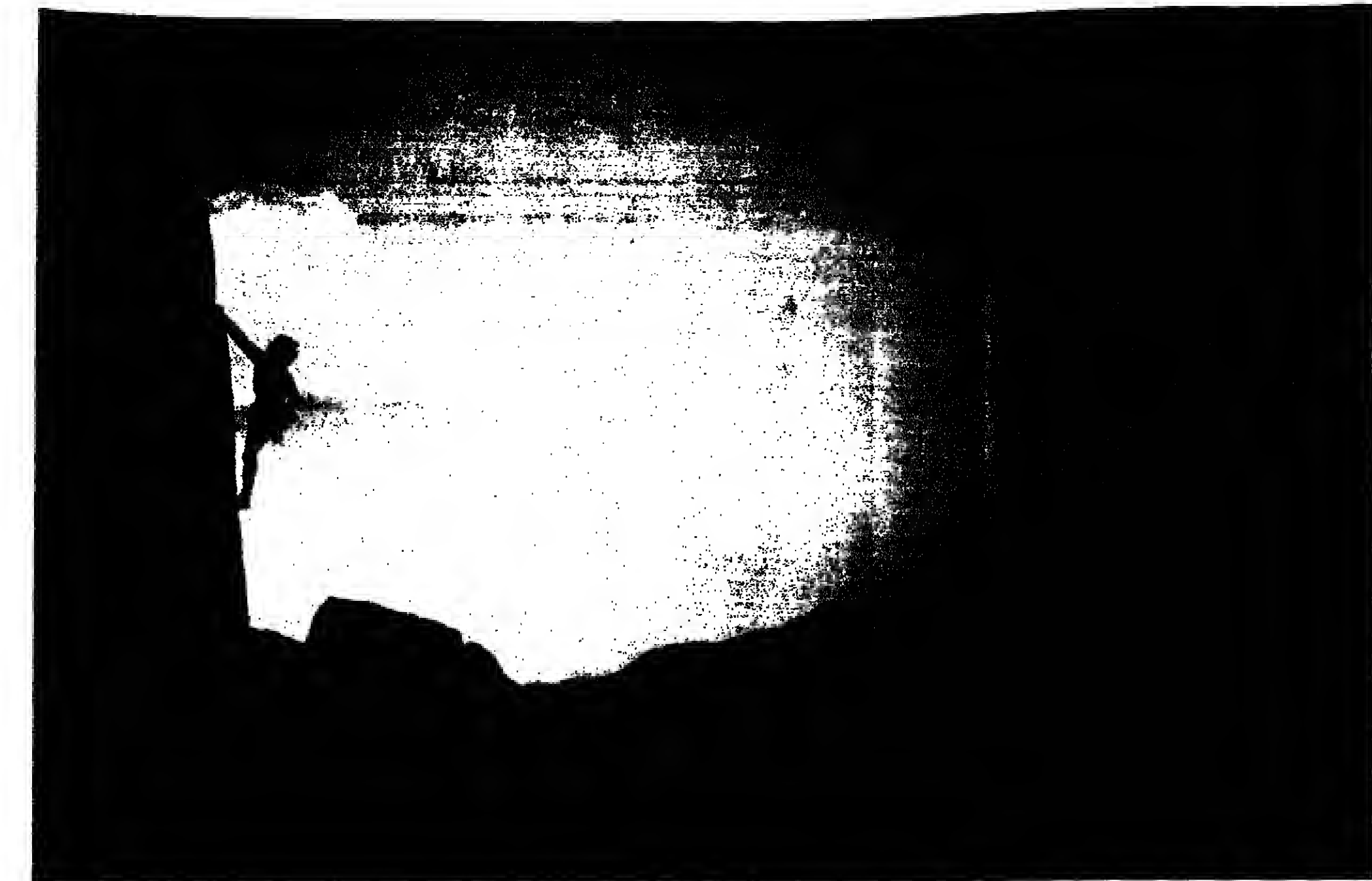
Indoor climbing may teach you the ropes, but how easy is it to translate that skill to the great outdoors? Eric Kendall finds a safe foothold on a course in Wales

Expansive, committed, exposed – stuck. Just a few of the thoughts that can go through your mind half-way up a crag: the valley floor a distant backdrop to the vital drama playing itself out in slow motion, with you the star. OK, maybe not quite, but delusions of grandeur come easily when you're heading for the top of the world.

"Stuck" is by far the most powerful of those sensations, and the most important for newcomers to the sport. Upward progress is the name of the game and going backwards is not just undesirable, it's often virtually impossible, making each positive move a chess-like calculation. Thinking one or two steps ahead may keep you out of trouble on easier climbs, but the grandmasters are probably mentally half-way up the next cliff before they've finished the first.

You can be stuck for only so long. Then you work out the problem, or you fall off. All the while the obvious solution will probably have been staring you in the face in the form of a foothold that escaped your searching gaze. To your climbing partner belaying you at the foot of the cliff, this hold and a multitude of others are invariably and irritatingly apparent, despite their remote view of the proceedings.

Just how calm you remain, while surveying the vertical and apparently featureless rock around you, is a critical factor. A cool appraisal of your situation is what's needed, but your nerves may tell you otherwise, while your muscles – every single one of them – just scream. Moderate physical as well as mental fitness is essential to climb



The only way is up: the view may be stupendous, but where do you go from here?

at any level of expertise; 20-stone bloaters need not apply.

As a potentially hazardous sport, learning to climb has special requirements, with two distinct aspects: the physical ascent, and safety. You can easily concentrate on one and let someone else take care of the other. Go to an indoor wall and climb at every level with no more safety training than learning to wear a harness, tie on to a rope and belay your partner, using ropes run through permanent bolts at the top of the wall. With a bit of care it's about as dangerous as tidying up, and saves the bother of going to the hills, maybe getting wet and cold, and having to fiddle about learning to set up a safe rope system.

This satisfies the needs of some – it's an athletic endeavour that tests skill, strength and stamina, which can provide ever harder challenges: a bit like going to

play squash or football on a Saturday, but with racquets replaced by ropes, and studs with sticky-soled shoes. But for others it's a second best, for want of outdoor opportunities – the Peaks, Scotland and Wales are a fair distance from much of the population, the Alps even further. This leaves a group of climbers able to shimmy up colour-coded artificial rock routes, but without a clue how to fix a rope and only a limited feel for what constitutes a viable natural handhold.

Touching Stone is the answer to their problems, a two-day course specifically devised to allow climbers of all abilities to transfer their skills safely from an indoor wall to an outdoor crag. It is held at Plas y Brenin, the National Mountain Centre in north Wales, where instructors use surrounding climbs to teach ropework and the use of climbing hardware to set up bomb-

proof belays. You also get a taste of the ultimate goal of many climbers: learning how to "lead", placing protection and clipping in a rope along a route as it's climbed, rather than relying on a rope secured from above. It's a step on the way to bigger climbs and the kind of fluency that sets the expert apart.

Speed, grace, agility and confidence come not just with endless training on walls, but out on the crags which provide the thrill of being high and so exposed.

But whatever level you reach, personal responsibility is the key message. Considering the stakes involved, it's an alarming thought that the rope you set up is your sole protection if you fall – but ultimately, who better to trust than yourself?

What you need

True to its roots, climbing remains relatively

simple and uncluttered. First-timers can wear whatever clothes they feel comfortable in, though skirts and kilts would be considered bad form.

With sufficient training and abstinence, tight-fitting, stretchy, Lycra-type clothing looks the business. Climbing outdoors also requires clothing for full protection from mountain weather, according to season.

Trainers or other grippy-soled, flexible shoes are fine to start with; ideally, smooth-soled rock boots are worn several sizes too small to ensure maximum control and to enhance their astonishing grip on your feet as well as the rock.

Harness, helmet, ropes and hardware are all initially available for use through clubs, at indoor walls or on courses. You should know how it all works before buying your own.

Where to go

About 200 artificial climbing walls are listed in the British Mountaineering Council's (BMC) *Climbing Wall Directory* which costs £2.50 but is free to members. Write to the BMC, 177-179 Burton Road, Manchester M20 2BB, enclosing an s.a.e. for membership information.

Local walls are usually listed in *Yellow Pages*, sometimes under "Sports Centres". London has several walls, and two dedicated climbing centres, The Castle (0181-211 7000) and Mile End Wall (0181-980 0289). Walls are also a good source of information on clubs and outdoor climbing opportunities and often run courses at various levels.

Touching Stone, climbing outside for the inside climber, is available at Plas y Brenin, National Mountain Centre (01690 720214). Web site URL: www.pyb.co.uk

Growing up in a dolls' house

Tiny dog leads, miniature door knobs... there's a mini world in the making at Pulborough. Sally Staples joins the Dolls' House Workshop.

The four-day course sounded just a little intimidating. Decorating and electrifying, carving tiny pieces of furniture and creating miniature room sets suggested that this was a course for serious-minded experts – not the sort who would gladly share their tube of glue with a beginner.

But it proved to be quite the opposite. The women who had signed up for the workshop were a friendly, humorous bunch ranging from the novice toying with a flat-pack kit, to an obsessive dolls' house maker who built an extension to her



Miniature maintenance: a tiny spot of decoration

Photograph: John Lawrence

home to accommodate the 11 houses she has created from scratch in the past five years. Mary Barclay, from Shef-

field, is a retired social worker with a talent for "crafty things" and a passion for dolls' houses. Her home-made collection includes a Sixties doctors' surgery, a Nineties modern house with a Porsche in the garage, a Victorian toy room, a teacher's room she made out of a bread box, a chemist's shop and a bridal shop.

She embroiders the tiny carpets for the staircases and spends spare cash on buying miniature furniture. But she still comes on courses to seek advice from tutor Lorna Payne.

"The most important thing I ever learnt was to measure, check, measure, check and check again before you cut anything," she said. "And you need a fresh eye to give you new ideas. I bought this little brass oven for £40 and it just didn't look right. Lorna suggested I should stipple it with black paint leaving just the brass rail and brass on the door handles. When I'd done that, it looked exactly right for my Victorian kitchen. She also instigated the idea for stripping a dining suite and giving it a different finish."

Mary has visited America to learn more about her hobby and likes nothing more than to browse round the surprisingly large number of miniature fairs and specialist shops. Her husband has insured her handiwork for £20,000.

At the other end of the scale is Sue Parkes, from Staffordshire, who has had little experience in the art of miniatures and is painstakingly working on a new project. She has saved her earnings from a part-time job for two years to book a place on the four-day workshop, at the residential adult education college located in an old rectory near Pulborough in Sussex.

"There's not much time to get stuck into a project at home, what with working, looking after the children, cooking and housekeeping," she said. "So this is a nice break. I've bought a flat-pack kit and I want to make it into a shop that sells gardening equipment and things for pets."

"I'm planning to make dog baskets with some cane. I can do little brooms and dog leads, and I've got some miniature

chicken wire for rabbit hutches. I'm really clumsy – not talented in this way at all. But all you need is time, patience and the desire to make something and, honestly, anyone can do it; it's very addictive, too."

Shops are as popular as conventional dolls' houses. Jean Stuchlik, from Worthing, is working on a baker's shop with living accommodation upstairs.

"I started making mouse houses out of papier-mâché for my grandchildren," she said. "I've always liked working with my hands and I've drawn quite a lot. But you don't need any special talent to do this. I've bought a kit to make my staircases but I was really stuck with the lighting. Lorna has shown me how to electrify my shop with a copper wire circuit soldered to the back of the house."

Jean has set her shop in the Twenties, and bought a selection of rolls of wallpaper with tiny scale patterns, and some swatches of thin corduroy material to make the carpets. The chimneybreasts are balsa wood and she spent hours cutting, painting and sticking pieces of old cereal boxes to make hundreds of tiny tiles for the roof. The windows are acrylic and the sitting-room floor is paper with a parquet design.

Pat Clay, from Shepperton, has no interest in dolls' houses but enjoys making what she calls "boxes". These vignettes or room sets can be decorated with stones, pebbles, pieces of wood and miniature furniture to conjure up Christmas scenes, beach pictures, woodland landscapes – anything that catches the imagination. Pat has created a Greek island scene as a memento for a friend.

"I enjoy coming here because it's therapeutic and it's fun to be with like-minded people. I'm not talented but I like to be creative within a small area. For

me, being here is adult playing."

Pat's Greek island is constructed out of a Croft Original sherry box. She created a church by photocopying and enhancing a postcard several times and then building up the picture with paper backing to give it a three-dimensional look. She has used sand and tiny pebbles to give a glistening effect to the beach, and rubbed some soil on plastic strips to give an extra-

ordinarily authentic impression of old Greek flooring tiles.

Tutor Lorna, who founded the East Midlands Miniaturist Association in 1991 and won a scholarship from the International Guild of Miniature Artisans to study her subject in America, acts as a sounding-board, giving help and advice to students where it is wanted. "Some people are purists and others just want to have fun," she

said. "I'm there to give them ideas and to help them achieve whatever they have in mind."

A four-day residential dolls' house workshop at the Old Rectory, Fittleworth, near Pulborough in Sussex (01798 865306), costs from £188 including full board. A similar course is run by Pat Cuforth at Shaw Farm, Lockridge, Marlborough in Wiltshire (01672-861228).

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How hanging about team buses and car parks can purify the air



MIKE
ROWBOTTOM
ON AUTOGRAPH
HUNTERS

The away team bus is where you will find them after football matches. Out come the players, their hair still damp from the showers, and as they board the bus the eager requests start.

Or you can find them by the gates of the home players' car park, chatting to the commissionaire - "Lcs been through yet? yeah?.. What about Sol?" - until a BMW or a Saab glides up to the exit with a familiar face behind the wheel. A knot of supplicants slows the saloon's progress; excitement stirs as the driver's window slides - automatically - down.

Autograph hunters. It's a curious name for them, as they are invariably the reverse of hostile. More like potential victims, in fact, putting

themselves on the line, half hopeful, half fearful of being shunned or ignored.

As a reporter, you seek different things from sporting protagonists - a comment, a line, a reaction. When deadlines loom, it is tempting to regard those desperately proffering pens and paper to the subject of your enquiries as an irksome intrusion.

Pur-lease! We are professionals! Can't you see we have a job to do? Kindly stand aside!

Lindford Christie, I swear, used to delight in choosing such moments to address every request with the utmost diligence, knowing he was making the Fourth Estate sweat on their edition times. But I digress.

Inconvenient as the seekers after autographs may be to we seekers after truth, they are ignored at the peril of any sport - or, by extension, those who write about it. Like plants, they purify the air.

I have a programme for the 1973 Amateur Athletic Association Championships which were held at Crystal Palace. On it are several names which will always be associated with particular memories of that Saturday.

Andy Caneer - caught him on the back straight after he had broken the British 800m record. Big smile. David Jenkins - found him clambering up the steps of the main stand. Brisk, bright, friendly. Alan Pascoe - got him as he was putting on his tracksuit. He

nearly fell and did himself an injury as he balanced my programme on one knee. "Olympic star's career ended by the stroke of a pen... tragic accident robs British athletics of top hurdler".

I also carry another memory of that sunny afternoon. Strolling around the outside of the arena, I noticed Geoff Capes, Britain's fearsome shot-putter, talking to someone who I now realise must have been from the Press. I waited at a distance for about five minutes until the giant policeman was alone. "Excuse me, Geoff," I said. "Can I have your autograph please?" I couldn't.

"You've got to pay for that now, son," he said, walking away. In one moment my love for the sport of athletics was

destroyed; I walked from that stadium broken and distraught.

All right, it wasn't as bad as that. But it mattered to me at the time, and I felt the humiliation every autograph seeker sometimes finds.

I had made my first sortie into the world of fandom a few years earlier by writing to Martin Peters. To be more specific, I sent him a 16 stanza - well, let's be kind to an 11-year-old and call it verse.

The idea was that Peters was the sole survivor of a West Ham injury crisis, and was thus obliged to take on the champions of the era. Leeds, on his own. "The left foot passes to right foot, he's off and away he goes, the inexpressing of his feet bamboozles the others so..."

I think you can guess the rest.

By return, I got the poster torn from Goal magazine which I had sent him to sign.

It said: "Best wishes, Martin Peters." I was thrilled.

Looking at the envelope, I saw it had been posted at 12.30 in Romford. Perhaps he had put it into the pillar box himself? No, probably he'd got someone to do that for him. But the signature - blue ink, down in the left hand corner - that was his. Martin Peters had looked at this poster. Martin Peters had touched this poster. Wait until I tell them at school.

In April of last year, a journalistic assignment took me to Leamington Spa - no, really - and I had the opportunity of

meeting the man whose timeless classic of 1969, *Goals From Nowhere*, was my set text of the time. "Go on, my son," I'm shouting as the boys come running up, all shouting and jumping on me. The crowd's gone potty. Must have looked great.

As Peters - greyer now, but still with that trademark side parting - paused in the lobby of the hall where he had been speaking, I felt myself stepping out and away from my professionally present self like Patrick Swayze in *Ghost*. From man to fan.

Words came out of my mouth in keeping with the tentative traditions of fandom. "Excuse me, Martin. Would you mind signing this?"

It said "Best wishes, Martin Peters." I was thrilled.

Japan's little big man still on the learning curve in London

The latest visitor to the Budokwai judo club is the diminutive but formidable Hirotaoka Okada, who is in this country to seek ways of combating the bruisers who now dominate the sport where guile and grace once held sway.

Philip Nickson took on Japan's double world champion on the fighting mat - briefly.

Hirotaoka Okada did not look the part of a double world champion. Relatively short at five foot eight (1.70 metres), with a chubby face, a slightly plump girth and an easy smile, he did not seem anywhere near as bruising as many other visitors who step through the door of The Budokwai in London, the oldest judo club in Europe.

I remember a Russian from Vladivostok a couple of months ago - all grim sinews - and Pedro Soares from Portugal, hungry for international medals; and our homegrown Ray Stevens. Over six foot to a man and each brandishing an abdominal six-pack.

In any case, this was Okada's first experience of Tuesday, the Budokwai's strong, high-grade night, where quarter is neither expected nor given.

He would be edgy, I mused. They always are.

"Onegaishimas!" I delivered the formal invitation for a *randori* - the free-fighting practice which, on such occasions, is more of a rumble than an exchange of Japanese martial niceties.

He nodded. We bowed, and I returned to the vertical for the last time. As I stepped forward I was suddenly aware of this massive paw of a hand which

grabbed my *judo*, and pulled me in a direction which I did not want to go. In mid-step I felt, rather than saw, a shovel of a foot scoop me up and spin me over. As I hit the ground, he pounced, and with an efficient strangle - *kata-ha-jime* - I was fast heading for oblivion.

The rest of the five-minute practice was, to put it briefly, more of the same. And, after the concluding bow, I returned to the edge of the mat to watch him deal summarily with Keith Davis, Britain's representative at the world championships in Paris three weeks ago, a huge visiting Frenchman, and Danny Kingston, Britain's 1996 European champion. ("I know Kingston-san - he beat my brother in a competition in Japan," Okada told me later. Filial loyalty evidently runs high in Nippon society.)

By the end of the evening, certain facts were evident. First, Okada may be short on stature, but he makes up for it with massive forearms and thumbs, and a centre of gravity somewhere around his knees. Secondly, he has the fastest feet in the business, ready to sweep you horizontal before you even think of stepping.

And thirdly, the demise of Japanese judo has been greatly exaggerated.

In the 1980s, Japan could be expected to win half the medals on offer. In the 1973 world championships, they won every category. But in Paris, the Japanese team won only four of the 16 categories - the same number as France. Japan, the founding country of the combat sport, seems to be foundering as Britain has in cricket.

And that is why Hirotaoka Okada has come to England for a year in a joint venture between the Japanese judo federation, the Budokwai and the High Wycombe Judo Centre, where he will also teach one day

a week. He is here to learn, he says, and he does not only mean English.

Is it a Japanese affectation of humility? Later on Tuesday, he apologised and said he has been out of practice for the last couple of years since he retired - just teaching. He would be fitter and better shortly. It did not make us feel any better.

But Japanese judo is facing great change. Since it emerged as an Olympic combat sport in 1964, it has seen a remarkable expansion in the world and the Japanese were always regarded as the mentors - understandably so. The fighters and teachers who travelled the world did exhibit a remarkable technical command. They were acutely aware not only of the whole picture when two oppo-

nents faced each other, but the tiny details as well.

In a fast and furious attack, it was important for them that the leading foot should be at such and such an angle, that the left-hand collar grip, controlled by the little finger, would be pulling in this direction while the right-hand sleeve grip would be working differently. All this in the midst of a 180-degree spin in a hundredth of a second. That is Japanese judo.

On the other hand, so much of Western judo is dependent upon a more brutish power and blind speed, and tactics. Of course, Europe has produced its outstanding technicians too, and few are more respected in Japan than Britain's world champions, Neil Adams and

Karen Briggs. But increasingly, Japan is losing to the bruisers. This is worrying.

"In the Olympics at Atlanta, Japan only won three gold medals - all from judo," remarked Okada. "What will happen in the Olympics in Sydney?" As Japan relies on judo to raise its national head at Olympic level, its younger judo generation must come to terms with Western styles.

On the other hand, Japan feels it has a mission to preach a pure kind of judo, the technical, beautiful flowing kind that its exponents still do better than anyone else in the world. It is a serious dilemma.

Now 30, Okada is in the vanguard of the young judo movement looking to develop a new blend of tradition and combat

effectiveness. Judo is in his blood. His father did judo and amateur sumo, and Okada started judo at 10.

"At first I wanted to be a *sumo* champion, but..." and he grins as he indicates his short stature. Judo success came relatively early. He won his way from a provincial school to Tsukuba University, from where he emerged to win his first world title in Essen, Germany, in 1987, in the light-middleweight category at the age of 20.

Four years later, he became the first Japanese champion to successfully go up a weight and win another world title, this time at 86 kilograms. It was particularly spectacular, because he won it with a stunningly original throw - a new version of

kouchi-gake (minor inner reap). Many expert observers did not know how he did it until they saw the video.

"I first did it by chance in a competition when I was 14," he said. It is a throw he will always be remembered for.

His determination to always be the champion was shown when, in 1994, trying to make a come-back, he was caught in *juji-gatame* - the classic armlock - by Kenzo Nakamura, who went on to win the world and Olympic title. Okada refused to submit, and only managed to wriggle free after all the tendons in his left arm had snapped. He continued to fight with one arm, and creditably held Nakamura to a decision. He retired a year later.

Hirotaoka Okada has been

marked to play a leading role in Japanese judo for the future, perhaps even to become the next head coach of the Japanese team. He follows in a long line of outstanding judo men who have come to the Budokwai in recent years: Katsuhiko Kashiwazaki, Yasuhiro Yamashita, Nobuyuki Sato, and Hidetoshi Nakanishi - world champions to a man.

With each, there has been an increasing relaxation of the formalities. In the old days, Japanese teachers were always "sensei" - teacher. Or, it was Mr whoever. So, on the first evening, the latest incumbent was asked - in the best English polite manner - how he would like to be addressed.

"Call me... Hiro," he said. Times have changed.



Philip Nickson (foreground) has that second-best feeling when he comes up against Hirotaoka Okada at London's Budokwai judo club

Photograph: Peter Jay

Why BBC's new 'light programme' is in danger of floating away like a hot air balloon



CHRIS
MAUME

SPORT
ON TV

In the halcyon past of idealised memory, sport on the BBC was a simple affair. A few plummy words of introduction from a patrician type, the event itself, then a few more words bidding the viewer goodbye. In and out, no messing. Nowadays, of course, Murdoch has most live sport to himself (I have this image of him as the obese diner in *The Meaning of Life*, cramming one more little slither into his fat gob, but that's between me and my therapist). So the BBC has to improvise.

Which is where programmes like *Onside* (BBC1) come in. It's Wogan plus a few filmed inserts. Sport as chat. It should by rights be presented by Alan Partridge, but John Inverdale has to do.

It's clear from the exchanges with the first guest,

Frankie Dettori, at what level discussions (if you can call them that) are pitched - and that, as well as Wogan, Inverdale has learnt much from the unimposing sycophancy of Cliff Morgan on radio's *Sport on 4*.

Since Dettori's seven winners in a day he has become a bit of a media tart, so he made the perfect opener. "You are your sport's ambassador, aren't you?" was about as challenging as the questions got. There was a Tebbit-test question about the jockey's allegiances during the recent Italy v England game, and an exploration of Dettori's taste for excruciating tank tops as evidenced on *A Question of Sport* and in his spot as guest presenter on *Top of the Pops*. (A distinction, by the way, which he shares with another

Onside guest, Chris Eubank, who, if memory serves correctly, had a following sentence to deliver: "...and up six places at 16, 'Cecilia' by Fuggs".

Theriotically. The cameraman drowned, apparently. Next up was a satellite interview with Jacques Villeneuve, who declined to call Michael Schumacher a cheat (though the duration of his pause before answering told its own story) and a filmed interview with Damon Hill, who, not having to exhibit the largesse of the victor, could afford to be unequivocal. Then it was back to Dettori on the comfy couch. The question following on from the motor racing was about the suspensions he had; but the tone was so light that the whole programme was in danger of taking off and float-

ing away like a great big hot air balloon.

Still, there was Dettori's *Top of the Pops* cohort to savour. Eubank makes for great television because he clearly occupies a different plane of existence, a fifth dimension which people think is really quite cool, the essence of an English gentleman, rather than a total and utter prat.

His entrance, with his cane and little leather handbag, was sublime. Why were the audience cheering? Why weren't they jeering and throwing rotten fruit and veg? Because they were loving it, in the way aristocrats used to go to Bedlam to watch the lunatics drool. As he sat down, he preened himself and banged his microphone, eliciting a little giggle from the audience. My

favourite moment was the revelation that he's a qualified secretary with 60wpm typing speed. There are a few things I wouldn't mind dictating to him. But only if Naseem Hamed was my bodyguard.

To be fair to Inverdale, he did ask one or two questions of substance. He wondered whether Eubank shouldn't retire before further defeats diminish his reputation. "I've come up with a statement not too long ago, which goes like this: 'Life is a show. Thank God for the show'" Eubank said.

The audience began to giggle again, somewhat bewildered, but it turned quickly into applause, which made you think the floor manager must have stepped in to head off the howls of derisive

laughter. There was another filmed interview, a chummy chat with Evander Holyfield, the action from that night's Premiership game (the one concession to sport as it is played rather than blathered about), and then the climax, and the programme's greatest calamity. If you were the editor of *Onside* and you had gone to the lengths of securing Johan Cruyff, live in the studio, what would you do? Make him the centrepiece, the jewel in the crown, sit him on the sofa at the beginning and keep him there until the credits roll? Or would you squeeze him in at the end, devoting seven of your 50 minutes to him? The question hardly needs considering.

And you'd think hard about what you're going to say,

When Inverdale put it to him that the Dutch never win anything, he looks suitably non-phussed, though he did him the courtesy of answering intelligently rather than giving him a good slap. There were questions about his relationship with Gary Lineker at Barcelona and about his son Jordi, which were fair enough. But there should have been so much more. Next week's guests include Luciano Pavarotti, which gives you some idea how *Onside* is going to pan out.

The BBC promise more of the same, by the way, with talk of a Des Lynam chat show and another comedy slot. But, and I hate to say it, if it's live sport you're after in the future you're going to have to bow down to the anti-Christ in the sky.

18/RACING

Sinon to sign off season with a flourish

With huge fields for the last meeting of the year at Newmarket today, punters would be wise not to throw caution to their wins. But, as Greg Wood argues, it may pay to side with a trainer who has come to love this meeting.

And so the moment has finally arrived to bid farewell to the Newmarket season. For another six months or so, and as always, many racegoers will do so in the fervent hope that between now and the spring of 1998, someone will come along and build a proper racecourse in its place which actually gives spectators the chance to see what is happening.

Then again, when the contests are as difficult to fathom as some of the handicaps on this afternoon's card, it is sometimes far better to have little clue as to what is going on. The Ladbroke Autumn Handicap, the penultimate race of the season at Headquarters, is matched in terms of strength and competitiveness only by the seven-furlong event which will bring down the curtain half an hour later, Wetherby, however, takes things to the other extreme, with just 13 runners in three televised races, and seven of those in the juvenile hurdle. Thankfully, the third component of the afternoon, at Ascot, strikes a perfect balance.

The Newmarket card offers more than mere pinstickers, however, since two of the winners on the same day last year, All-Royal and Silver Patriarch, went on to record Group One victories during the current campaign (indeed, the latter would have been the Derby winner if his nose was a couple of inches longer). Silver Patriarch's win 12 months ago came in the Zetland Stakes, a 11-furlong Listed race for two-year-olds which has highlighted four excellent performers in just the last five years, with Bob's Return (1993 St Leger), Double Trigger (1995 Gold Cup) and Double Eclipse also among its winners.

The last two horses were both trained by Mark Johnston, who clearly likes this race,

since today he saddles three of the seven runners.

"I wouldn't be running three horses if it wasn't the best opportunity for them as individuals," Johnston said yesterday, "because there are very few opportunities for two-year-olds who are potential top class stayers. Sinon has got to be the first string on form, but I'm not saying that St Helensfield won't beat him. They're all at very early stages of their careers so any one of them could emerge as the big hope."

Sinon's only outing to date should sound a warning for punters, since he started at 20-1 and comfortably beat a strong favourite - who was also trained by Johnston. This was a performance of some potential, though, and Sinon (3.10) is the one to be on today.

It will be a surprise if any of the runners in the Ben Marshall

RICHARD EDMONDSON
NAP: SILK ST JOHN
(Newmarket 3.45)
NB: St Helensfield
(Newmarket 3.10)

Stakes goes on to emulate All-Royal's success in the Sussex Stakes next season, but Samara (2.40) has solid form and will be a value alternative to Desert Beauty. The Ladbroke Handicap threw up a 33-1 winner 12 months ago and could well do so again, although there are several improving three-year-olds in the 28-strong field who may well be ahead of the handicapper. Desert Track will find plenty of support, as will Consort, but two solid alternatives are For Your Eyes Only and SILK ST JOHN (nap 3.45), who has run well from a bad draw on both his previous starts.

Storm Alert has won the United House Construction Chase at Ascot in three of the last four years, but it could be worth opposing him with Down The Hill (next best 2.30), who made a promising return over hurdles. Samlee (1.55) is another with a chance, but at Wetherby it is a watching brief only, with One Man sure to start at long odds-on to beat Barton Bank in the Charlie Hall Chase. The juvenile hurdle is also fascinating, but it is impossible to decide between Monarch's Pursuit, Amalgam and Stoned Immaculate.

Results, page 23

Stable advice on the pick of the winter jumpers

TOBY BALDING

"Bellator was unbeaten in two starts as a juvenile hurdler last season, winning the Grade Two Wensleydale Hurdle by eight lengths at Wetherby at the start of November and then following up by 15 lengths at Ascot three weeks later. He missed the rest of the season due to injury. Both of those races were on good going, but I think he will be suited by cut in the ground and he could show further improvement granted such conditions. He should stay two and a half miles this season and, after giving him a pipe-opener on the Flat, I plan to run him in the Silver Salver Handicap Hurdle at Chepstow in November. Bellator is not that big, about 15 [hands] two [inches] maybe 15 three and looks a natural hurdler. Burelante, on the other hand, is a big, strong animal who also is going to need two and a half miles and plenty of cut in the ground. He showed plenty of promise last season, winning a novice hurdle at Leicester by nine lengths, and is going to make a decent novice chaser this winter."

CHARLIE BROOKS

"Hob Warrior is a horse I hope will develop into a decent novice chaser. He won well on his chasing debut over two at Market Rasen [2m 1f 110yds] last Saturday. I'm going to sit down and look at his pedigree - he is by Lord Americo - but I could see him staying three miles over fences. He wouldn't want the ground too soft, but then he wouldn't want it too firm either. Andrusophi won a two miles novice hurdle at Stratford recently and is a nice sort. He should stay further than that and should go well on soft ground."

TIM EASTERBY

"Simply Dashing, who is effective from 2 1/2-3m, will be going for plenty of valuable handicap chases this winter. He acts on any ground, with the exception of heavy, and will start off at Wetherby [today]. Good Vibes is a useful handicap hurdler who will be kept busy this winter. He also goes to Wetherby [today]."

MICKY HAMMOND

"Lord Future won a bumper two seasons ago and was fourth on his debut in a novice hurdle at Wetherby last season. He did not run subsequently. He should stay 2 1/2m and make a fair sort this winter. Traceability was unplaced on his hurdles debut at Market Rasen last Saturday but, a useful performer on the Flat, promises to do a lot better over timber in due course."

Making a list of horses to follow is an absorbing alternative to form-book study. The Independent's 1977 Flat horses to follow has won 33 races and shows a

pre-tax profit of £9.69 to a £1 level stake. Successes include Fly To The Stars (20-1 & 14-1), Fame Again (12-1) and Epic Stand (10-1). With the curtain about to fall on

the Flat Turf season, it is the turn of jump trainers' to map out campaigns for their strings. The leading trainers tell Ian Davies about their winter hopes.



Simply Dashing, who makes his seasonal debut at Wetherby today, is expected to jump to it this winter

Photograph: Dan Abraham/Sporting Life

NICKY HENDERSON
"Fiddling The Facts will make a novice chaser and do well this winter providing we get some rain. She's a lovely big mare who won over three miles over hurdles and will want a trip over fences. We had some nice horses running in bumpers last season and one I particularly like is Golden Eagle, who is a nice young horse. He will stay 2 1/2-3m. He's a big strong horse."

HENRIETTA KNIGHT

"Storm Forecast will go novice hurdling. She was rather surprisingly beaten in her only run in a bumper last season but is a half brother to Tullymurry Toff by Strong Gale who was bought with chasing in mind. However, he is well capable of winning over hurdles. I should think 2 1/2m will be his trip and, being by Strong Gale, he wants decent ground but not heavy. He is a fine-looking animal. Maid For Adventure is another nice prospect. She won twice over hurdles last season and is going straight over fences this term. Maid For Adventure will be suited by around 2 1/2 miles, and also by Strong Gale, is an

other who wouldn't want the ground too testing. She will be aimed at the Tattersalls mares' chase series which we won the final of last year at Uttoxeter with Tellicherry."

PAUL NICHOLLS

"See More Business is in good form and will run soon. The only time he has been beaten over fences so far was when he came up against Dorans Pride. He wants 3m plus and soft ground, which he hasn't had so far. He will be entered for the Gold Cup but I'm going to bring him along quietly and start him off in the Rehearsal Chase at Chepstow before building up to the big races in the spring. Strong Chairman is a big strong horse who won all five of his point-to-points last season. He is going to make a useful staying novice chaser."

DAVID NICHOLSON

"Castle Sweep was slightly disappointing after winning the Silver Salver Handicap Hurdle last season but will probably go for the same race again. He is going for longer distances this season. His target is the Stayers' Hurdle at the Cheltenham

Festival. Escartefigne won in good style at the Grand National meeting in April and goes chasing this season. He looks the sort to do really well over fences."

MARTIN PIPE

"Cadoogold is going novice chasing and should win a few races. He is effective from 2 1/2-3m. Potentate is a useful handicap hurdler, again at 2 1/2-3m. He is entered in the Silver Salver at Chepstow and might well run there. It is possible he will go novice chasing later on."

JENNY PITMAN

"Mentmore Towers placed us, when third in the Sefron Novice Hurdle over 3m at Aintree in April. He will start off in staying handicap hurdles but is a big strong typical chasing type and might go over fences in the New Year. He would not want the ground too firm. Princesal finished second to Shadow Leader in the Supreme Novices' Hurdle at the Cheltenham Festival who will stay 2 1/2m over hurdles this season. He is a gross horse, who has taken a while to get fit, but will be ready soon."

GORDON RICHARDS
"Mr Frangipani is going to make a hurdler. He's a beautiful horse, I wish I had a whole stable full like him. He won't run until we have some rain. He is going to stay 2 1/2-3m and will make a good novice hurdler. Military Academy is another lovely sort who will make a three mile chaser. He, too, won't run until the ground gets softer."

OLIVER SHERWOOD

"Bear Claw will make a useful handicap chaser. He won the EBF Novices' Hurdle at Chepstow a couple of seasons ago and looks well handicapped, over fences. He is a big, strong horse who will be suited by 2 1/2-3m and want a bit of give in the ground. Knappers Nap had one run in a bumper last season and is going to go novice hurdling. He will stay over at 2 1/2-3 miles but will get further later on. Another strong individual, he will also want soft ground."

SUE SMITH

"Keamore Speed is an improving 2 1/2-3m chaser who is well suited by a stiff track. He

is best on good ground and should win more races in the coming months. The Last Fling could develop into a Gold Cup contender. He is a very talented horse, who stays well. The Rehearsal Chase at Chepstow could be an early target for him and he looks set for a good season. Go Native remains a novice hurdler, despite winning at Aintree on his hurdling debut in the spring, and can take advantage of this."

NIGEL TWISTON-DAVIES

"Queen Of Spades [won at Bangor yesterday] will make a fair novice chaser. She's speedy and will only race at around 2m. Kerawi is a useful hurdler and will be going for all the top pattern hurdles at around 2m. I have high hopes for him."

VENETTA WILLIAMS

"Boots Madden jumped well when winning on his chasing debut at Worcester but he won't be rushed into anything too ambitious. The Village Way won an Irish point-to-point in the spring and ran well in bumpers at Chepstow and Worcester. He will want 2 1/2m over hurdles and is a very exciting prospect."

G is for . .

Getting Out Stakes: As in "getting out of trouble", an ironic nickname for the last race on the card, when five or six apparently unbeatable selections have already failed to oblige and the other members of your party have long since stopped believing - or even listening to - a single word you say. Forget all about seventh-race salvation, for it is written that the only one among you to find the winner will be that irritating bloke whose name you can't remember, who only came because he works with someone else, and has already picked up on four

previous races thanks to horses with names that remind him of ex-girlfriends.

Going to ignore - momentarily at least - the distance of the race or the weight to be carried: the most important single factor to consider when deciding whether to back a horse is whether it will act on the ground. The best horses, so they say, will go on anything, but the vast majority - i.e., the sort the likes of us back day in and day out - will have a definite preference for (or aversion to) either a sound or an easy surface. The right ground is essential if they are to produce their best form, and it is no coincidence that bookmakers hate long

spells of settled weather. As the barometer rises, so too does the percentage of winning favourites, but all it takes is a day or two of rain and suddenly every race in Britain is little more than a lottery. In fact, it does not even require rain - a heavy-handed clerk of the course who simply cannot resist trying out his spanking new watering system can create almost as much havoc. Usually, he will then compound the error by insisting that the going is still good to firm, even when the jockeys return to weigh in looking like mud wrestlers.

"Goowonmysahn": Betting-shop culture's principal - indeed, only - gift to the English

language, the distinctive call of the agitated punter is repeated four or five times at increasing volume. Often followed by a cry of "awbladdy!"

Gorytus: Odds-on favourite for the 1982 Dewhurst Stakes, only to finish tailed-off last. The forensics proved inconclusive, but many punters - and not just those who lost a small fortune on him - will always be convinced that Gorytus was...

Got At: History does not record whether a shipy caught with a dose of hemlock hidden in his toga was ever caught hanging around the Coliseum stables before a big chariot race, but on all subsequent

form, it seems a fair bet. For as long as people have gambled on races, there have been those who will stoop to anything to ensure that the odds are firmly in their favour, and though it is theoretically possible that a punter might dope a hot favourite in a small field and back all of its opponents, there will more usually be a bookmaker or two involved somewhere. They might have big liabilities on an ante-post favourite, as was rumoured to be the case with Pinturicchio back in 1961, when the colt was a hot favourite for the Derby. In the weeks before the race, he was doped not once, but twice, a thorough job which ensured that he was not able to

line up at Epsom. Alternatively, a bookie will organise a doping and then lay the horse, concerned for all he is worth, as seems to have happened at Doncaster's St Leger meeting in 1990, when two fancied horses were stopped. Those concerned were never caught, thereby giving every embittered punter in Britain a convenient excuse whenever their poor judgement leads them to back a beaten favourite.

Grand Nationals: Not for nothing do the bookmakers go to considerable lengths on National day to look after the "once-a-year" punters. There are Help Desks, extra staff, occasionally even a smile, and all

because the layers know that no other race has the same power to hook people on betting. All it takes is £1 each way on a 12-1 winner, and suddenly the "once-a-year" hackers who thought they could handle it find themselves drawn deeper. Next, they are dabbling in small doubles each Saturday afternoon. Before they know it they are out of control, experimenting with the Class A stuff - Yankies and Treasies - before finally, inevitably, rock bottom is reached. When the first slip comes under the window for a horse in a high spring handicap, the pusher - sorry, bookie - knows that the investment has paid off, and the poor fool is booked for life.



GREG WOOD
THE A-Z
OF BETTING

WOLVERHAMPTON

HYPERION
7.00 Villarcia 7.30 State Approval 8.00 Pol
Brisbane 8.30 Stoppes Brow 9.00 Island
Girl 9.30 Village Native

GOWING: Standard.
STALLS: 17 - outside, rest - inside.
ORAM ADVANTAGE: from 50 to 1m 40.
● Flycatcher, left-hand, odd course.
● Course is in at town on A449 Wolverhampton station.
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Scarlets pray on a classy Kiwi and a loyal Moon

Llanelli have risen from near extinction to the brink of having to decide between a European quarter-final place or the chance of playing the best team in the world. As Tim Glover discovers, a New Zealander and a Welshman are largely to thank for this revival.

If Frano Botica needs a refresher in half-back play, a word with the wife will suffice. Like most women from the Land of the Long White Cloud, Tracey Botica, whose brother was a New Zealand provincial scrum-half, is a world authority on the game.

"She is more like Frano's coach than wife," Rupert Moon, the Llanelli scrum-half, said. "She's so knowledgeable it's frightening. I always call her Mrs Botica. That's how much respect I have for her."

At the age of 34, Botica, an All Black more than 10 years ago, is domiciled in Pembrey, an attractive coastal village near Llanelli, with his wife and three children.

In a controversial deal, Botica, who had a fabulous career with Wigan, was signed for £200,000 by Llanelli from Castleford via Orrell. Simultaneously the Scarlets found themselves severely in the red and but for the sale of Stradey Park to the Welsh Rugby Union for £1.25m earlier this year, the club would probably have become the most celebrated casualty of the shambolic move to professionalism.

"We remained loyal," Moon said. "We have not run off to the hills. The players sat down and agreed to get on with it. It would have been difficult if we were thinking about whether we'd be paid at the end of the month. We've blocked it all out and developed a great team spirit. We had to."

In this respect, Botica has played a key role. "He's our shining light," Moon said. "We needed somebody who had experience of professionalism. None of us knew exactly what was required and he's been there, done it and has the trophies to prove it. He is the consummate professional and there is a human side to him that you don't always expect from a Kiwi. You don't see Sean Fitzpatrick enjoying a night out or Jonah Lomu relaxing but



Scarlets' lever: Rupert Moon (left) and Frano Botica will be looking to inspire Llanelli to a victory over Cardiff in the Heineken Cup this afternoon



Photographs: Allsport

Frano's one of the boys. It's nice and refreshing to discover that he's not another cog in the All Black machine. Generally they give the impression that it's a job which they don't particularly enjoy."

Moon, who won 17 caps for Wales between 1993-95, had his partnership with Botica interrupted this season when the New Zealander tore a bicep whilst making a tackle against Treviso. With the fly-half factory, which produced Barry John, Phil Bennett and Jonathan Davies, on short time, Botica was recruited as a playmaker and goal-kicker but the 22-year-old understudy, Craig Warlow, has impressed sufficiently to present the selectors with a conundrum.

Warlow, who scored 20 points in Llanelli's 25-2 victory over Swansea last Saturday,

will play stand-off against Cardiff today in the Heineken European Cup quarter-final play-off, with Botica at inside centre. "I was happy to play wherever, it doesn't bother me," Botica said.

"Frano's been very keen to offer support and he's developed an excellent relationship with the younger players," Moon said. "He never stops learning, so it's become a two-way process. He has helped Craig with aspects of distribution and reading of the game and Craig has helped Frano in his line-kicking. Craig's confidence is beginning to emerge and he has a lot to offer. He's a Kiwi but he puts the tackles in. He's not afraid to put his head on the line when required and he's a phenomenal goal kicker."

Botica, who featured in the

inaugural World Cup, won by the All Blacks in 1987, will play for Croatia in the qualifying rounds against Denmark and Italy next May. He qualifies because his grandfather was a Croat and it also helps that the coach is a friend of his. Apparently there are about 30,000 Croats in New Zealand and at least six of them are playing for Croatia, which explains their recent victory over Russia.

First though, Botica would like to win something with Llanelli. His two-year contract expires at the end of the season. "I'd like to stay," he said. "I've had enough of travelling round and chopping and changing countries. This is a lovely part of the world and before returning to New Zealand it would be nice to finish my career here. I don't know what will happen."

Llanelli were defeated 36-26 by Cardiff in the semi-finals of the Welsh Cup last April. "It's a painful memory," Moon said, "and we bear grudges."

Should the Scarlets gain revenge today, their quarter-final is at Bath in a week's time - on the day they have a 25th anniversary rematch against the All Blacks at Stradey. It is not just Llanelli who bear grudges.

"The only reason New Zealand are coming to town is to put the record straight," Moon said. The All Blacks specifically asked for the fixture and will play no other club side on their tour. The match is all ticket and, as in 1972, Stradey Park will be choc-a-bloc.

If Llanelli are successful today they will need the wisdom of Solomon to solve next Saturday's dilemma: do they pull out of the European Cup, field

a junior side or mix and match against Bath and the All Blacks?

"Whatever we do we will probably get fined again," said a spokesman.

For their part in an ill-tempered affair in Pau, Llanelli were fined £20,000, half of which was suspended but they have yet to pay a penny. "As far as we're concerned the fine has no legal basis," the spokesman added.

Meanwhile, Moon's love affair with the game in Wales shows no signs of waning. The former captain of England students - he was born in Birmingham, played for Walsall and lives in Pontypridd - has already played 10 games this season. "I'm not stressed out wondering if this is my last opportunity to achieve something. I'm lucky to have been at a club that has

given me so many memories. Some people think I'm playing better now than when I was playing international rugby."

Gareth Jenkins, the coach, has advised the 28-year-old Moon to adopt a cooler, calmer approach. "I suppose it's about time. I have been playing from the age of five and I have always had a frantic nature."

A regular contributor to BBC Radio Wales, he is about to start work on his own sports series for HTV, *The Moon and Stars*. "One day I'll get a proper job," he said.

Rupert H St JB Moon has mastered the National Anthem but has been thwarted in his ambition of learning the Welsh language. "I can understand a lot but the spoken word is the hardest part," he said. "A Brummie trying to speak Welsh? What hope?"

Jenkins smooths way as Pontypridd prepare to enter Brive's den

They have blown hot and cold in their previous two meetings, now Brive and Pontypridd are poised for a shuddering third collision as they attempt to win through the Heineken Cup play-offs to the quarter-final away at Wasps next weekend. David Llewellyn looks ahead to the weekend's rugby union programme.

While English rugby introduces the 10-minute sin bin for offside and preventing release of the ball Europe stages Brive-Pontypridd III.

After two pool matches which left the sides separated by a point - the first match was won by Brive 33-31, the second was a 29-29 draw - today's decider has a great deal more hanging on it.

Pontypridd stayed overnight near Limoges, famous for its porcelain; but that is not as fragile as relations between the two clubs after the mass brawl on the pitch, the bar-room brawl off it and subsequent banning of three Ponty players from setting foot in the Correze region until they have answered various charges brought against them for their alleged involvement in the late night fracas in Le Bar Toulzae.

While Pontypridd will be without the banned Phil John, Andre Barnard and Dale

McIntosh - their appeal to have the trio allowed into the region was rejected earlier this week - Brive will have the services of flanker Lionel Mallier, the man sent off in the first clash along with McIntosh.

The French club are trying to focus on the rugby side of things and their full-back, Christophe Lamaison, said last night: "We are determined to erase the all the recent bad history, the brawling on and off the pitch and the war of words. To do that we intend putting on the sort of performance that will make the final point for us."

Pontypridd are doing their bit. Limoges is outside the Correze region and they intend spending as little time as possible in Brive. They reckon on turning around in three

hours and their schedule will see them arriving in Wales at around midnight tonight.

But in those crucial three hours the game will reach critical mass and the fall-out will not be confined to those on the pitch. The very game of rugby will be judged by events at the Parc Municipal des Sports.

The Pontypridd captain, Neil Jenkins, was a model of diplomacy when he said, prior to leaving for France: "We've enjoyed two awesome matches with Brive and only one point separates us from them so in no way are we intimidated."

However, the Lion went on to warn: "We don't want any trouble, but we will not back down. If they come out to intimidate us then we are going to stick up for ourselves."

"There is no pressure on us. No one expects us to win, which is why we can go out there and just go for broke."

"Our form has not been up to the usual standard since we last played in Brive, but I feel sorry for the team playing against us when we finally do click again."

Pontypridd flew out of Cardiff last night without their injured backs Kevin Morgan and David Manley, while the fitness of the centre Steele Lewis, wing Gareth Wyatt and lock Stuart Roy is serious enough to convince the coach, Dennis John, that he must delay selection until today.

Things do not look quite as tough for Leicester. The Tigers take on Glasgow at home, the dubious reward for the winners

of this play-off is a quarter-final tie at Pau on Sunday week. Leicester have decided to run an experiment up front against the Scots. Graham Rowntree switches from loose to tight-head, to see if he can be used as a future stand-in for Darren Garforth. Perry Freshwater comes in at loose-head.

Austin Healey remains on the right wing and the Fijian genius, Wasiale Serevi, at scrum-half. That experiment, begun last week with mixed success, should prove tougher this week. Glasgow have James Craig back on the left wing and he is a very rapid runner; the spritely Healey will need overdrive to catch him.

In the Allied Dunbar Premiership, Bath could have Nathan Thomas restored to

the back row for the visit of Richmond. Thomas was sent off in the first match of the season against Newcastle for stamping on Tim Simpson. The Premiership leaders, Newcastle, have named the Lions wing John Beattie on the bench for the third successive weekend, but he could play against London Irish at Sunbury because of fitness doubts surrounding Jim Naylor and Stuart Legg.

Kyran Bracken is on the bench for Saracens against Bristol at Vicarage Road tomorrow and the England scrum-half is expected to start the match against Cambridge University at Grange Road on Tuesday along with fellow England squad member, flanker Richard Hill.

HOCKEY

England warm up against President's XI

England, who arrived in Cairo in the early hours of yesterday, play the President's XI tomorrow in a warm-up game before they start their series of four Tests against Egypt on Monday. Meanwhile, at Milton Keynes, England's women play South Korea in the second Test with two changes to the squad which won on Thursday. Mandy Davies and Lucy Youngs play in place of Sarah Blanks and Lucy Culliford.

With the Premier League sides not in action because of the international trip, the men's domestic scene centres on the meeting of the leaders in Division One, Surbiton, against runners-up Havant at Surbiton this afternoon in the League and in the third round of the Cup in Hampshire tomorrow.

With both teams on maximum points, it is unfortunate that Surbiton will be without South African Gregg Nichol, their leading goal-scorer who has returned home for a six-Test series against Poland.

Surbiton's squad is boosted by the return of forwards Mark Owen (Barbados) and Karl Slagno (Gibraltar). Havant's young side of mostly home-grown players should be unchanged.

Chelmsford will be missing their two South Africans, Mike Cullen and Justin King, on international duty which will make their task much harder away to Lewes and the Cup game in Bristol against Robinsons. They will benefit from the return of Australian Pat Odey, who missed the start of the season.

- Bill Colwill

BASKETBALL

McGee must be on guard

Renault Leicester Riders' coach, Bob Donewald, has put the pressure on his players for tonight's Classic Cola National Cup tie with Newcastle Eagles, and hopes his players will do the same to the former Granby Halls crowd-pleaser Leon McGee.

The 26-year-old McGee, from Battle Creek, Michigan, spent much of last season at war with Donewald. So, despite leading Leicester's scorers with 22 points a game, there was little surprise when McGee moved on during the summer.

Donewald, engaging in one of his familiar psychological skirmishes, is playing up McGee's qualities at the expense of his own backcourt men.

Donewald said of McGee: "I hope he plays well but we win. He's not as wound up as some people make him out to be. He's a smart man."

"With Rob Phelps alongside him, I think Newcastle's guards are better than ours."

Leicester won 94-84 at Newcastle in the Budweiser League in their second game of the season, but under new coach Craig Lynch the Eagles have won four of their last five matches.

Lynch said: "Generally we are playing as a team now and not like a collection of individuals." That could be a key factor tonight if McGee decides to prove a point to his former coach.

Richard Taylor

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"He tried to take me off but I didn't do it well enough as he only broke his car. If you're capable of living with that weight on your shoulders, then good for you, but I don't know how I would play it myself." Jacques Villeneuve on Michael Schumacher's attempts to deny him the Formula One world championship in Spain.

"I did nothing wrong. There have been happier days in my life, but this is racing. You have good days and bad days - this is one of the bad ones." Michael Schumacher.

"There will be a lot of crosses. Ray Houghton will run and run and run, and Tony Casanova will be a danger - even when he's dead he'll be picking the right moment and scoring from his grave." George Leekens, the Belgium coach, assessing the Republic of Ireland football team.

"I needed to feel I had the support of the team, which I felt I had. I needed to think we had a realistic chance of success in the West Indies - and I do." Michael Atherton on his decision to stay on as England cricket captain.

SPORT ON THE INTERNET

How a rabbi trained for New York Marathon by performing circumcisions

What are 173 male dentists doing tomorrow morning at 10.30 in New York? They are all taking part in the New York Marathon, now in its 28th year.

This is one of the many pieces of information available from the official web site for the New York Marathon. The site is full of statistics on the runners, breaking down all the 30,463 entrants by age (most are between 30 and 39), by sex (21,627 men and 8,836 women), by state (if American (8,854 from New York), or by country: the best represented visitors are the French, with 2,261 competitors. In case you needed to know, six per cent of the runners are divorced.

The oldest is Sam Gadless at 90, who only took up marathon running five years ago. He will be joined in the race by his 55-year-old son and 25-year-old grandson.

There is also a rabbi, much of whose training consists of walking across New York on Saturdays to perform circumcisions as Jewish Law forbids driving on the Sabbath.

There are also 479 investment and stock brokers down to compete - a little light relaxation after a busy week. Fortunately the course does not go anywhere

near Wall Street so the runners will not have to avoid suicidal stockbrokers or bouncing dead cats.

The site includes a very detailed map of New York and the course, training tips, a list of all entrants including the main runners.

The other big city marathons, Boston and London, are also represented on

ADDRESSES

Official New York Marathon site: <http://www.nyrr.org/>
Official Boston Marathon site: <http://www.bostonmarathon.org/>
1997 Boston Marathon: <http://www.runnersworld.com/boston/home.html>
A Celebration of 100th Boston Marathon: <http://www.100th.com/>
London Marathon: <http://www.greenwich2000.com/sport/marathon.htm>
1997 London Marathon: <http://www.britannia.com/marathon/indmthn.html>
Runner's Web Marathon Links: http://www.runnersweb.com/running/rw_mar.html

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- Edward Abelson

25/FOOTBALL

Banning betting may prove an impossible task

In its investigation into gambling by professional footballers on their own sport, the Football Association may have opened a can of worms. Nick Horis believes that enforcing a no-betting policy will be as difficult as ever.

Revenue from football bets is rising between three and five per cent each year. Current estimates suggest that between £200m and £500m are wagered on football bets annually in this country.

Sir John Smith, the former Metropolitan Police deputy commissioner who led the FA's inquiry into betting, said on Thursday that those who gamble, be they supporters, players or officials, "have become involved in the culture of betting that is apparent throughout every aspect of modern life, evidenced by the popularity of the National Lottery." In short, gambling is widely regarded as normal, healthy and is even promoted by the Government.

Sir John's report emphasised that for more than 100 years players have been banned from betting on matches. Yet it is generally acknowledged that many footballers do bet - and on games in which they are involved. For many the key question is does "recreational gambling" by players lead to corruption?

Sir John thinks not, as he found no evidence of corruption. However, he warned that any wagers by interested parties can create an environment with the potential to damage football's integrity. In some instances, such as the laying of "spread" bets on the timing of throw-ins or corners, that risk is heightened and may facilitate what is effectively insider trading.

Clarification of other betting activities is also needed and will happen. Most notably, revised FA rules will distinguish between secret forecasting for betting purposes and public forecasting in a general sense. Whereas it will remain against the rules for a player to sell covertly information to a gambling syndicate, some information will be allowed to be sold. For example, West Ham's manager, Harry Redknapp, writes a weekly football tipping column in the *Racing Post*, and he will be able to continue.

The feasibility of a ban on the majority of other gambling activities still has to be addressed. For example, it would not be difficult for any player who wished to continue gambling to place a bet for them. And bookmakers, who have accepted their bets in the past, do not seem keen to stop them continuing.

Graham Sharpe, a spokesman for William Hill, said: "I can't see any objection in theory to allowing a player to have a small fun bet on a game in which he is taking part." He added that he knew of few instances in the past when the FA had done anything to implement its rules. "I suspect there is an element here of the FA endeavouring to be seen to be doing something," he said.

It must also be doubtful whether Sir John's recommendations would be effective. One is to send a copy of FA rules to all players. Another is to make the betting industry more aware of the rules and help enforce them by refusing to accept bets from footballers and ceasing to place betting slips in areas of football grounds which players and officials use exclusively.

NATIONWIDE LEAGUE PREVIEW

Kinkladze keen to play despite crash

Perhaps an announcement that Alan Ball was about to return would have sent greater shudders through Manchester City supporters, but only that. When George Kinkladze was involved in a car crash on Tuesday night, Maine Road held its collective breath.

The 23-year-old Georgian has been the only thing to make the last three seasons palatable for City supporters. As Francis Lee, the chairman, said: "Having him injured is the last thing we need but we are all so grateful he is not seriously hurt."

Kinkladze had 30 stitches inserted in his back but, surprisingly, might appear against Oxford United today. "Glo is really keen to play," his manager, Frank Clark, said, "but we want to take a look at him before making a decision."

City's enthusiasm to have Kinkladze back is underlined by his contribution in the corresponding fixture last season when he scored twice in a 4-1 victory, although who Clark will leave out is less clear. Jeff Whitley, his replacement in the 1-0 win over Crewe on Wednesday, was voted man of the match while Chris Greenacre, making his debut, scored.

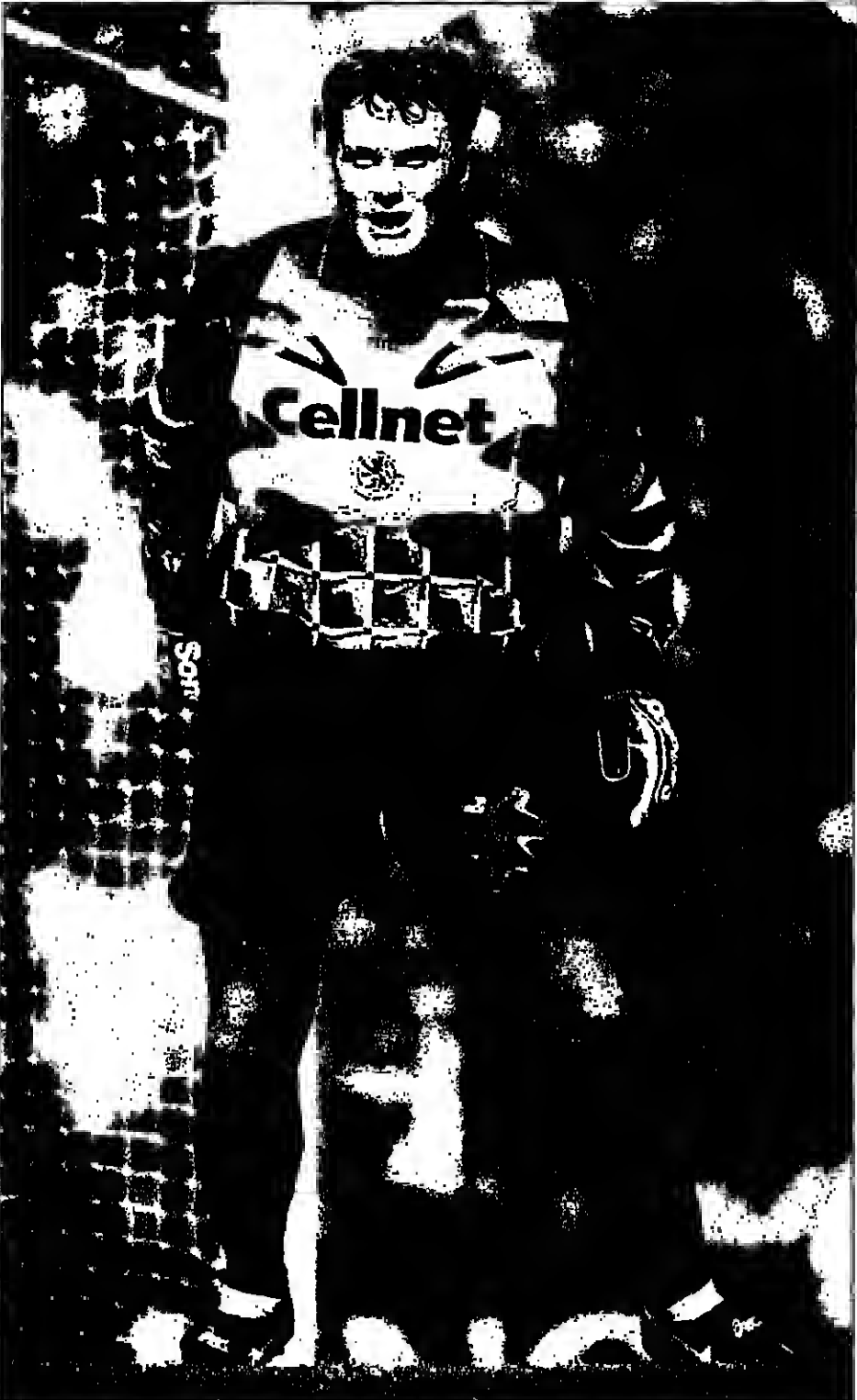
Things are never dull at Maine Road - and Bury is hardly boring either. Earlier in the season the players refused to do any promotional work until a creche was provided and this week there was a mini-revolt over the hotel bill for last weekend's trip to Ipswich.

That came out of the players' Christmas party fund and manager Stan Ternent had to offer to repay the money from his own wages to maintain team spirit. That was declined, but the club will pay for last night's accommodation ahead of today's game at Norwich. As for a meal: "It'll be soup and sandwiches as usual," Ternent said.

Gary Walsh will start in goal for Bradford City against West Bromwich after completing a £500,000 move from Middlesbrough while Manchester United's full-back John O'Kane could make his debut after joining City on loan.

Nottingham Forest are expected to name an unchanged side against Crewe and Neil Maddison will make his Middlesbrough debut against Wolves after a £250,000 move from Southampton. Sunderland are likely to stick with a back four of Jody Craddock, Darren Williams, Darren Holloway and Michael Gray against Stockport - even though their average age is just 21. They will face a striker who flopped at Roker Park but whose goals have pushed County into 12th place.

Brett Angell has scored eight times in 11 First Division games this season compared to nought in 10 while he was at Sunderland. "Things didn't turn out the way I wanted at Roker Park," he said. "It was very frustrating but I have no bitterness towards the club." - Guy Hodgson



Gary Walsh will make his debut in the Bradford City goal today Photograph: Empics

Hartson charged with misconduct for Reed remarks

The West Ham striker John Hartson has been charged with misconduct by the Football Association following his verbal attack on the referee Mike Reed after Monday's Premier League defeat by Leicester.

Hartson called Reed "a homer", claiming that his performance was "a disgrace that deserved nought out of 10". On Wednesday, West Ham and Hartson apologised to Reed, saying the remarks were made "in the heat of the moment and were not considered". Although Reed accepted the apology, he said the events were "out of his hands".

The Football League has given Anton Johnson permission to continue his consortium's £2m takeover attempt of the struggling Third Division club Doncaster Rovers.

Johnson, the former owner of Rotherham, was charged with breaching League regulations on being involved in more than one club in 1994, but the League said yesterday he was not banned from the sport, although they would keep an eye on events.

"There were allegations about Mr Johnson's involvement in more than one club and he was due to face charges concerning breaches of regulations, but he went out of football and the charges were not activated," a League spokesman said.

"The charges are still outstanding and on file, and if Mr Johnson becomes involved in football again, the League will look at the situation."

Donald Findlay, the vice-chairman of Rangers, yesterday denied that anyone had been asked to succeed Walter Smith as manager. Findlay dismissed reports that his club are to offer Newcastle a £4m pay-off for the services of Kenny Dalglish.

"I think it is always as well to wait until people are asked and I do not think anybody has as yet been asked to become manager of Rangers, so I do not see how anybody can refuse the job," he said. "There are a number of names and people, and the list will remain confidential."

Findlay stressed that no decisions have yet been made by the Rangers board on Smith's successor and said the nationality of the new manager will not be important, but a proven track record in European competition will.

Asked on Radio 4 whether Dalglish is under consideration, Findlay said that reports had shown he had no interest in returning north of the border. "Clearly Kenny does not want to come here, so no," he said.

Dalglish, however, was furious at the speculation. "It has been suggested that being linked to a big club like Rangers is a compliment. I think it's an insult to the fans of Newcastle. Their intelligence has been insulted because it is total fabrication. "There is no foundation in it in any way, shape or form. I don't want people to think that because I watched Rangers as a kid, I'm going to go back to work there," he said.

Alan Moore, the Middlesbrough winger, will go into hospital tomorrow for a double calf operation that is likely to keep him out for most of the season.

Bryan Robson, the Boro manager, said: "Moore will be out for three or four months, possibly longer. It is frustrating for the player, but surgery was inevitable to cure his problems." - Catherine Riley

Thorn ready to return for Rangers

Rangers hope that the return of two of their overseas contingent for today's match at home to Kilmarnock will restore their fortunes, following last week's defeat by Dundee United.

The Scottish champions have been without Jonas Thorn for the last nine weeks because of a knee injury, but the Swede is expected to return today. Sergio Porrini is back after missing the Dundee United defeat with an ankle injury.

Kilmarnock will be without their goalkeeper, Dragoje Lekovic, who suffered a knee injury while training with his Yugoslav colleagues before their World Cup play-off victory over Hungary in Budapest in midweek. The youngster Colin Meldrum retains his place. Celtic will attempt to strengthen their position at the top of the table when they travel to Dunfermline, who are still without their injured captain, Craig Robertson.

Darren Jackson and Tommy Johnson are both fit again after injury, but Wim Jansen, the Celtic coach, has not recalled them to squad as he says they need match practice. John Robertson, the Hearts veteran, hopes to make his 500th appearance for the club at Aberdeen today. The Frenchman Stéphane Adam, who has been preferred to Robertson recently, is suspended.

World Cup place can cap it all for Coultard

Gillian Coultard left Upton Park hanging on to a commemorative silver cap on Wednesday night, a memento presented to her by West Ham's old favourite Geoff Hurst to mark her century of England appearances.

England left Upton Park hanging on to their aspiration of emulating their male counterparts in qualifying for the World Cup finals.

A 1-0 win over the Netherlands, courtesy of a moment of opportunism from their 17-year-old midfielder Susan Smith, kept them in with a chance of reaching the finals in the United States in 1999.

Only the group winner will progress, with the runner-up going forward to a play-off. But the cruel draw which placed England in a group including the European champions, Germany, and the world champions, Norway, means they will require something extraordinary if they are to go through. And - Smith's precocious intervention apart - there was nothing extraordinary on view at Upton Park.

"We have got to be realistic," Coultard said. "Being in a group with the world champions and the European champions it is going to be very, very difficult. But we wouldn't be here if we didn't think we could qualify."

At least England didn't lose against opponents they have not faced since 1978. "Tonight was very important," England's manager Ted Copeland said. "We would have had a major bill to climb if we had lost."

Harsh words had been required to lift his players' performance after a dire first half. "There were too many smiling faces and too many mediocre performances," Copeland said. "And Holland played better than we expected them to."

"One of the problems we've got is we have a lot of young players in the team and we are asking them for mature performances. Some of them let the pressure get to them."

England's next World Cup group match, at home to Germany on 8 March, is crucial. Copeland will attempt to maintain team spirit with regular training meetings and a number of friendly matches, starting with one against France in February.

McGivan calls bid trip 'a success'

England's World Cup bid team returned home yesterday convinced their hopes of capturing the 2006 event had been boosted by eight days of transatlantic lobbying.

Alec McGivan, who heads the bid team, Sports Minister Tony Banks, Sir Bobby Charlton and the chief executive of the Football Association, Graham Kelly, travelled to the United States, Trinidad and Tobago and Costa Rica to put England's case to three members of FIFA's executive committee.

McGivan said yesterday that the reception the team had received could not have been better. "The trip exceeded all our expectations," he said. "By going to these three countries we spoke to the representatives of the 37 North and Central American members. That's around a fifth of the football world, and in each case we had a very warm reception."

"I think it helped that we were the first bidding nations to go to see any of them, and it gave us the chance to fly the flag and sell England and the bid before the others got in."

"What it has shown is that you have to go out and meet people if you want to stage the World Cup. Bidding is an expensive business - but you won't win by sitting in an office in London."

Banks had been a major factor in the success of the trips to see US representative Chuck Blazer, his committee colleague Isaac Sasso Sasso in San Juan and Jack Warner, the vice-president of FIFA, the world governing body, in the West Indies. "All three of them commented on the fact that the Government was backing our bid so strongly and showing real support, while Sir Bobby was hailed as a football hero everywhere we went," he said.

"It's clear that there is great interest in the new Wembley and the other great grounds we've got. What came up time and again was that having so many foreign players in the Premiership is a big plus for us and the success we had in staging Euro 96 is also working in our favour."

McGivan hopes to talk face to face with all 24 members of the executive committee before the race begins for real at the finals in France next summer. "We know we don't have a divine right to stage the World Cup and we must not be arrogant at all," he said. "It is far too early to be optimistic or pessimistic, but we've all been very buoyed up by the experience. "We won't get carried away. But to see so much interest in our bid, that we've made such a powerful impact already, is a big boost for everybody."

CANADA

The playing careers of Peter Beardsley, Alan Ball and Bruce Grobbelaar all benefited from a spell with Vancouver Whitecaps when the North American Soccer League was at its zenith. Although the NASL is long gone, soccer in Vancouver is still alive - but maybe not for much longer. Two years after the NASL - and the Whitecaps - folded in 1984, a new club was formed, called Vancouver 86ers. They won four of the first five titles in the Canadian Soccer League and now compete in the A-League, which is in effect North America's second professional division, one level below Major League Soccer.

Like the Whitecaps before them, the 86ers have supplied players to English football, including the Plymouth forward Carlo Corazzini. The supply line - and the focus for the many soccer lovers in Vancouver - may be about to end, though. Like many other professional soccer clubs in Canada and the United States, the 86ers are in deep financial trouble.



AROUND THE WORLD

appealed to one of Vancouver's soccer heroes for help. Tony Walters, the former Blackpool and England goalkeeper and Plymouth manager, took the Whitecaps to the NASL title in 1979 and then guided Canada to the World Cup finals in 1986. He now runs a soccer coaching academy in Blaine, Wash-

ington, and has been asked to help in a last, desperate attempt to find new sponsors. It may be too late, though.

GERMANY

A non-League club called Eintracht Trier are the toast of Germany at the moment - except with fans of Borussia Dortmund and Schalke 04. Trier, the leaders of the Regionalliga West-Südwest, have reached the quarter-finals of the German League by beating the UEFA Cup holders (Schalke) in the second round and then the European champions (Dortmund) in Tuesday's third-round tie.

Goals from Rudi Thommes and Marek Czakon gave Trier a 2-1 home win in front of a sell-out 18,000 crowd. It was a humiliation for Dortmund, who are also having a bad time in the Bundesliga, where they are 14th out of 18 teams. "We are in a crisis right now and no one knows what is going on," said Stefan Klos, Dortmund's goalkeeper, who was in tears after the defeat in Trier. The experienced international defender, Jürgen Kohler, said: "We are facing a relegation struggle from the Bundesliga - anyone who doesn't understand the situation we are in should think about changing clubs."

Not surprisingly, questions are already being asked about the job security of Nevio Scala, formerly in charge of Parma, who replaced Ottmar Hitzfeld as coach at Dortmund in the summer. - Rupert Metcalf

A fanfare for the common manager

There was a time when David Jones might have been in the home dug-out at Goodison Park tomorrow. As a native Evertonian, former Everton player and promising lower division manager, he should have been a strong contender to succeed Joe Royle this summer. The game has changed, however, and he will sit, instead, in the away dug-out. This week the Southampton manager talked to our football correspondent about the reasons why — offering a fanfare for the common manager.

Sixteen years ago Everton were looking for a manager. They peered into the lower divisions and saw a former player doing well at pre-Jack Walker Blackburn. Six years on, Howard Kendall had become their most successful manager ever.

But that was before the Bosman ruling, share issues, Sky TV's millions and the cult of the personality chairman took over. Clubs with the pretensions of Everton do not appoint promising lower division managers any more, they go for recent international players, exotic foreign coaches or someone else's Premier manager. Everton recently gave Kendall a third stint at the helm, but not before trying all the other options.

A former Evertonian, David Jones, will be at Goodison Park tomorrow in the away dug-out. Southampton having decided to appoint the man who, as manager of Stockport County, knocked them out of last season's Coca-Cola Cup. Jones eventually steered Stockport to the competition's semi-finals and, more importantly, the First Division.

This earned him the dubious reward of assuming the most vulnerable position in the game. Most clubs have a player of the season award, some have a goal of the season honour. At Southampton these are usually won by Matt Le Tissier, so to spice things up, they have a manager of the season.

Jones is the latest lucky winner after Ian Branfoot, Alan Ball, Dave Merrington and Graeme Souness. Since an already difficult job has been made immeasurably tougher by injuries to Le Tissier and Egil Olsenstad (who, in a rare break from tradition, was last season's Player of the Year), it is no surprise to find Davy Jones' locker anchored near the Premiership sea bed.

Apart from three heady days at the end of August, and the 25 hours between last Saturday's win over Spurs and Bolton's defeat of Chelsea, Southampton have been in the relegation zone since losing to Bolton on opening day.

"I knew what I was coming to," Jones said when we met at his impressive house overlooking Wichester earlier this week. "They have struggled for the last five years — I don't know how they got out of it last year. The same players are still here so I knew it would be difficult, but I also knew if I could get the players in I wanted I could turn it around."

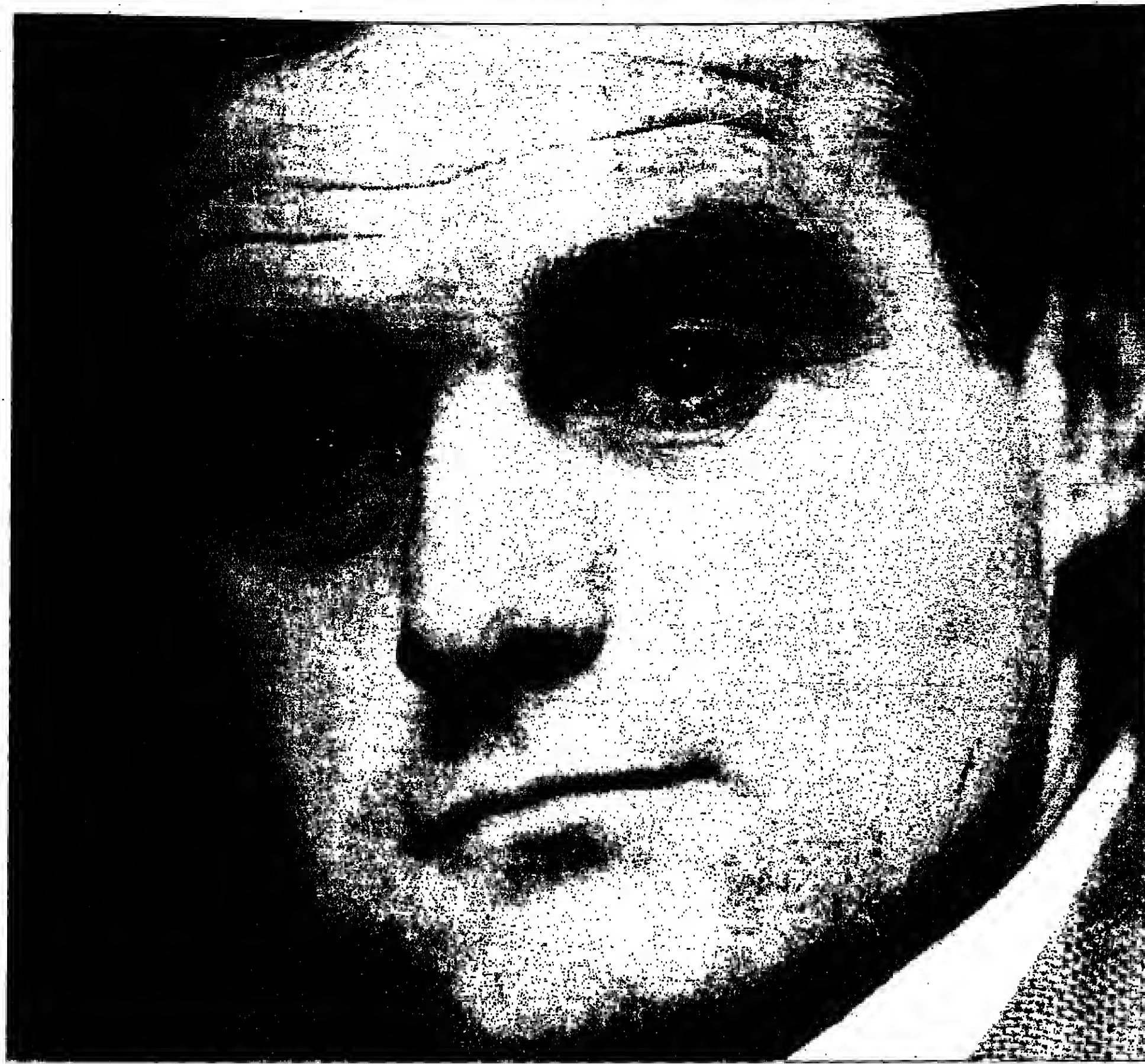
He has since signed Paul Jones and Lee Todd from Stockport, Kevin Davies (in an already planned deal) from Chesterfield and Carlito Palmer and David Hirst from Sheffield Wednesday. The most significant of these could be the £2m Hirst, whose brace against Tottenham suggested he could do for Southampton what John Harris has done for West Ham.

BY GLENN MOORE

"I had been chasing him for some time," said Jones. "He'd been there 10 years. I knew he wanted a new challenge and first-team football. It was the first signing we've kept quiet from the press which was good as, had other clubs known he was available, they might have come in."

"It was important psychologically to get off the bottom and out of the relegation zone. We have a lot of good players but some of them are under-achieving. Saturday's win owed much to Le Tissier as well as Hirst. "It's no coincidence that of the five games he [Le Tissier] has played we've won four and drawn one. Other players are lifted just by him playing, especially the ones who have been here a long time."

"I've spoken to him about his game. Other managers appear



David Jones: 'It is a different way of life. You can't go anywhere without being recognised and not just around here. My wife will not go out with me'

Photograph: Allsport

to have wanted him to work off the ball. I think to get him to work we might have to give him the ball, that's his strength. Carlton Palmer said to him when he joined: "Get me 15 goals and I'll do all your running". That's what he's about.

"He's up for it, he wants to be in the World Cup. He's very laid back but he's not as lazy as people assume. He does work hard in his own way and he cares. He's honest and a nice pro to work with. People think he's not ambitious because he decided to stay here, he is ambitious, he just likes it here."

Jones is also ambitious. When he succeeded Danny Bergara at Stockport he gave himself four years to reach the Premiership. He made it in two-and-a-half. "I felt if I turned Stockport into a good side

someone might come along. When they did it was not a difficult decision to leave, more an awkward one because I had a great relationship with the chairman. I've left the club with a good squad and there's no reason why Stockport should not be a force in the First Division. Whether they have got the resources to make that final jump... I don't know."

One of Jones' first thoughts when he took over at The Dell was what he would do with all the extra spare time. Last year he prepared Stockport for 67 matches, Southampton played 47, the Premiership average. However, any thoughts of lowering his golf handicap soon disappeared once the job began.

"The biggest difference in the Premiership is that you don't have any time. If you are

not coaching you are at some sort of function or with the press. It is so time-consuming. It is a different way of life. You can't go anywhere without being recognised and not just around here. My wife will not go out with me."

It's not always been big houses and instant recognition for the 41-year-old. He was, in his own words, "a bread-and-butter player" but he was good enough to win England Under-21 honours and play full-back for the Everton side that pushed the champions, Nottingham Forest, all the way in 1977-78. At 23 he moved to Coventry to play in his preferred centre-half position but was injured in his third match.

In two seasons Jones started five more games before being re-

leased. He played in Hong Kong and, against medical advice, two seasons with his brother, Mark, for Preston. At 29 his knee had bad enough and, though he played park football up to last season, his professional career was over. He is a laid-back fellow but scratch the surface and the hurt is still raw.

There is understandable bitterness over the tackle which finished him. He will not name the guilty player but adds that, in the present climate, he could have sued him. There is also a belief that players should realise their fortune and make the most of their talent. You sense he feels his brother did not and his too may make the same error. This outlook was deepened by a spell playing and coaching in non-League followed by social

work with deprived and problem children.

It was the need to be involved in the game, and maybe make the mark he was denied the chance to do as a player, which brought him back into football as Stockport's youth coach. It certainly was not the money — it meant a cut from social worker's wages.

It was also a risk. Married to Ann for 21 years, he has four children ranging from three-year-old Georgia to 20-year-old Lea (currently looking for a club). Like many managers he relaxes on the golf course and with the company of a few close friends, people who remember Jones the promising youngster, Jones the crippled player and Jones the social worker.

He feels passionately that

the apprenticeship in non-League and at Stockport has been vital. "Clubs have started to look for so-called big names but there is no guarantee a 'big name' will be successful. There are a lot of good managers lower down who are not given the opportunity. The likes of Chris Waddle [now managing Burnley] would have loved a big job in the Premiership but the experience he is getting lower down will stand him in fantastic stead."

"Look at Alex Ferguson, Martin O'Neill, Howard Kendall, Brian Little, Joe Kinnear... they all had an apprenticeship. If I do a half-decent job it might open the door for a lot of people, men like John Deehan and John Duncan, rather than having the same faces on the same merry-go-round."

They think they've no chance before even kicking a ball

Givoo that Arsenal is among the most cosmopolitan of football clubs, as well as home to arguably the highest profile black player of the modern era, it was appropriate that Highbury was the venue chosen to launch the latest initiative in the Let's Kick Racism Out Of Football campaign, now simply known as Kick It Out.

And, being an Arsenal fan, the minister for culture, media and sport was more than happy with the location. "Every time I see Tony Banks wearing his Chelsea scarf I remind him how well Arsenal are doing," Chris Smith said.

But he ought to have known better than to trust the Highbury traffic, which caused him to be 20 minutes late. Not that his lateness mattered to anyone present, except perhaps Michael Duberry. The Chelsea defender was the only Premiership player who turned up, but he looked distinctly uncomfortable at having to make room for the Secretary of State next to him.

But while the MP's lateness in no way detracted from the campaign's message that racism and prejudice have no place in football, it did mean he missed the performance of an extract from Kick It Out's new play about a young footballer who

secures a professional contract with a Premier League club, and his subsequent struggle to make the grade.

Nothing unusual about that, you might think, except that the title of the play *Ooh Aah Showab Khan* gives this one away. The player in question is Asian, and Asian footballers are about as rare as a Stuart Ripley goal.

In fact, according to Sir Herman Ouseley, chairman of the Commission for Racial Equality, Asians are "practically invisible in the professional game", both on and off the pitch. Only one springs to mind, and he plays up in Greenock, home to Scottish First Division club Greenock Morton.

Jazz Julla, who hails from the predominantly Asian Pollokshaw district of Glasgow, was a member of Rangers' Youth Cup-winning side of 1995/96, yet was recently released after failing to make the first-team breakthrough. He was apparently a "a good enough player", albeit one who was never going to stand a chance given Rangers' recent policy of signing big(ish) name players as opposed to promoting from within.

Bradford did have an Asian player called Chris Doty on their books but he "didn't



OLIVIA BLAIR
ON
WHY THERE
ARE SO FEW
ASIAN
FOOTBALLERS

quite make the grade", according to manager Chris Kamara. But Bradford are doing more than most to encourage the Asian community — there are 180,000 Asians in the city — to become more involved.

They have an Asian Supporters' Club, but, according to Kamara, what they really need is an Asian player in the team. "We've employed an Asian scout and have Asian players on trial regularly, but they seem to think they've no chance even before they've kicked a ball."

Hardly surprising, then, that Brendan Bason, deputy chief executive of the Professional

Footballers' Association, claims he's got more chance of picking six Lottery winners than predicting when the first top-flight Asian footballer will emerge.

However, the PFA did help fund a recent report entitled *Asians Can't Play Football* from which they concluded that "while there's undoubtedly a huge pool of untapped talent among Asian footballers, it's down to the clubs to convey the message that everyone gets a fair crack of the whip."

That may not be the universal story, but it's certainly the tale the fictional Showab Khan would have us believe. In the play, he's remarkably upbeat about his lot, claiming he was subject to the same selection procedures as his white contemporaries.

That view is endorsed by the former Arsenal scout Terry Murphy, now at Wimbledon, who says: "It doesn't matter whether they're black, white, yellow or green, we'll take them if they're good enough."

But it's still hard to believe that West Ham, a club situated in a borough where the ethnic population is forecast to total 50 per cent of the population by the year 2000, have just one Asian on their books. According to Murphy, Koya Abul Sidhu — remember the name.

teetotal at 15 is ever a yardstick. But Murphy himself can't remember running the rule over any Asian talent recently; the last time he did a fight broke out between the two rival factions in an Asian Cup final.

It's certainly not aggression that Asian players are noted for; dedication more like, perhaps stemming from the need to prove themselves. On the downside you hear the familiar racial undertones: too thin, ankles too weak, can't play on Sundays, eat different food and worship a different God. In short, Asian faces — and their feet — don't fit.

Clifford Oliver, the play's author, is all too aware of the obstacles. "If I was an Asian player, I'd think seriously about embarking on a professional footballing career. In the 1960s we were highlighting the problems facing black players, yet three decades on we're discussing initiatives to combat those same problems. What kind of message does that send out?"

Not a very positive one, but there is light at the end of the tunnel in the shape of a 15-year-old striker on Derby's books. He's quick, he's sharp, and he's got potential. More crucially, he's Asian. Anurid Sidhu — remember the name.

FAN'S EYE VIEW NO 230: TOTTENHAM BY NICK PARKINSON

Abject despondency was passed long ago; self-pity is habitually wallowed in and envy is a raging hell close to exploding. As an anaesthetic to painful trips to White Hart Lane these days, I consciously slip into day-dream and reminisce about the early 80s rather than get despairingly upset about a club and stadium ravaged of its soul and honour. I am sick of moaning and need consoling. I survive thanks to my very own fantasy football.

Using all the powers of my imagination, I take myself back to the first Tottenham side I can remember of that time. White Hart Lane, with a new West Stand, was brimming with excitement watching a team wearing those *Le Coq Sportif* shirts, dripping in grandeur and playing, undisputedly, the most glorious football in Europe at the time. I thought there would be no end to the good times.

For style and entertainment Spurs were unassailable, with the Argentine World Cup pair Ossie Ardiles and Ricky Villa showing off their exotic flicks and skills. Via a fruitful youth system and some shrewd acquisitions the team, in a five-year

period, won two FA Cups, reached a League Cup final when it was respectable to do so, challenged for the Championship, competed in Europe — including a UEFA Cup triumph — and it should have been more.

In the sombre atmosphere of White Hart Lane, 1997, I frequently recall the goals of Steve Archibald, Mark Falco, Garth Crooks and the under-used talent of Mick Hazard to help me endure today's shoddy impostors. There was also Tony Galvin with his rolled-down socks, the slalom runs of Villa and the presence of Steve Perryman and Graham Roberts.

The most unforgettable feature of the era was the bewitching midfield skills of Ardiles and Glenn Hoddle. The perception and dainty touch of Ossie was perfectly complimented by the genius of 'Oddie, together conducting a sophisticated display of football.

Like countless others, I was mesmerised by the ease and grace with which 'Oddie moved and dissected an opposition with a debilitating ball. 'Oddie's vision and thought were sharper than any other and were greeted

by sighs of admiration and wonder from thousands at a raucous White Hart Lane.

I am certainly not brought back to the present by excited noise reverberating around a doleful White Hart Lane. Tottenham have lost all the attractive playing style that their reputation was forged on and, moreover, are passively surrendering their prestige as lesser clubs leave us behind.

There have been unwise and modest moves in the transfer market, leaving Spurs fans disillusioned and frustrated with little to cling to for pride or hope. Ginola fleetingly appears like 'Oddie in his untucked shirt, spraying 40 yard balls, but in a side short on imagination and with Darren Anderton breaking down more times than Long John Silver doing the hokey-cokey, inspiration often comes through aerial bombardment the deadly disease which Spurs seemed to have caught from a previous Arsenal side.

Alan Sugar recently expressed a determination to repeat our illustrious past "to achieve greatness once again in the not-so distant future". However, before this can happen a major clean-sweep is essential.

Wednesday guard against 'the Barnsley experience'

Sheffield Wednesday, second bottom and falling, step into the arena today where their hapless neighbours emerged mauled and bleeding last week. Guy Hodgson looks forward to their trip to Old Trafford along with other Premiership matches.

Nick Harris (below) analyses the weekend programme match by match.

A little light shone in the tunnel of despair Sheffield Wednesday supporters found themselves in last Saturday. True, Crystal Palace had won at Hillsborough, but mischievous delight could be derived from Barnsley's seven-goal mauling at Old Trafford.

Then a look at the programme revealed the light in the distance was a train bearing down. Manchester United's next opponents are another struggling south Yorkshire team: Wednesday.

Struggling they undoubtedly are. Barnsley are bottom, but just above them are Wednesday, who have won only two Premiership fixtures since 16 April. They score goals but leak like the Titanic.

conceding 16 in six games, suggesting David Platt is the latest in a line of managers at Hillsborough who have failed to find a defence.

Not that Platt, who had to endure calls for his sacking last week, was being defeatist yesterday. "We will have to be bold," he said. "The players should realise that most people would give their right arm to play in a place like Old Trafford."

"I can remember going there a couple of years ago and we picked out what we thought was a flaw in their side and tried to exploit it. We played very well that day and that will give us encouragement."

Wednesday have drawn three of their four matches with the champions over the last two

seasons and there is also Euro-itis in their favour. United lost at Leeds before beating Juventus in the Champions' League and drew with Derby immediately before meeting Feyenoord, so if there is a good time to go to Old Trafford, three days before they fly to Rotterdam is it.

They also arrive with David May and Ronny Johnsen definitely out and Henning Berg probably too short of match practice. Denis Irwin, who agreed a two-year contract yesterday, is available, but the Republic of Ireland international may be rested ahead of Wednesday's game against Feyenoord.

Arsenal have a singular approach to the League after going out of the Uefa Cup, but

they travel to Derby in the wake of successive 0-0 draws which have cost them the Premiership high ground and without Dennis Bergkamp, who begins a three-match suspension.

Lying in wait is the Bald Eagle, who celebrated 25 years in management this week and senses his anniversary might coincide with appropriate silver. "It wouldn't come as a big surprise if we won something here," Jim Smith said, "although there's a lot of hard graft to be done before we can achieve it."

Newcastle have thrown away gold in a so far fruitless pursuit of silver for four years and if Manchester United could be accused of being distracted by their European exertions, then Keony Dalglish's

team leave little room for conjecture. All three of their games prior to Champions' League matches have been lost, so Leicester can travel to St James' Park with a degree of confidence.

The Midlanders, fourth after their 2-1 home win over West Ham on Monday, have a miserable goals-against record on their travels. Newcastle, who would be top if they won their three games in hand, have had their chicken-count muted by only one win in four matches.

Liverpool have also lost their last two matches in the build-up to Uefa Cup games, but cannot afford to do so against Bolton today. Not if criticism of the Anfield manager, Roy Evans, is to remain

at bay any way. Some of the anger provoked by a lame display in Strasbourg was dissipated by Saturday's win over Derby, but it will reappear should they fall further behind in the Premiership.

Paul Ince, the Liverpool captain, summed up the mood. "I went into the dressing-room after the Derby victory and said: 'That's great. Now let's make sure we don't blow it at Bolton'. Our away record was pretty good until the last two games."

Bolton won their first League game at the Reebok Stadium last Sunday, which according to manager Colin Todd was psychological reinforcement in a general desire to make amends for the hapless campaign in the Premier-

ship two seasons ago. "A lot of players were in that team and I think it had a great effect on them," Todd said. "They have a point to prove and I think it's showing in our performances. Everyone has come a long way since then."

So have Barnsley, although last week's defeat proved the trip can be painful. They would have preferred a nice, gentle fixture to ease themselves back in, but got Blackburn - third in the Premiership with only two defeats in 15 fixtures - instead.

"We have to be more resilient in our overall play and concentrate harder," Danny Wilson, the Barnsley manager, said. "Being written off by so many people does motivate us to prove people wrong."

Aston Villa v Chelsea

Leading scorer: Taylor 3
Last season: 0-2

Ruud Gullit includes Gianfranco Zola and Roberto Di Matteo in an 18-man squad today, despite their international exertions for Italy in midweek. French defender Bernard Lambourde is available again after suspension but Dennis Wise and Gianluca Vialli are still banned and Gullit is also without the injured quartet of Gustavo Poyet, Grerme Le Saux, Michael Duberry and Paul Hughes, although the last two have now resumed training. Mark Hughes will be partnered in attack by either the Norwegian Tore-Andre Flo or Gianfranco Zola. Aston Villa goalkeeper Mark Bosnich could be missing for five weeks through injury and international commitments. He is already virtually certain to be out today with a knee injury, and he has World Cup commitments to fulfil on his recovery. Villa will definitely be missing Stan Collymore, suspended as well as being ruled out after a nose operation that is likely to keep him on the sidelines for another couple of weeks. Midfielder Ian Taylor, having treatment to a hamstring strain, is hoping to return.

Barnsley v Blackburn

Leading scorer: Redfern 6
Last season: No fixture

Wilson's team selection for the arrival of Blackburn at Oakwell is hampered by a throat virus affecting striker Ashley Ward. Ward is rated as having a 50 per cent chance of a start but is likely to be present nonetheless, barring a severe downturn in his condition. Wilson could start with veteran striker John Hendrie back in the line-up at the expense of Macedonian international Georgi Hristov, who could drop down to the bench. Otherwise, Wilson's options of changing the side that lost 7-0 at Old Trafford are limited. Blackburn striker Martin Dahlin has a back injury and misses the game, but winger Jason Wilcox is back after a three-match ban. Defender Jeff Kenna returns from World Cup duty with the Republic of Ireland and seems certain to play, probably at the expense of the Frenchman Patrick Valery. Rovers may be otherwise unchanged from the side that drew 1-1 at Newcastle last week, with Wilcox probably left to settle for a place on the bench. Blackburn are unbeaten away from home.

Bolton v Liverpool

Leading scorer: Blake 5
Last season: No fixture

Jamie Pollock is set for a recall to the centre of Bolton's midfield. Pollock was relegated to the bench last weekend and has been played out of position on the right wing all season. He is likely to replace play-maker Scott Sellers, who begins a three-match suspension, while Gerry Taggart starts a six-game ban. Andy Todd serves the third of a four-match ban. Mike Whitlow returns after illness, with Jim Phillips or Steve McAnespie replacing Taggart, and Gudni Bergson moving alongside Mark Fish at the heart of defence. Liverpool are expected to be unchanged although both Patrick Bergner and Karlheinz Riedle have recovered from the injuries which kept them out of the Uefa Cup defeat in Strasbourg and the 4-0 victory over Derby last weekend. The pair are both added to Roy Evans' squad but are likely to start on the bench. Mark Wright is still out with a back injury while Phil Babb and Jamie Carragher are making rapid progress from their injuries, although they are unlikely to be risked today with the Strasbourg game on Tuesday.

Derby Co v Arsenal

Leading scorer: Baines 8
Last season: 1-3

England Under-21 defender Matt Carbon should earn a first-team recall for Derby. Carbon, whose only senior appearance this season was as an emergency striker on the opening day at Blackburn, is expected to play in a three-man central defence. Gary Rowett returns at wing-back but manager Jim Smith is still without Igor Stimac (back) problem, Italian international Stefano Eranio (hamstring) and midfielder Robbie van der Laan (ankle). Lee Carsley returns in midfield after World Cup duty with the Republic of Ireland. Dennis Bergkamp begins his three match suspension, which he has said will give him time to recover from an injured ankle. His suspension leaves the way clear for Nicolas Anelka's first Premiership start. The teenage prodigy has been limited to appearances as a substitute in the league but could partner Ian Wright up front after the 0-0 draw with Aston Villa. Dutch winger Marc Overmars also hopes to return after missing the last two games with an ankle injury.

Man Utd v Sheff Wed

Leading scorer: Cole 6
Last season: 2-0

Denis Irwin is the only new injury doubt for Manchester United today. Republic of Ireland international Irwin picked up a slight thigh strain in the midweek World Cup 1-1 play-off draw against Belgium. Henning Berg could be fit to return after missing the last two games with a hamstring injury but David May and Ronny Johnsen are still out. United will temper the optimism caused by last week's 7-0 thrashing of Barnsley by remembering this season's two pre-European fixture clips of former players. They lost 1-0 at Leeds before beating Juventus and only drew at Derby before the home win over Feyenoord. Sheffield Wednesday expect to choose a virtually unchanged team from the one that lost 3-1 at home to Crystal Palace last week for today's challenge to challenges against Manchester United at Old Trafford. The only doubt is over Lee Briscoe, who has a calf strain, while Italian pair Benito Carbone and Paolo Di Canio are both expected to recover from leg strains. Wednesday have yet to win away from home this season, and with only nine points from twelve games, are looking for something from this game.

...And statistics

Hail James the first

Few Premiership players come in for as much criticism as David James, but the Liverpool goalkeeper can boast at least one proud record: his current run of 143 consecutive Premiership appearances for the same club is more than double that of any other player. In an age when many leading clubs have built up large squads and rotate their players on a regular basis, his record is outstanding. James has not missed a Liverpool Premiership game since he took over from Bruce Grobbelaar in the 89th minute of a 2-0 defeat at Leeds United on 19

February 1994. Indeed, Liverpool have three representatives in the top 10 list of players with the longest runs of consecutive appearances for one club, with the defender Sgt Inge Bjornbye (49) and the forward Steve McManaman (35) joining James. Liverpool's record is in stark contrast with that of Chelsea, who use the squad system more extensively than any other club. For example, only Ed de Goeij, the goalkeeper, is ever-present this season. Southampton are the only other Premiership club

with just one ever-present player this season (Paul Jones), while Arsenal and Leicester City, each with seven ever-presents, have fielded the most consistent line-ups. Indeed when it comes to selection Arsenal might even be described as boring. David Platt, for example, has come on as a second-half substitute in 11 of their 12 games this season. Outside the Premiership the player with the best record is Plymouth Argyle's left back, Paul Williams, who has made 106 consecutive appearances.

In safe hands

Goalkeepers, not surprisingly, often have the best appearance records. Coventry's Steve Ogrizovic has the best current record after Liverpool's David James, while Tottenham's Ian Walker would have been high up the list but for an injury at the end of last season. Walker played in 105 consecutive Premiership matches before he was ruled out of Tottenham's final game of last season. From the start of the 1994-95 season Walker has played in 128 out of Tottenham's 130 Premiership games.

Keeping up appearances

Players with the current longest sequences of consecutive Premiership appearances for the same club

Player	Games	When the run began
David James (Liverpool)	143	19.2.94
Steve Ogrizovic (Coventry)	70	23.12.95
Ugo Ehiogu (Aston Villa)	56	6.4.96
Nigel Winterburn (Arsenal)	54	15.4.96
Ian Nolan (Sheffield Wednesday)	50	17.8.96
Sgt Inge Bjornbye (Liverpool)	49	17.8.96
Richard Shaw (Coventry)	41	19.10.96
Colin Hendry (Blackburn)	39	3.11.96
Dwight Yorke (Aston Villa)	36	30.11.96
Steve McManaman (Liverpool)	35	2.12.96
Patrick Vieira (Arsenal)	31	28.12.96
Chris Perry (Wimbledon)	31	11.1.97

Players with the current longest sequences of consecutive Nationwide League appearances for the same club

Player	Games	When the run began
Paul Williams (Plymouth)	106	25.11.95
Alex Watson (Torquay)	89	25.11.95
Colin Greenall (Wigan)	88	8.12.95
Nicky Daws (Bury)	87	16.12.95
Mike Stowell (Wolves)	87	3.12.95
Adrian Vives (Walsal)	81	10.2.96
Chris Hope (Scunthorpe)	73	9.3.96
Tony Celig (Carlisle)	68	2.4.96
Ian Anderson (Barnford)	60	17.8.96
Owen Archdeacon (Carlisle)	60	17.8.96
Steve Banks (Blackpool)	60	17.8.96
Dean Kiely (Bury)	60	17.8.96

Top of the class

Players with best current ever-present record at each Premiership club

Club	Player	Games
Arsenal	Nigel Winterburn	(54)
Aston Villa	Ugo Ehiogu	(56)
Barnsley	Adrian Moses	(35)
Blackburn	Colin Hendry	(39)
Bolton	Scott Sellers	(39)
Chelsea	Ed de Goeij	(11)
Coventry	Steve Ogrizovic	(70)
C Palace	Andy Roberts	(47)
Derby	Christian Dailly	(25)
Everton	Gary Speed	(19)
Leeds	Gunnar Halle	(28)
Leicester	Matt Elliott	(25)
Liverpool	David James	(143)
Man Utd	David Beckham	(27)
Newcastle	Steve Watson	(24)
Sheff Wed	Ian Nolan	(50)
Southampton	Paul Jones	(12)
Tottenham	Steve Carr	(13)
West Ham	Steve Lomas	(19)
Wimbledon	Chris Perry	(31)

End of the road

Alan Wright's run of 83 consecutive Premiership appearances for Aston Villa ended when he was a non-playing substitute at Tottenham in August. Mike Ryan's run of 137 consecutive appearances for Stockport County ended after he was injured against Birmingham City in August. Nicky Eaden played 136 consecutive games for Barnsley until he missed the match at Everton in September.

Statistics: Brian Sears

FA CARLING PREMIERSHIP: HOW THEY STAND

		Home					Away					Form (last 5 matches)	Upcoming matches		
		P	Pts	GD	W	D	L	F	A	W	D			L	F
1	Man Utd	12	25	+17	5	1	1	9	5	2	3	1	4	8	
2	Arsenal	12	24	+17	4	2	0	15	1	2	4	0	12	9	WDWDD
3	Blackburn	11	23	+12	3	2	1	10	7	3	1	3	9	9	
4	Leicester	12	21	+6	3	3	1	11	7	3	0	2	5	3	DWLLW
5	Chelsea	11	19	+10	3	0	1	10	5	3	1	9	11	4	DWLWL
6	Liverpool	11	18	+8	4	0	1	14	5	1	3	2	6	7	WLWLW
7	Sheff Wed	11	17	+4	3	3	1	10	6	2	2	4	6	6	
8	Leeds	12	17	+2	2	1	3	6	7	3	1	2	9	6	WWDWL
9	Sheff Utd	12	16	+1	2	1	1	7	5	1	0	2	2	5	
10	Newcastle	9	16	-1	4	1	1	7	5	1	0	2	2	5	WLWLD
11	West Ham	12	16	-3	4	0	1	10	8	1	1	5	6	8	WLWLD
12	C Palace	12	15	-2	0	2	3	3	8	4	1	2	9	6	DDLWW
13	Coventry	12	14	-5	2	1	2	6	9	2	1	4	6	6	DWLWW
14	Tottenham	12	13	-5	3	2	1	7	6	0	2	4	4	10	DDLWL
15	Sheff Utd	12	13	-5	2	2	1	6	6	0	2	2	8	7	WLDLWD
16	Everton	11	12	-3	3	1	2	11	9	0	2	3	2	7	WLDLWD
17	Sheff Wed	11	10	-6	1	1	1	9	1	2	2	3	7	8	WLDLWD
18	Southampton	12	10	-9	3	1	3	9	9	0	0	5	2	1	LLWLW
19	Sheff Wed	12	9	-12	2	1	3	6	0	0	2	4	9	1	LLWLW
20	Barnsley	12	9	-26	1	0	4	5	11	1	0	5	4	21	LLLWL

Newcastle v Leicester

Leading scorer: Marshall 5
Last season: 4-3

Kenny Dalglish's injury crisis has deepened with the news that emergency centre-forward Keith Gillespie (calf) almost certainly will not be fit. Ian Rush still has knee trouble but is hoping to return to the Magpies line-up, but Alan Shearer and Faustino Asprilla remain unavailable. Republic of Ireland goalkeeper Shay Given will replace Pavel Smirnov, while captain Rob Lee and fellow England team-mate Steve Howey are both available to start, after fully recovering from thigh muscle and calf injuries respectively. Newcastle will be wary of their pre-Europe form ahead of next week's Champions' League match. They have lost their Premiership fixture prior to the previous three. Steve Claridge is Leicester's biggest injury doubt. The veteran striker has aggravated a knee injury and will be replaced by either Tony Cottee or Graham Fenton if he fails a late fitness test. Frenchman Pegguy Arphevad continues in goal while Kasey Keller recovers from a dislocated thumb. Defender Steve Walsh (hamstring) has resumed training but will not play.

Tottenham v Leeds

Leading scorer: Wallace 7
Last season: 1-0

Tottenham are hoping a trio of internationals will return to the team to face Leeds. England players Darren Anderton and John Scales played the full 90 minutes of a reserve game against Ipswich on Wednesday, while Norwegian Under-21 striker Steffen Iversen was on the pitch for 45 minutes and scored in the 2-1 win. But Swiss defender Ramon Vega and Portuguese winger Jose Dominguez both face late fitness tests. Gunnar Halle faces a late fitness test for Leeds after limping off at Wimbledon last week with a groin injury, so 19-year-old Irish defender Alan Maybury may deputise. Gary Kelly may play at right-back on his return from international duty with the Republic of Ireland. Kelly has been operating on the right of midfield lately after spending most of his career in defence. If Halle is fit and Kelly returns on the right flank, Lee Bowyer will be dropped to the bench. Jimmy Floyd Hasselbaink is available after completing a ban but will be on the bench. Harry Kewell and Rod Wallace will play up front.

Wimbledon v Coventry

Leading scorer: Carr 5
Last season: 2-2

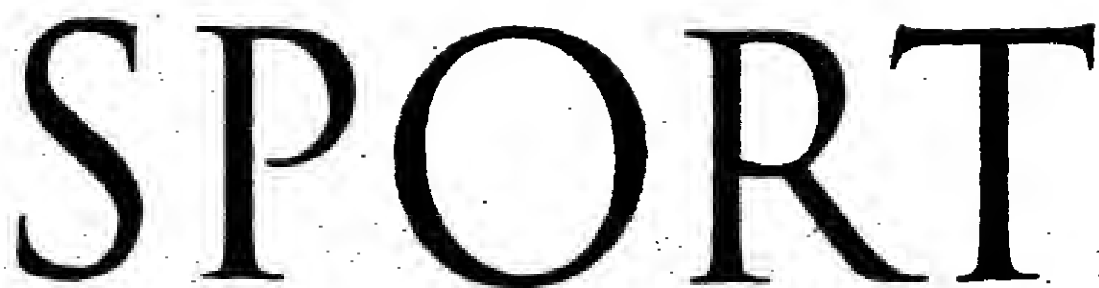
Wimbledon will recall Republic of Ireland defender Kenny Cunningham, who is back from international duty and replaces stand-in Duncan Jupp. Young striker Jason Euell will be out until the New Year. Euell, 20, will have an operation on his injured shoulder next Monday which will keep him out for two months. He dislocated his shoulder at Bolton earlier this month. Wimbledon will also be without Jon Goodman, who also goes into hospital on Monday for an operation on cruciate knee ligaments. Coventry defender Roland Nilsson hopes to play with a lightweight strapping on his injured arm. The Swedish international right back cracked an arm bone when he blocked a shot in last week's match against Everton and has been in plaster. Gordon Strachan expects to field his first choice strike partnership. Dion Dublin and Darren Huckerby, for the first time in six weeks, now Dublin has completed a three match suspension. Paul Teller, out for a month with an ankle injury, is likely to be on the bench.

Everton v Southampton

Leading scorer: Cadamarteri 5
Last season: 7-1

After being held to a 0-0 draw at Coventry last weekend, Everton will welcome back Slaven Bilic and Terry Phelan from international duty in midweek. Bilic is unlikely to play due to illness, while Phelan should start in an otherwise unchanged line-up from last week. This fixture last season brought Everton a 7-1 victory, something they would like to repeat in their current position, fifth from bottom of the Premiership with 12 points. Danny Cadamarteri, currently in contract negotiations, can increase his worth by maintaining the recent scoring spree that makes him his club's current top striker. Norwegian international striker Egil Ostenstad will be Southampton manager David Jones' only injury casualty when he returns to his old club Everton, as a manager, tomorrow. Ostenstad will be out of action until Christmas following ankle surgery, but Jones has the luxury of an otherwise fully fit squad. Matt Le Tissier has recovered from a thigh muscle strain, and Ken Monkou (hamstring) is fit. Kevin Davies will partner David Hirst up front following Michael Evans' departure to West Bromwich last week.

FAIR PLAY LEAGUE						UNFAIR PLAY LEAGUE					
Referee	Games	Red	Yellow	Pts	Ass	Referee	Games	Red	Yellow	Pts	Ass
1 S Dunn	4	1	23	28	700	1 Bolton	11	3	23	38	345
2 P Durkin	7	2	34	44	829	2 Chelsea	11	3	21	36	327
3 G Willard	7	2	30	40	571	3 Everton	11	2	22	32	281
4 G Ashby	5	1	23	28	560	4 Arsenal	12	1	26	31	258
5 M Reed	4	1	16	21	325	5 Blackburn	12	2	20	30	250
6 G Poll	8	3	27	42	625	5 Sheffield Wed	12	2	20	30	250
7 D Ellery	8	1	23	28	467	7 Coventry	12	1	24	29	242
8 P Alcock	5	0	22	22	440	7 Leeds	12	1	24	29	242
9 G Barber	8	1	21	26	433	9 West Ham	12	0	27	27	225
10 P Jones	7	2	19	29	414	10 C Palace	12	0	25	25	208
11 J Winter	7	1	24	29	414	11 Tottenham	12	1	21	21	175
12 M Bodenham	6	0	23	23	383	12 Newcastle	13	1	12	17	139
13 M Riley	6	1	17	22	367	13 Bolton	12	0	21	21	175
14 U Rennie	6	0	20	20	338	14 Derby	12	0	20	20	167
15 A Wilkie	7	1	18	23	329	15 Man Utd	12	0	20	20	167
16 D Gallagher	7	1	14	19	271	16 Liverpool	11	0	18	18	164
17 N Barry	6	0	18	18	267	17 Barnsley	12	0	17	17	142
18 K Burge	6	0	15	15	250	18 Wimbledon	13	0	18	18	138
19 A Lodge	7	0	14	14	200	19 A Villa	12	1	9	14	117
<i>(Friendship matches only; Red cards: 5pts. Yellow: 3pts. Includes abandoned Derby-Wimbledon match)</i>						<i>(Friendship matches only; Red cards: 5pts. Yellow: 3pts. Includes abandoned Derby-Wimbledon match)</i>					
20 Leicester						20 Leicester					



Montgomery on wrong side of fence as Clarke closes

Luke 4:8

هكذا من الإله